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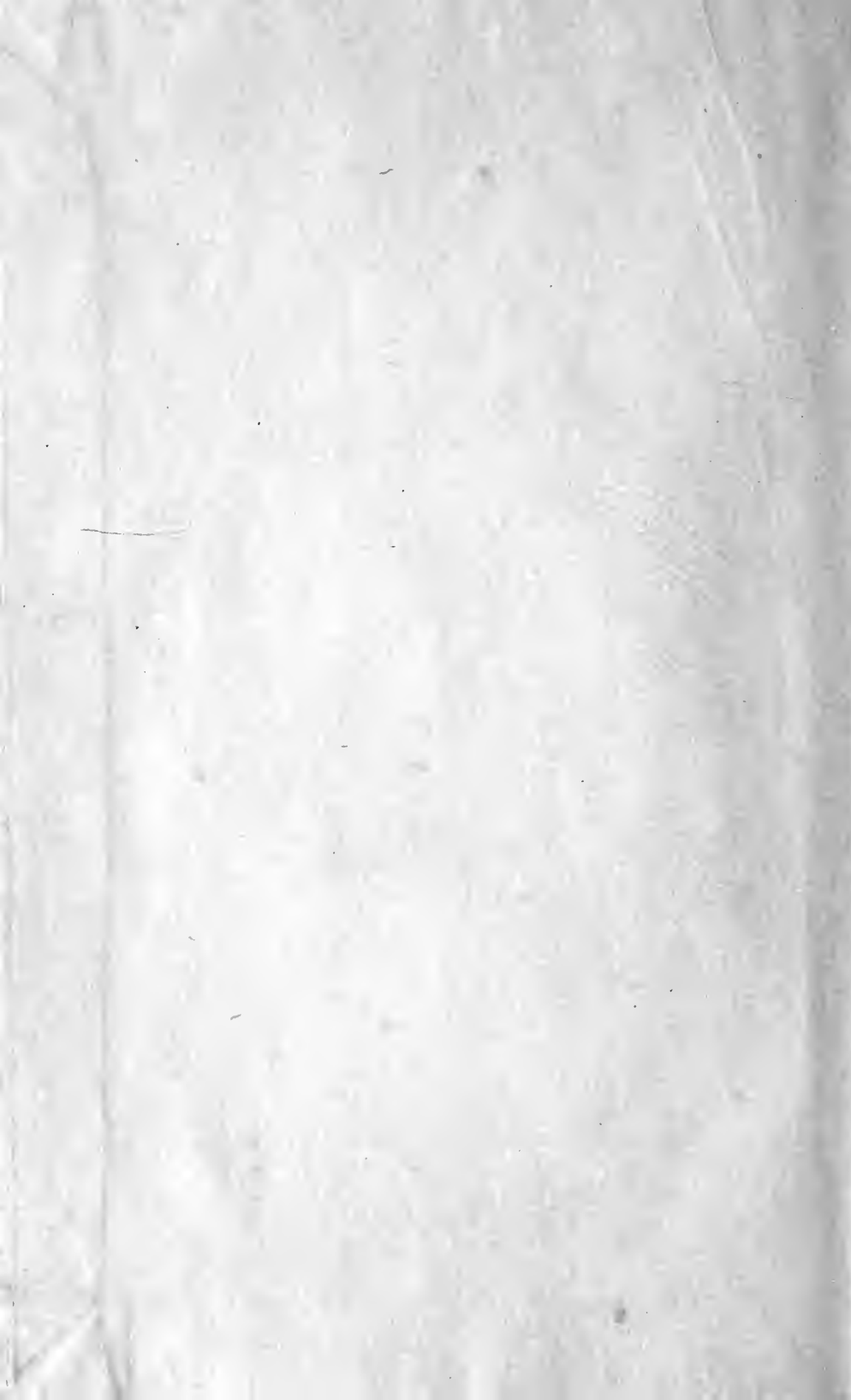


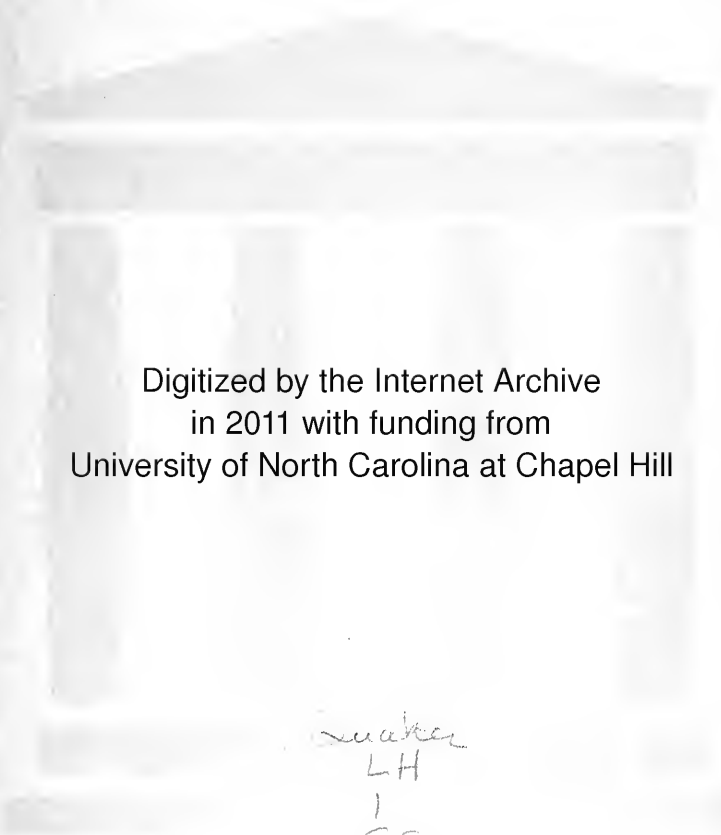
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NO. 1.

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GUILFORD COLLEGE, N. C.

The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XIII.

OCTOBER, 1900.

No. I.

TO MY FRIEND.

In my heart, a gilded chamber,
Some one dwelt there,
Some one cherished ;
Hung the walls with richest hangings, blazed the hearth with
warmth and welcome.
Ceased the glowing candles never
His it was and his forever ;
Cheer, and love, and light, and pleasure, were for him when e'er
he entered.

Cold and dark the silent chamber,
No one comes there,
No one enters;
Grim the walls with ragged hangings, embers give the hearth no
welcome.
Dead the candles on the mantle
Since he passed without the portal ;
Rust, and gloom, and dust, and darkness, lie along the walls
and floor.

Comes the day for his returning,
First his foot-step,
Then he calls me ;
Open wide I fling the chamber, dust and garnish, hang with
splendor,
Kindle fire and light the candle,
Gird with richest cloak and sandal ;
Cheer, and love, and boundless pleasure, once again are in the
chamber.

—P.

THE ARREDONDO SPARROW HAWK.

"Arredondo Grant" is the name of a tract of country, perhaps forty thousand acres, lying in Central Florida. It is a region of low rolling sand hills, thinly clad in forests of yellow pine, of numerous shallow ponds and lakes, while many small orange groves and farms add variety to the landscape. The origin of the name dates back to the time when the Spaniards ruled the country, and General Arredondo received the territory for services to the Spanish government.

The variety of bird life here is not great, but the species which occur are generally represented by many individuals. One of the most common is the little sparrow hawk, which remains here throughout the seasons. It is the smallest of the falcons. Seldom have I seen a bird which aroused in me a keener interest or deeper sympathy than did one of these sparrow hawks, whose path of life for some years ran parallel with my own.

As people often do who become interested in an individual bird we gave him a name, "Dick." At times we called him the Arredondo sparrow hawk to distinguish him from another hawk which lived to the westward, outside of the Grant.

The first time I remember to have seen Dick was on a clear, balmy morning in middle January, while the last of the orange pickers were going about their work. He came out of the woods flying high and going as though an eagle were after him. Over the orange grove he swiftly passed, and turning slightly to the left flew toward a tall lightning stricken pine standing at the edge of the rice field.

"*Tilly-tilly-tilly-tilly!*" he cried, shouting as he went, to all who might hear. Over and over he repeated his call, until, slackening his speed with quivering wings, he settled on the lifeless tree.

Not all birds have mates. There are many single females and many wifeless males. There are widows and widowers and often many little orphans are left in the world.

But old Dick was none of these, for down in the pines was the prettiest, dearest little sweetheart for which a sparrow hawk ever sighed. True she was slightly heavier than he, and her wings

were broader and her waist was fully as large, but these things did not matter for she was his mate and he loved her as only a blue-winged, striped-cheeked sparrow hawk can love.

A bird has three main purposes in life. First, to secure food for its existence; second, to avoid its enemies; and third, to rear its offspring. In studying the life history of any bird one learns the details of these three phases of its life. With many birds this is difficult to do. Some are very timid and conceal themselves in the grass and shrubbery. The homes of a few are in almost inaccessible swamps. Still others live far on the rolling ocean and are seen only by mariners and travelers.

Not so with the sparrow hawks. In almost any locality in the United States they may be found, although their numbers are greater as one travels southward. Nor do they hide from sight. Their perch is usually some tall stake or tree; their food is caught in the open; their pathways of travel are in full view through the boundless sky.

Scarcely a day passed that I did not see Dick. He came repeatedly to his perch on the dead pine and called, until one day his mate joined him. At once he launched into the air and, for her benefit, began a series of elaborate circles and evolutions. The open space of the field was his gymnasium, the top of the blasted pine was her grandstand.

At times he flew slowly, and again with high speed, now skimming low, now soaring high above the earth. Far out over the rice field and grove he went, then turning, came hurrying back through the air, flying to his matchless mate, calling to the love of his youth, his blood leaping high with the ecstasy of spring time. How he strove to please her, by flashing his pretty feathers in the sunlight! How delighted he was if she deigned to accept any article of food which he had to offer!

Two hundred yards in the woods stood an old blackened pine stub with its head reaching forty feet from the ground. At some distant date, now far out of mind, a flicker had chiseled a hole near its top for her nest. The owner probably used it only a single year. Since then it had become the habitation of the Arredondo sparrow hawk and his mate.

One day I saw Dick fly up to the nest with something in his

mouth. He entered and from its dimly lighted depths issued a strange low sound, at that time a new call to me and one which I have seldom heard since save in the neighborhood of the nest. A moment later his head appeared at the opening and the strange love call was repeated. Evidently it was an invitation for her to come and see what a nice home was that hollow in the tree, and incidentally, have something good to eat.

On April 10th the nest held four beautiful eggs, blotched and spotted with varying shades of chocolate and brown. A boy promptly climbed the stub and took the eggs. On April 19th five more were added to the boy's collection. Undismayed, the parents still clung to their old home and nineteen days later saw still another set of four eggs in the nest. But the Arredondo sparrow hawk was destined to rear no young that year, for the third time the stub was climbed and the nest rifled. After this the birds gave up the attempt and no more eggs were laid that spring.

The next year they were more fortunate. The boy who had a mania for robbing nests had learned better. Four young sparrow hawks were reared with much care and great labor. In the autumn the young males went through the maneuvers of love making. They circled about the sky clamoring in a noisy manner; one of them even went so far as to cling to the side of a tree and look into an old woodpecker's nest to try his voice on the low love nest call. This was just playing at love making, however—a harmless sort of flirtation before the summer season was quite gone. Swallows and others are often seen to engage in similar diversions.

It sometimes occurred that a large hawk would come to the farm and take a chicken. As a preventative against such raids the farmer planted near his chicken yard some tall poles. On cross pieces near the top of these he tied a number of gourds, in each of which a round entrance hole had been cut. This was a standing invitation to purple martins, who read by the sign that here were to be found "rooms to let." So it transpired that each season several pairs made these gourds their homes.

Martins keep a sharp lookout for hawks. However, I often noticed the sparrow hawk or his mate discover the presence of the chicken killer before the martins, and by their loud cries and bold attacks quickly drive it from the neighborhood.

On a cloudy summer afternoon a great horned owl came out of the big woods and alighted on a pine near the farm. Now, most birds dislike the larger hawks because they sometimes catch small birds; they have little relish for the crow, for he has been known to steal eggs; but they *hate*, literally hate and dread an owl. His dark deeds are done under cover of the midnight shadows when all are asleep. Like a thief in the night, he descends upon the unconscious victim. Where is the feathered creature that loves an owl?

A red-headed woodpecker was the first to discover this big horned fellow and his wrathful notes told at once of danger. Other birds were attracted by the noise, and came quickly to join their voices in a chorus of protest. Such a bedlam of sounds they made, as flying about the tree or hopping among the branches they heaped upon the unfortunate owl all the vile epithets they could command. There were a pair of mocking birds, a shrike, and several blue jays; a dozen martins added their cackling notes to the uproar.

High above all flew the Arredondo sparrow hawk. Suddenly he descended straight as an arrow at the head of the hated owl. The old rogue dodged the blow and soon turned his wing beats toward the depths of the forest. Above him in the air hung the pair of sparrow hawks who continued their pursuit, taking turns at striking down at him for fully half a mile of his flight.

The food of the sparrow hawks consisted largely of grasshoppers together with a sprinkling of beetles and crickets. I have seen them capture the little striped lizards common along the paths and highways. The hard indigestible parts of the insects are disgorged in balls the size of small marbles and may be found about their roosting places. Like an owl the sparrow hawk eats its prey and afterward at leisure picks out and discards the objectionable parts.

Unlike many other birds Dick and his mate associated together throughout the year. They roosted under the eaves of a public school building standing within the border of their domain. The male was ever distrustful of a man and knew to a nicety the range of a gun, for he always left his perch before an effective shooting distance was reached.

The female was very trustful. Would that she had known bet-

ter the heart of man. One day a boy stealthily approached to within a few yards of where she sat and suddenly throwing a heavy stick struck her to the ground. He quickly beat her into unconsciousness and after a look at her feathers threw her bloody body down beside the path.

And there old Dick's mate lay in the sunshine until the ants which soon swarmed over her had consumed the flesh, and the feathers went dancing before the wind across the stubble of the rice field.

It has been sometimes claimed that eagles mate for life, and that if one of a pair is killed the surviving member will never mate again. The same has been said of swans and some other birds. I do not know if these things be true, but I do know that the Arredondo sparrowhawk bereft of his companion did not mate again during the three subsequent years which I knew him.

He did not appear to miss the dead one until the warm days of January came. Then the swelling buds and the soft winds from the Gulf began to sing wierd, sweet strains in his ears.

Out of the woods he came bounding one bright morning, and circled on strong wings about the orange grove. He called and signaled as he cleared the air above the rice field in his graceful flight. But there was none to answer him, no bright eye to follow his movements in his aerial gymnasium, for no fond spectator sat at the top of the dead pine tree.

Day after day he came in vain to their trysting place. Day after day his yearning heart was unstilled and his eager eyes sought through sky and field and forest his lost companion. One day with food in his beak he flew up to the old nesting place, and in deep, quiet tones gave the low, love nest call, so dear to his mate in other days.

For more than a fortnight the faithful bird sought his own, and then, yielding to despair, ceased to call, and the long, cheerless silence of a mateless life closed in upon him.

T. GILBERT PEARSON.

HENRY W. GRADY.

Henry W. Grady, the editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, was an orator in journalism. The press was his platform, the American people his audience, and a loyal and prosperous South his theme. Besides orator he was seer, reformer, and historian. Seer, for he beheld the vast resources of the South and the best way to develop them. Reformer, for he dared to champion his wise and progressive ideas, though the Old South ridiculed them; and, historian, for he lived, though filling an early grave, to record the progress of the industries of the New South.

Grady came to his life work in the dark days of reconstruction, and sympathizing with the suffering and helping the weak both in private and public life, he opposed the Southern treatment of the negro with a moral courage the North cannot comprehend. Through the press and on the platform he fought to gain for the negro his uttermost rights, to secure for him the justice that the strong always owe the weak, and to open to him every pursuit in which he could prosper. He urged the fact that the education of the negro would make him a better and broader man and a good citizen, who would no longer be the prey of the unscrupulous politician. He endeavored, as he said, "to pin the negro to the soil with ownership, that he might catch in the fire of his own hearthstone that sense of responsibility the shiftless can never know."

The war made the South a desolate, ruined country, her agriculture devastated, her manufacturing and mineral industries undeveloped. Then Henry W. Grady, realizing these great undeveloped resources, advocated the same fostering care for Southern industries that had so prospered the North. He revealed to the Northern capitalists the great natural advantages of the South and invited them to make their homes in the sunny Southland, seeking to convince both sections of the mutual advantages of the closest social and business relations.

Though Grady was a Southerner and labored mostly for the material development of the South, he endeavored to help one section, because thus he could best benefit the whole country. He condemns in these words the "loyalty that is loyal to one section

and yet holds the other in enduring suspicion and estrangement." "Give us the broad and perfect loyalty that loves and trusts Georgia alike with Massachusetts—that knows no South, no North, no East, no West; but endears with equal and patriotic love every foot of our soil, every State of our union." Grady's influence championed this sentiment expressed by the poet:

"O meaner folk, of narrower souls,
Heirs of ignoble thought,
Stir not the campfire's blackened coals,
Blood drenched by those who fought;
Lest a fire from heaven
Should bear God's own vengeance forth
On those who once again would set
Discord twixt South and North."

Webster defended the Union in the arena of Congressional debate; Lincoln preserved the Union through the storm of Civil war; but it was Henry W. Grady, the son of a Confederate soldier, that banished the prejudice of the South and the suspicion of the North, and wove the hearts of the American people into a "Union, compact, united, indissoluble in the bonds of love."

Though only a simple headstone marks the last resting place of this peace-maker, the New South stands as a grand monument to his genius; and indelibly engraved on the reunited and loyal hearts of the American people is the name of the journalist, the statesman, the patriot, Henry Woodfin Grady.

J. WALDO WOODY, 1901.

THE BATTLE OF ALAMANCE.*

From 1735 the state of affairs had been growing worse. Bad laws are worse than no laws and the people of Orange and their neighbors suffered grievous oppression. Not only on account of the extortions of Granville's land agents, which were enough cause of complaint, but Fanning at Hillsboro was charging three times, and more, the amount of fees the law allowed; for a minutes' copying he was accustomed to charge as much as a farmer could possibly earn in a day; for a marriage license he got fifteen dollars. The plain middle class of people hated him for his bigotry. Holding

* From "History of Alamance," by Miss S. W. Stockard.

that obedience to tyrants is a sin against humanity, this class set themselves to regulate the commonwealth into a healthier condition.

The great middle class has always been the element of progress, the aggressive Whigs held on to the idea of making wrong get right. They become the aristocracy after every revolution. This class is a trinity—executive, legislative and judicial.

Looking at the situation in its entirety it was perfectly natural that the sturdy middle class, with honorable character, respectable homes and working hard for everything they got, looked on with critical eye, thought as well as looked, and gave their energy to mend the matter.

If there had been among them one great leader the history of America would have run in a different channel. The colonies were not yet ripe for revolution; that troublesome "tea party" was not yet in Boston.

The Regulation Meetings became numerous. This aggravated the Royal Governor whom the Indians had given an appropriate cognomen—The Great Wolf of North Carolina. And indeed two thousand offended farmers ensconced around a little nest full of oppressors like Hillsboro, was enough to attract the scent of the Wolf.

Fanning, his friend and little moon revolving round him, had been, you know, insulted out of reason. For once at Mattock's Mill, west of Hillsboro, their special rendezvous, he had walked out to make peace when he had, in his heart, no peace, carrying in each hand wine and whiskey to steal away their good repute. He called out to them to help him over the creek between, and was bidden to wade if he would cross, which he did, and for all that, met with no pleasant welcome.

Fanning began to feel that he might get the bad end of their bargaining. But Tryon, his friend, was coming on the scene with eleven hundred strong. As Fanning was revengeful, spiteful, so Tryon was diplomatic, loving a soldier's life—ready to play in hand his people and his prey.

The Great Wolf of North Carolina collected from her eastern borders eleven hundred men, drilled for war, not having as yet a chance to win their spurs and pluck military laurels.

Eager to stamp out the Regulators he sent Col. Waddell with his regiment across the Yadkin, there to await for Tryon about Salisbury. Cols. Fanning and Richard Caswell joined their soldier-governor before he crossed Haw River, and his army kept increasing like a snow-ball rolling on ; men joined it either for diplomacy or because of the attractions of military paraphernalia.

Tryon knew the road, for at the head of a host, as a surveying party he had passed that way, showing off, with great pride, his royal personage to the Indians.

Crossing Haw River at Woody's Ferry he encamped on the banks of the great Alamance, May 14, 1771. The Regulators had come already with their requests and expecting reconciliation. Tryon ordered one-third of his party to remain under arms the whole night, to be relieved every two hours ; the same was done the next night, but with additional precaution. The cavalry were to keep their horses saddled during the night, and a guard of ten men about half a mile in front towards the Regulators.

Tryon knew his situation was critical. He was in the enemy's territory. Their forces were gathering like wild bees from the forests. The men of Dublin and elsewhere were nobly refusing to fight them.

The two armies were encamped on the night of the fifteenth, within five or six miles of each other, the Regulators near the battle field.

On the morning of the sixteenth Tryon's army was marching by day break. In silence they marched, leaving their tents and baggage in charge of Col. Bryan.

It is said that Tryon's men numbered eleven hundred regular soldiers while the Regulators could not have had over a thousand bearing arms at all suitable to the occasion ; a great many were there not expecting to have any use for arms. Some did not take their weapons because they feared the governor would not treat with them if they had guns. Many went to see the outcome. Dr. Caldwell was requested by the Regulators to be present to make a reconciliation. He had interviews with Tryon to no result.

Colonels Ashe and Walker happened out of camp and were taken prisoners by the Regulators. They were tied to trees and whipped with switches. Capt. S. A. Ashe says his ancestor hated the Regu-

lators very much when they began to switch him, but he respected them when he saw and felt them doing a good job of it and at length he fell in love with them.

Tryon had taken seven Regulators. He tried to exchange prisoners, but it was not accomplished.

On the field of battle Tryon had his men arranged according to military skill, himself in the centre with the two wings commanded by Richard Caswell and Edmund Fanning. It must have been humiliating to trained warriors to fight men without discipline, with no leader and no regularity.

One with the sense of injury, the other in a state of revenge, they met, the governor demanding immediate submission and a promise to pay their taxes, the Regulators presenting petitions for the vindication of right. Tryon marched up within three hundred yards of the Regulators, who, waving their hats, challenged him to advance. Tryon gave them an hour to disperse.

But the opposing forces marched in silence till they met almost breast to breast. The first rank of the governor's men almost mixed with those of the Regulators. They quarreled and shook their fists in defiance.

Herman Husbands was just riding away to shun the fight. Some young men were still wrestling and playing. Dr. Caldwell, riding up in front, harangued the people, saying:

"Gentlemen and Regulators: Those of you who are not too far committed should desist and quietly return to your homes; those who have made themselves liable should submit without further resistance. I and others promise to obtain for you the best terms possible. Wait until circumstances are more favorable. The governor will yield nothing. You are unprepared for battle. You have no cannon, not much ammunition. You are not trained for war! You have no officers to command you! You will be defeated!" * * *

"Hold, Dr.," said Patrick Muller, an old Scotch soldier, "Go away yourself or Tryon's men will kill you in three minutes."

The fight had already begun. Tryon, drawing his pistol, shot with his own hand Robert Thompson—the first man killed in the war. Thompson was unarmed and the Governor's killing him before giving the signal to fire was murder.

It was noon when fighting began. The Governor's aid came forward and read a proclamation. The Regulators asked an hour in which to reply. The messenger wheeled his horse, and the firing immediately began on the part of Tryon. It was citizen against citizen, no wonder some were reluctant. Tryon, handsome and commanding in appearance, rising in his stirrups, cried, "Fire—fire on them or fire on me!" "Fire—fire and be d—d!" said a Regulator.

The first volley of Tryon's men struck the ground in front of the enemy. One of his men called out, "I told you you aimed too low." The next went over their heads.

At first the Regulators were getting the better of the day—keeping up an irregular fire from behind trees. The other side fired regularly by platoons.

Presently a flag was seen advancing from Tryon's side of the field. What this meant nobody knew, but the old Scotchman called out, "It is a flag—a flag, don't fire!" But shots were fired and the flag fell. Then redoubled came the volleys from the official field. They fired and fell back about one hundred yards, leaving their cannon in the center of the field. Two Regulators—MacPherson brothers—rushed up and seized them.

When the smoke had cleared away from that tremendous volley, the royalists saw only a scattered band of men. They had dispersed like sheep on a hillside after a hurricane, or like the snow drifts of winter after a thawing rain.

They had nothing to hold them in play, no general to marshall them anew for the fray. Montgomery, the captain of a troupe of mountain boys, was the principal commander.

That day Americans learned a valuable lesson on discipline.

Behind a ledge of rocks one lay and killed seventeen men. That was Pugh. He was hung.

Herman Husbands, Butler, James Hunter, Ninian Bell Hamilton (a Scotch captain eighty years old) were outlawed. A lunatic named Few was hung on the field. Capt. Merrell was sentenced to be hung.

THOMAS PARNELL.

If any one literary figure of the eighteenth century stands out preeminent above the rest, it is that of Alexander Pope. But there were other poets, his contemporaries who deserve a share of our notice.

It is with a feeling of relief, not to say of positive pleasure, that we turn from Pope, with his polished, highly artificial couplet, to the simpler and more natural poems of his lesser contemporaries. When we begin one of Pope's pieces, we are at once struck by the perfectness and finish of the couplets, but as we read further we begin to tire, hardly knowing why we do so. In my opinion, the only thing which makes the piece stand—the piece as a whole I mean—the test of criticism, is the author's brilliancy and genius; and his cleverness alone saves the poem from dullness.

In the hands of men of lesser power the couplet is tiresome too, except where the theme is interesting in itself, and where the story has plot enough to make the reader forget the "corduroy" sensation which the couplet usually gives. Mr. Gosse, in a short sketch on Ambrose Phillips, says that the works from which these men gained their contemporary reputation, have in a large measure lost all interest for us, while the short, simple poems written spontaneously and for their own or their private friends' amusement, are still as fresh as ever.

In a certain way the poems of Thomas Parnell illustrate this fact. He wrote for the pure pleasure of writing, and the literary society and friendships which it brought. The poems are usually short, and if not short, the plot and presentation keep up the interest to the end.

"Parnell," says Johnson, "delights but does not ravish." This is a just criticism. He never does the unexpected, but he does the expected well. He combines art and nature so well that we can hardly distinguish them. He also shows a consistent classic spirit in his translations. The "Anacreontics" are very pleasant reading. The Battle of the Frogs and Mice is interesting and represents Homer's garrulity very well, although, as Goldsmith says, "He had trouble with the names." The *Pervigilium Veneris* is a fair repro-

duction of the original, but a Chaucer is needed to translate, "Ver novum, ver jam canorum, ver renatus orbis est;" and try as he would Parnell could never have put into a couplet the music and the power of the septenarian line—"Cras amet qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet." The Fairy Tale is surely a gem when compared with some of the eighteenth century moral essays written in heroic pentameter. Its fairies are more natural than the ordinary fairy of the time, and the beginning of the fifth stanza:

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
That reached the neighboring town,

awakens a note of sympathy like Scott—

"The way was long, the wind was cold—."

Parnell wrote other poems of merit. Among them are the Hymn to Contentment, and the Night Piece on Death, which Goldsmith preferred to Gray's Elegy. The Hermit, which Mr. Gosse calls the chef d'œuvre of the Augustan age, claims especial notice. The story shows its Arabian origin and like all Arabian stories carries a truth with it. The treatment of the subject reminds us of Addison's 'visions,' especially the vision of Mirza. The poem is surely a masterpiece in verse as Addison's is one in prose. As Goldsmith says, "He did not sit down without a plan, and heap up splendid images without selection, until the reader grows dizzy with admiration, but he gave out his beauties with a more sparing hand." At the end of his course the reader regrets that his way has been so short, and so resolves to go the journey over again.

ROBT. N. WILSON.

DR. D. A. ROBERSON.

In the death of Dr. Roberson the community around Guilford College have lost an able and faithful physician, and the county a useful citizen. His death was not unexpected, as he had been in declining health for several months, and he himself knew for several years his life would early come to an end. He was a devoted friend to Guilford College, and was recently the cause of the estab-

lishment at Guilford of a scholarship for women graduates at the Women's Medical College in Baltimore.

Dr. Roberson had used great diligence to prepare himself for his chosen profession, and kept up with the most recent knowledge of medical science. Scarcely a year passed in his entire course of practice in which he did not attend a course of lectures either in Baltimore or New York, and his knowledge of the leading men in the medical world was rarely equalled by men whose time was so loyally devoted to medical practice. He was a student fond of natural science and possessed a mind of rare penetration and was noted for his retentive memory.

He was naturally quick to perceive the causes of phenomena in the natural world, and this characteristic of his mind fitted him in a marked degree for the practice of medicine. There are scores of people in our county who could testify to his great insight into the causes of maladies in their own case, and who have been restored to health by his superior skill in the detection and treatment of disease.

He was taken away at the time of his greatest usefulness, being only forty-seven years old. His death brought sorrow not only to his immediate family, but to a very large circle of personal friends.

A memorial service was held in the Friends' meeting house at Guilford College, which was attended by a large number of people.

Mr. A. G. Kirkman led in the service, and afterwards others spoke of the devotion of Dr. Roberson to the needs of the people throughout the county.

He has left a wife, two daughters and one son, all of whom have the sympathy and love of the entire community.

L. L. HOBBS.

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OCTOBER, 1900.

Prizes**Offered.**

In order to stimulate literary activity among the students, the Board of Editors have decided to offer a prize of three gold dollars for the best piece of fiction submitted for publication this year. To compete for this prize a story must have been written by the person handing it in, must contain not less than one thousand nor more than two thousand words. All material must be in the hands of the editors not later than April 15, 1901. A prize of two gold dollars is also hereby offered for the best poem written by a student and submitted by the same date. Both prizes may be withheld if in the judgment of the editors no contributions are deemed worthy of them.

The Year's Beginning.

Promptness in all the departments characterized the opening of the work of another year at Guilford, and a larger number of students were on the grounds the first day than at the beginning of any previous year. It was pleasant to meet again those who returned to continue their

course of study, and to welcome those who for the first time came to begin their work as Guilford students.

In addition to the many words of good cheer and welcome spoken by the representatives of other organizations, the COLLEGIAN desires to express a kindly greeting both to those whose faces are familiar and to those who are making their first acquaintance with the various phases of Guilford life.

All, we trust, will take pleasure in sharing the responsibility of making the tone of college life pure and inspiring, in order that the full force of the Institution may be felt for good to every student here. Let each contribute something to make life better, to encourage hard work, and economy in the use of time; and remember that any sacrifice of present gratification for the sake of scholarship and nobility of character will, in the days to come, bring a rich reward.

The Greensboro Telegram, with a view to stimulate thought and action along the line of carrying out the **Compulsory School Attendance** promise of the Democratic party to furnish an opportunity to every child in North Carolina to obtain an education, has interviewed a number of leading men of the State in different professions on the question:

"Is the time now ripe for a mild compulsory educational law in North Carolina, or even a step in that direction?"

The answers are varied, but almost unanimously in favor of some plan for compulsory attendance. The presidents of all the colleges of the State, leading lawyers, manufacturers, teachers and business men give their opinions, all of which make very interesting reading matter on this burning question. The first letters were published by The Telegram September 1st, and were continued in its Saturday edition for two weeks. When all of these were published, a synopsis of the views was made and printed in brief pamphlet form for distribution. Every one desiring a copy of this can obtain same by merely making a request for it to Mr. R. F. Beasley, The Telegram, Greensboro, N. C. This is the most important contribution that has for some time occurred on the subject of education in North Carolina. Get a copy and read both sides.

In commenting on the outlook for a football season **Football.** there are usually certain definite facts which help in making an estimate of the team's expected performance during that season. These facts, however, are not at our disposal just at present, so the COLLEGIAN's opinion of the team of 1900 will have to be a retrospect after the season's work is done, rather than a chapter on "Prospects" now.

In the matter of games arranged, we are in better shape than ever before. The first date was October 6th with Davidson College at Davidson. The next game was played on October 10th on the Central Carolina Fair grounds at Greensboro, and the A. & M. College boys were our opponents. Other games are arranged with Horner School and Bingham School, and we are looking forward to one with Oak Ridge Institute with some interest.

Unfortunately it was not possible for us to play the University of North Carolina on the schedule date, September 29th, on account of a difference in the rules of the Association of Southern Colleges to which Carolina belongs, and of the North Carolina Association, of which Guilford is a member. The question raised was in regard to the eligibility of some of the Carolina players. By the State rules any salaried instructor or assistant is prevented from taking part in any game. The University would not recognize this regulation, so we had to cancel the game.

The practice, so far, has been very satisfactory. The students as a whole are taking more interest in the game than formerly, and a distinctive football spirit is evidenced by the large number of Scrubs on the field every day.

Daniels at full and Hill at half-back are the only men who were members of last year's team. Several positions will be filled by some of the last year's substitutes. The new material is only ordinary. Holton and Glasscock have shown up well so far, and Morton at quarter passes the ball like an old hand.

The back field will be strong and the ends fairly well defended. The tackles are not strong, and up to this time the contest for places is a free for all fight, nobody being sure of a position. The team will be somewhat lighter than usual, but by gritty and fast work it ought to be able to make a creditable showing. At any rate if the students will back up the team in defeat as well as in

victory, the possibility of bonfires will be increased. The COLLEGIAN extends to the team of 1900 its best wishes for a successful season.

Now the year has fairly begun, it is a good time to work for improvement in every phase of college life. We are now concerned about college colors, and especially about the markings on athletic garments. At most colleges the student organizations have definite rules regulating the wearing of college sweaters, jerseys and the like. We should have regulations of a similar nature. The football G should be awarded to a man for hard, consistent playing, and should be prized by him when he gets it. In the same way, the baseball jersey, or monogram should be an honor, given only to members of the team. College colors should be worn, of course, by all students, but certain letters and certain arrangements of color should be a reward for athletic service. We suggest that the Athletic Association consider this matter, and formulate some definite arrangement in regard to it.

Press Services. The writer was told by a man not long ago who is editor of a small paper that if it were not for the "ready print" the small country newspaper in the average Carolina community could not exist. That this statement is quite true is plain to any one who has ever acquainted himself with the matter. A ready print is this. A firm prepares a large number of copies of a newspaper each week, which are complete all save the name, place of publishing and a column or two which are left blank. They are then shipped all over the country. The country editor buys, say five hundred copies of these, prints the name of his paper at the top, puts on it the name of his post office, fills up the blank spaces with local happenings and sends it out as a weekly paper. This process is much cheaper than the course taken by larger papers which have to buy their news dispatches, pay for typesetting and press work. In this way are printed the "Randolph Watchman," the "Lenoir Astonisher," or some such startling sheets which do such a bustling business in a little way.

Another method which is employed by larger papers to more or less extent is to buy columns or parts of columns of type already

set up. The articles thus prepared are each set in a solid block or plate, so that they can be shipped without danger of "pieing" the type. Thus an editor can buy at small cost columns ready to print containing matter of such a character as he may desire. The following information was furnished us by a house which does a business in supplying the public in the manner named:

"From our office we ship every morning on early trains the latest news in boxes of six columns, adapted to the use of both dailies and weeklies in all states adjoining Virginia. To Virginia and North Carolina customers State news can be furnished. The news service is up-to-date strictly. And there are other considerations also: the price is one of them. For the general illustrated miscellany, the up-to-date feature page, the story and correspondence page and the humorous and religious features, we charge 65 cents each.

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Value of Chapel

Exercises.

Far too many students underestimate the importance of morning exercises in school life. This is true both of Guilford and other institutions. A large class of students appear to think that the morning collection is merely a device employed by the faculty to occupy the time between the ringing of the last bell and the beginning of the first period. It is needless to say that this idea is erroneous.

Chapel is one of the most important features of the day's work. The students coming together from their respective studies, lay aside for a few moments their Greek and Latin books; they forget, for the time being, their Physics and Chemistry; they relax for a brief period the strain of Mathematics. While thus freed from these duties, their minds are attentive and receptive, and they grasp the thoughts presented by the conductor of the morning exercises.

Besides being a means of bringing the school together and placing before their minds valuable thoughts at a time when they can be best appreciated, the morning gathering is a mighty factor in

the formation of opinions. Students *must* see all questions in more than one light, and it is this necessity, perhaps, as much as anything else that makes it desirable to assemble at some time and place in order that our views may be broadened by taking into consideration the thoughts of others.

From the desk we receive religious thoughts, we grasp the political, social or economic views of great minds, as read or discussed by members of the faculty, we are inspired by the encouragement set forth in the incidents told of great men, and our ambitions are elevated by the beauty we see in nature, art and literature.

Again, at collection we may hear, from time to time, a brief summary of current history, and in this way we may get in a few moments the same amount of information for the possession of which we may spend an hour or more of our valuable time in the perusal of the daily papers.

History is one of the most important factors in a liberal education, and should, as far as possible, be studied as it occurs, instead of waiting until it becomes old and musty.

Then let us pay more attention to morning collection. We could well afford to give five or ten more minutes to this important part of college life. Students, let us never miss collection. We will find that we make more progress and do better work by giving our attention to the opening exercises.

Local Happenings.

Virginia furnishes Guilford eight students this year.

✓ Mr. Ed. Farlow has purchased the George Parker house.

Mr. J. Emmett Shepard remained at the college during vacation.

The assistant librarians this term are J. C. Hill, '01, and R. T. Cox, '02. ^{also} ^{Richard}

The seats in the meeting house have recently been painted and oaked.

Prof. White and wife spent a part of June and July visiting relatives in Indiana.

James P. Parker, '93, spent a month during the summer at the home of his parents, Joseph and Deborah Parker.

President Hobbs gave a valuable lecture Saturday night, September 29th, on "The Present Chinese War."

The work of enlarging the hall of the Henry Clay Literary Society was begun during vacation and is now about completed.

Mr. Long, of Chapel Hill, Spalding's agent for athletic goods in this State, was at the college some time ago soliciting orders.

The Young Men's Christian Association is in a flourishing condition and much interest is taken in the Thursday night prayer meetings.

Capt. Hammond says that Guilford's baseball prospect for next spring is the best that it has been for years.

Dr. E. L. P. Ector, of Missoula, Montana, was at the college September 24th, examining Guilford's mineral collection.

Mr. S. W. Blackburn, from Walnut Cove, N. C., has moved into Prof. White's cottage and has entered his son and daughter in college.

✓ Irvin Blanchard, '03, has been appointed as assistant in the Biological Laboratory and Chas. Davis, '02, assistant in the Chemical Laboratory.

Among the improvements on the campus this year may be seen a new croquet court for the girls and a new ball ground east of the Y. M. C. A. building for the boys.

Edward Cook, a Friends' minister carrying a minute from the Kansas Yearly Meeting, visited the college and conducted chapel services on the morning of September 26th.

Mr. R. C. Willis was appointed to fill the vacancy on the COLLEGIAN staff in the absence of the Websterian editor, Mr. R. W. McCulloch, who did not return to school this year.

The long expected microscopes have at last been placed in the Biological Laboratory and Prof. Pearson is giving the Sophomores a peep into the land of small things.

President Hobbs attended the last meeting of the State Board of Education, which was held in Raleigh prior to the expiration of State Superintendent Mebane's term of office.

A new feature in football this year is the organization of a third team by the smaller boys. They expect to play some match games this fall and can be seen on the field practicing almost every day.

There is an abundance of fruit in the neighborhood this year and the only thing in the way of the boys is "The little dog with tail cut short and ears cut long."

✓ Marshal Dundas and family, of this place, have recently moved to Lewiston, Idaho, where they intend spending the winter. From there they expect to go to the State of Washington to make their home.

Miss Cornelia Roberson was sick at her home for a number of days during the latter part of September. She has since entirely recovered and has returned to her work as teacher in the High Point graded school.

✓ We are pleased to announce the marriage of Rev. James R. Jones, of this place, and Caroline Rees, of Indianapolis, Indiana. The ceremony took place on the evening of October 3rd at the home of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Jones will be at home at Guilford College after October 20th.

The editors of the COLLEGIAN staff for the coming year elected by the Henry Clay Society at the beginning of the term were R. T. Cox, chief, and Chas. H. Haynes, associate. The Philagorean officers are Emma King, chief; Linnie Raiford, associate, and Clara Cox, business manager.

The Philagorean Literary Society is still ahead this year, having more members than either of the societies for young men. A proof of the excellent work of the young ladies may be seen in their beautiful new hall, their large membership, and the polished manner in which they debate.

Misses Osborne and Hackney gave an informal reception on the night of September 20th complimentary to Miss Annie K. Blair and Mr. C. D. Cowles, of the class of 1900. Miss Blair will be a student in Bryn Mawr College this year and Mr. Cowles goes to the North Carolina University, where he will pursue a course in medicine.

The college year opened well. Almost all the old students have

returned and there is also a host of new ones. The rooms in Founder's, Archdale and Y. M. C. A. halls are full, the cottages are overflowing, a number are boarding in private families and still there are a few late arrivals. The work of the student body as a whole has been very successful so far, and it is thought that we have many students in the full sense of the word.

The Union High School at Guilford College opened October 8th with a good attendance. The teachers are Miss Lola Stanley, '89, and Mrs. Gertrude Smith. It promises to be one of the best schools in the county.

On the evening of September 26th Mrs. Ida Warner, formerly of this place, and Dr. J. G. Ector, of Guilford College Station, were married in Winston by register of deeds of this county, Mr. Abel G. Kirkman. The COLLEGIAN extends its congratulations.

Miss Kearney's Visit.

The college was fortunate in having a lecture by Miss Belle Kearney, of Mississippi, on Saturday evening, the 22nd of September. She is attractive in appearance and an interesting speaker, with a clear, musical voice. The responsibility of the young men and women of the present day in regard to the temperance question was very clearly shown and all were urged to take a decided position on the question. The lecture was full of incidents and illustrations from the speaker's personal knowledge.

At the close of the lecture eighteen young men and nineteen young women signed the pledge and gave their names as active and honorary members of the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union.

Miss Kearney has been engaged in the temperance work for eleven years, and has visited England, France and several other countries lecturing and organizing.

She was reared on an old Mississippi plantation and has written a book, "The Slaveholders' Daughter," descriptive of the old days and discussing the negro problem.

The Davidson Game.

Guilford went down to Davidson College on Saturday, October 6th, and failed to score, while Davidson piled up three touchdowns and a goal. The game from a Guilford point of view was disappointing. The teams' defense was almost nothing, Davidson circling the ends at will, and even when the ends succeeded in breaking interference, they had no support from behind. The line held well when plays were directed toward the center, but the guards and tackles were not much in evidence on end runs. The interference was slow and spiritless, and Guilford made no gains anywhere.

It was a valuable lesson, however, since most of the men had never

played in a game before. It showed us the weak points in our defence and our need of team work.

Daniels and Morton played the game for Guilford.

Guilford 5, A. & M. College 0.

After Saturday's defeat, Guilford had no regular scrub practice, and only an hour's blackboard signal practice, before going to Greensboro to meet the A. & M. C. team, on the fair ground.

But we went determined to prevent too much scoring by our opponents and, if possible, to do a little on our own account. Nobody would have been surprised had A. & M. won 20 to 0, but a blocked kick and forty yards by Millikan made the only touchdown a victory for Guilford. A. & M. arranged the pounds the heavier, but they fumbled often and were slow in forming interference. Their team work was ragged, and they failed to kick when kicks were needed. Over confidence and poor passing from center and quarter lost the game for them.

Professors Winston and Mangum were referee and umpire respectively, and their fair and prompt decisions, pleased both teams. None of the Guilford men can be mentioned particularly for everybody worked hard, all worked together, and did well.

PERSONALS.

Nellie L. Jones is visiting relatives in Indiana.

- ✓ Allan J. Jordan is in business in Wilmington, Del.
- ✓ ^{after} W. J. Grantham is a book-keeper in Lexington, N. C.
- ✓ Newton F. Farlow is teaching near Goldsboro, N. C.
- ✓ Luby Edwards is a telegraph operator at Clarksville, Va.
- ✓ Mollie B. Roberts, '96, is conducting a school at Jefferson, N. C.
- ✓ William McCulloch has charge of a school at John's Station, N. C.
- ✓ R. Lindsey Ellington is a Senior at the University of North Carolina.
- ✓ Annie King Blair is a graduate student at Bryn Mawr College, Penn.
- ✓ Harold Taylor is principal of a prosperous academy at Hamilton, N. C.
- ✓ Bernice Bradshaw has a private school near her home at Aidyl, Va.
- ✓ Lacy L. Barbee has charge of a school near the Guilford Battle Ground.
- ✓ J. Frank Plummer is employed at the Veneering Mill in Sanford, N. C.

— Clement O. Meredith is a member of the Senior class at Haverford College, Pennsylvania.

✓ Cornelia Wilkinson, who spent last year at this place, is at Peace Institute, Raleigh, N. C.

✓ Lena Freeman, '98, is doing office work at the Myrtle furniture factory, High Point, N. C.

✓ Bernard W. Leavitt has charge of the Telephone Exchange at Southern Pines, N. C.

✓ Annie Anderson, '98, is a successful bookkeeper for the High Point Furniture Co.

✓ W. W. Allen, Jr., '99, has a position in the Philadelphia National Bank.

Mary Petty has just returned from a visit with her brother, Herbert Petty, at Lynn, Mass.

✓ Calvin D. Cowles, Jr., is at the University of North Carolina doing graduate work in medicine.

✓ Bertha White, '97, has accepted the position of principal of Corinth Academy, Conley, Va.

✓ Joseph Purdie, a student here for the past two years, is engaged in missionary work in Aguacate, Cuba.

✓ Roland H. Hayes, a former student here, is a member of the State Legislature from Chatham county.

✓ Jas. A. Jones, here in '92, is successfully managing the mercantile interests of John F. McNair, Laurinburg, N. C.

✓ Eunice M. Darden, '95, is private secretary for Mrs. J. E. Cartland, President of the State W. C. T. U., Greensboro, N. C.

✓ Elizabeth Coffin, '99, who spent last year at Bryn Mawr College, is teacher of Mathematics at Greensboro Female College.

✓ Miss Lucille Armfield, class 1894, who has been abroad since the first of June, is again at home.

✓ Wallace Watson, a student here in '95, is employed in the railroad depot at Greensboro, N. C.

— W. P. Henley has charge of the ginning establishment of Jones Bros., Hasty, N. C.

✓ Peter John, a Guilford College student in '91-'92, is now a popular and successful physician in the vicinity of Laurinburg, N. C.

— James T. W. Clement, White Plains, N. C., a student here in '98-'99, is a member of the engineering corps of the United States Army, now stationed at Fort Fulton, N. Y.

✓ Jos. E. Gant, a former Guilford student, has gone to Lowell, Mass., to learn the cotton milling business.

✓ Robt. C. Root, '89, has returned to Berkeley, Cal., to enter upon his duties as principal of one of the city schools. He is also taking some seminary courses in history in the University of California, of whose graduate club he has been chosen president.

✓ William G. Frazier, at Guilford in the fall of '96, is at present the competent manager of the jewelry firm of Farrar's Son, Greensboro, N. C. Besides being an excellent optician Mr. Frazier has added an engraving department to his formerly well organized business.

✓ Jennie and Rosa Few, whose names are recalled with pleasure by all who knew them here last year, are at Bremen College, Gainesville, Ga. Aside from the regular course, the former is making a specialty of art, the latter of music. We wish for them the greatest success possible.

✓ Miss Gertrude Mendenhall, who spent the summer in England and on the continent, has been to the college since her return. She was accompanied in her travels by Miss Fort and Miss Hobbs. They report a pleasant summer and mention with special delight their visit to Oberammergau.

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DECEMBER, 1900.

NO. 2.

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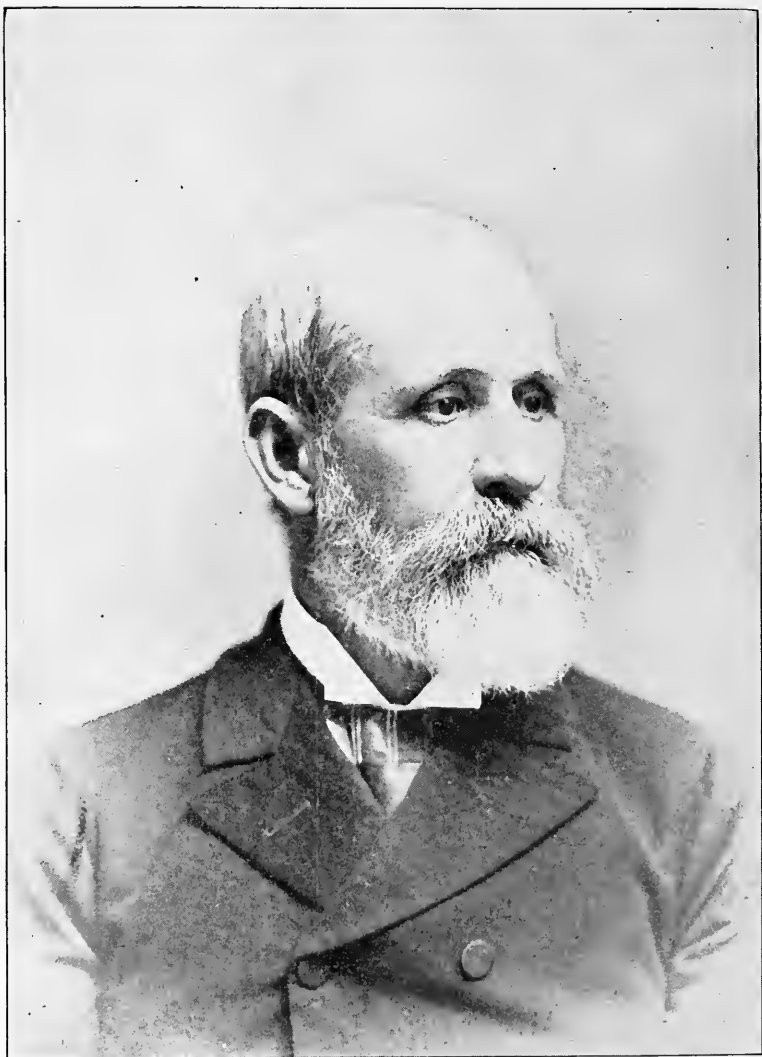
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ELIHU ANTHONY WHITE.

The Guilford Collegian.

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DECEMBER, 1900.

No. 2.

ELIHU ANTHONY WHITE.

As we think of our loved ones, who are no longer with us, and see the empty haunts and vacant chairs, our hearts though torn with grief, perhaps cannot help taking up the self-forgetful song which Longfellow has put in the mouth of Hiawatha as he mourns the death of his beloved Minnehaha, "Come not back again, to suffer, come not back again to labor." Such, no doubt, are the feelings of those to whom the subject of this sketch was most dear.

It was on February 7th, of the current year, that Elihu Anthony White entered into rest after sixty-five years of usefulness. He was one of that large family of Whites which has for several generations had its home in Northeastern North Carolina, being the youngest son of David and Elizabeth White, both of whom were highly honored in their church and their community.

These godly parents, desirous to train their children to be useful members of society, sought to give them an education as liberal as the time afforded. Accordingly Elihu was sent to New Garden Boarding School, and the COLLEGIAN, glad to recount the doings of the worthy sons and daughters of the institution, brings this sketch before its readers.

As a young man, he easily imbibed the desire to go West, which was then so common in the Southern States, and especially so in the Friends' circles. With two of his friends he started out seeing "the West," which Horace Greeley had brought to the attention of young men in his familiar words: "Young man, go West." These three spent some time in

Indiana, making their western limit somewhere in the State of Kansas. Two of the three, Elihu being one of them, were sufficiently pleased, to make some investments in real estate, which property he kept with much advantage, though his home was always in North Carolina and upon the farm which had been in the family for three generations. For a short while, however, in the early years of the civil war he was clerk in a dry goods establishment in Cambridge City, Ind.

In 1870 he was married to Margaret Morris White, daughter of Caleb and Mary White, of Raysville, Indiana. He took her away to the Southland, to his neat, comfortable home at Belvidere, N. C. To them were born five children, four of whom are still living, and two—Emma L. and Dr. Elbert S. White—are members of the Alumni Association of Guilford College. The other two, Clara and Margaret, were educated largely in Raleigh, at Peace Institute, Margaret later taking an extensive course in painting and drawing at Drexel Institute, Philadelphia.

He was a devoted husband and a fond and loving parent and was glad to give his children the opportunity to develop themselves in lines to which they were best adapted. Glad of their attainments and interested in their successes, they feel his loss most keenly. One ambition, or rather desire of his, was not gratified, because he grew too feeble in the last months of his life to go to Norfolk, Va., and see his son, Elbert, really established in his dental office.

For almost eight years after the death of his wife, he remained a widower, when, in 1885 he married Emma H. White, also of Raysville, Ind. She survives him, and during the long months of illness was a constant exemplification of faithfulness and devotion. Her daughter, Lucy, is a girl of twelve years of age, and with her music, both vocal and instrumental, cheered many of the weary moments of her father's illness.

He had but recently remodelled his home and surroundings, making it an ideal country residence. The education of the older children was finished and it seemed that the family was just ready to enjoy home with all its hallowed associations and its

binding cords of affection, while now it is the abiding place of "the fatherless and widow." Happy, yes; we believe they are, and yet there is often the sigh "for the touch of the vanished hand and the sound of the voice that is still."

It was in his home life that Elihu White was at his best, perhaps—hospitable and courteous, entertaining in conversation and always enjoying the joke. A social evening among his nieces and nephews without "Uncle Elihu" had a missing link, and a very important one, too.

He was always public-spirited, keeping in close touch with men and events, and was much interested in the cause of education, both in his own community and in the State at large.

In 1894 he was made a trustee of the State University, and several years prior to his death was Chairman of the Board of Education for the county.

But his public spirit was more manifest in the political world. Always Republican in his policy, but so straightforward, honest and faithful in his public service that a Democratic editor says the following:—"He was a Republican and we a Democrat, both of strong convictions, but they never invaded the sanctity of our private attachment. We always respected his sincerity. He was a Quaker Republican, and we knew that his political faith was based upon the conscientious convictions of that exemplary body of Christians who had always opposed slavery and had acted out their convictions on that subject.
* * * His whole life was a long symphony of excellent qualities. His face proclaimed his life—its amiability, its benevolence, its kindness, its generosity, its firmness."

His public service for the State and nation began in 1868, when he was made a member of the State Senate. Between this and 1879, he held several minor offices in the county. But in this year he was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue, by President Hayes. The headquarters were at Newbern, but, before the close of the Administration the district was consolidated with the Fourth.

In 1884 he was district representative at the National Republican convention, and voted for James G. Blaine, and in

1888 was delegate-at-large for North Carolina, and here his vote was always polled for Harrison, and it was through his influence that the whole North Carolina delegation became solid for Harrison before the final choice was made.

In 1889 Harrison did not forget this, and appointed him Internal Revenue Collector for the Eastern District, with headquarters at Raleigh. When Harrison failed of re-election, of course a Democratic Collector was installed; but on retiring, Elihu White was highly complimented by the Department "for his fidelity, and the press of all shades of opinion in the district gave him praise for his impartial discharge of his official duties."

After these four years in Raleigh, he, with his family, returned to the home at Belvidere, and the community found him, as he had always been, sympathetic in feeling, generous to those in need or distress, liberally responding to the frequent calls for aid for charitable and religious purposes as well as in the support of his own religious society.

He was a faithful member of Piney Woods Meeting of Friends, and was for some years previous to his death, Clerk of Eastern Quarterly Meeting. In his demise the church has lost a hearty supporter, the community a valued citizen, and the home a much-loved member. The long months of illness showed much patience in suffering, and as the end drew near, in broken accents he whispered, "Pretty, oh! *so pretty; so pretty!*"

Is it not easy to believe that even then the beauty of the celestial was dawning upon him ere yet the mortal had put on immortality, and this corruptible had put on incorruption and death had been swallowed up in victory?

JULIA S. WHITE.

Philadelphia.

THE GEORGE JUNIOR REPUBLIC.

To one who has never heard of this institution the name may seem meaningless and uninteresting; but to those who have visited it and have seen its solution of some of our deepest social problems no mention of it can fail in interest and significance.

The territory occupied by this republic is a farm of about two hundred acres, at Freeville, a village of New York State within ten miles of Cornell University. The citizens are boys and girls between the ages of twelve and twenty, who have been regarded in the communities where they have lived, as desperately bad. Some are experienced criminals; some have shown a criminal tendency; some have grown up in the streets as the weeds of humanity. A more hopeless lot of children than the hundred who now make up the Republic seemed when they first arrived, it would be hard to find. If it were not for the fact that the managers of the Republic want to keep it from being regarded as a penal or reformatory institution, the standard of admission would be the highest possible average of general badness. But to avoid the stigma attaching to the "reformatory" type a few boys and girls are taken who have not reached their limit of moral obliquity.

Love for and faith in childhood are the motive power of the institution. Wm. R. George, the superintendent and founder, believes that no boy is so bad that he cannot be reached, if he is only made to feel that he has a place in the world that nobody else can fill.

The Republic is an outgrowth of the "fresh air" work, by which children from the slums of our great cities are given a few weeks of country sunshine in the summer. In 1890 Mr. George began to take neglected children from New York City for a summer in the country. In order to protect the farmers from the depredations of the lawless city youngsters some means of control became necessary. It was found that the jury system, with policemen and officers among the boys

themselves, kept matters under better control than any that the older caretakers could impose and that the keen sense of justice among the boys meted out stern punishment to any who violated their self-imposed rules.

Thus the plan of a Junior Republic was developing; and in 1895 Mr. George began the permanent organization with five boys. Since that time there has been a gradual growth, until now there are about sixty-five boys and thirty-five girls living under their own beneficent rule. Not all the children are full-fledged citizens, only those over twelve years of age having the right to vote. The few under twelve are each under the care of a guardian, chosen from the citizens. Each guardian is responsible to the Republic for the conduct of his ward, and stands *in loco parentis*, as regards all civic relations.

The farm was in a badly run down condition when it became the home of the junior citizens, but now it is in splendid shape—thanks to the management of a graduate of the Agricultural College at Cornell—and gives employment to a large number of the boys.

The buildings of the Republic are modest frame structures; they include the new dwelling of Mr. George, where six or eight of the citizens are at all times living with his family; the office building in which about ten citizens live as a family under the oversight of the assistant superintendent; the Carter cottage, which has been "bought" by some of the Methodist citizens and is occupied by them as a home (the cellar of this cottage is the boys' jail, with its cells and grates and bars); the "Hotel," or main living place, containing on the first floor two restaurants, first and second class,—twenty-five and ten cents per meal,—and an excellent library, on the second floor the hotel sleeping-rooms (first-class), and on the third floor the "Garoot" where accommodations are barest and cheapest; and the Rockefeller cottage, which has some pleasant sleeping-rooms for girls, and a "Garoot," where economical or thriftless girls can find accommodations suited to their pocket books.

There are, besides, a school-house, used also as a court

house, a carpenter shop, store, printing shop, hospital, and a new model barn. These buildings have been put up from time to time largely by the boys themselves, under the direction of a competent carpenter.

If love and confidence are the moral principles back of the Republic, the fundamental economic principle is "nothing without labor." "If one will not work, neither shall he eat" is a rule literally applied. A boy or girl can get neither food, clothing nor sleeping place without the money of the Republic, and that can be secured only in payment for work done or by business enterprise of some kind.

A citizen may choose his own work as farmer, carpenter, printer, tailor, doer of odd jobs, speculator, banker, lawyer or politician; or a girl may be seamstress, cook, waitress, laundress, or housemaid; but everybody must do something to earn a living—the law is more stern than in the outside world. Some of the citizens make part of their living from salaries or fees as officers of state—such are the two policemen, the judge, the district attorney and the president. In general, the cares of office are not so heavy as to interfere with industrial pursuits. Thus the high office of secretary of state is now held by a girl who is an everyday cook, and a fine girl she is. Two boys and one girl are practicing law, and their fees for helping their fellows out of scrapes, amount to considerable.

The "millionaires" strut around in gay apparel—crash suits or duck trousers—and avoid manual labor. They speculate. Finding that shoes are in great demand, they buy out the entire stock of shoes at the Republic store, cornering the market, and sell at an advance on the stores' prices. The less shrewd youngsters have sought to put a stop to such greedy speculations by legislation, but have so far failed to meet the case. As in the larger world the cry is: "Down with trusts and monopolies!" but practical difficulties arise when you attempt to do anything but cry.

The Republic has a bank through which its currency circulates. The money used is a neat aluminum coinage, issued in pieces from one dollar down to one cent. The face of the

coin bears an axe and a flag crossed and supporting an open book, on which appears the words, "The law of the wise is a fountain of life." Around this device near the edge of the coin is the motto, "Nothing without labor." The obverse is marked with the value of the coin and the words, "George Junior Republic, Founded 1895." No citizen is allowed to keep any money but that of the Republic, nor is he allowed to accept gifts from visitors.

Things needful are procured at the store, where may be found things new and old, clothes, books, pictures, ribbons and whatever may have been sent to the Republic by generous friends in addition to the bare necessities. Old clothes and cast-off things of every sort are gladly received by the authorities, but nothing is ever *given* to a citizen. If he wishes a thing he may only buy it.

The government of the Republic is based upon a constitution adopted by the citizens and amended frequently as suggested by experience. The only provision required of the children by the management is an article providing that the superintendent, Mr. George, shall have the right to veto any measure and to declare any rule which he may deem fit and necessary for the general welfare. This right, however, is rarely exercised, and in all essential features the government is a full democracy.

The Legislature is the monthly town meeting, at which all citizens of thirty days' residence who stand unconvicted of any crime have the right to vote. The executive officers of the Republic are elected for terms of one year, and are President, Vice-President, Secretary of State, and Secretary of the Treasury. The judges and minor officials are appointed by the President, who takes oath as follows upon entering upon the duties of his office: "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the George Junior Republic, and will to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States and the State of New York and the interests of the George Junior Republic."

There is a somewhat elaborate system of courts, criminal and civil, and a supreme court consisting of five gentlemen, who act as the executive committee of the George Junior Republic Association. The supreme court is the court of final appeal, and has exclusive jurisdiction in all cases brought by citizens against the employees of the association, such as Mr. George or any of his assistants.

The seriousness with which the various officials perform the functions of government is amazing. The president feels his responsibility keenly; the judge is as sober and his court as free from levity as any in the land. Though visitors are present at nearly every session of the court and town meeting, there is nothing spectacular about the proceedings, no playing to the galleries. Business is transacted in a businesslike manner, and no words are wasted. When they are through they quit.

Among the questions which have caused the Junior Republic little trouble, are the issues of Protection and Woman Suffrage. At present there is a protective tariff of 30 per cent. on all imports. That is, if a boy goes off and brings back a lot of blackberries which he sells for five dollars, he must pay a dollar and a-half to the Republic treasury. After many stormy contests in town meeting the girls now have the right to vote and hold office, but there are many threats among the boys of a return to the old way. The girls, who are in the minority, are no doubt often "intimidated" and vote against their convictions, for fear of losing the suffrage altogether.

One of the boys stated as his objections to woman suffrage, that there wasn't a bit of doubt in his mind "that if you give a woman an inch she will take a mile, and nobody knows where they will end up;" and that "a person ought to have a definite purpose in view, but a woman never has; she starts out to see a thing and she becomes dissatisfied and never finishes what she starts at."

Eddie Cuthbert states it as his conviction that "if women should take up law, why, they would not be able to sew the

clothes of the men," and submits in conclusion, "Boys have always run the government, and why not let them do it now?"

One might go on and multiply incidents of the life of these independent youngsters, for they do and dare all sorts of things. Their early experiences of men and activities in the streets prepare them for full lives in the Republic. With this wealth of worldly wisdom they are working out their own salvation without fear and trembling.

In closing this sketch, special reference must be made to the influence of William R. George—"Daddy," as everybody calls him—over the boys and girls. He treats each one with the utmost respect and with a lavishness of affection. He loves them as his very own, and they all feel that he cares for them somehow more than he cares for himself.

When a boy seems to be incorrigibly bad and all measures of correction have failed, Mr. George has sometimes called the boy to him and talked in this way: "Harry, you keep on doing wrong; you have been put in jail; you have been fined; you have been whipped; we have reasoned and pleaded with you; but punishments have done no good; you have not become a better boy. You must whip me now." The boy begs to be let off and promises to try to be good; but "Daddy" insists, and the boy is compelled to use the stinging lash upon the one man who has made him feel that he loves him. Do you suppose that that boy has ever had to beat his "Daddy" a second time? No; this remedy has never failed to win the boy back to better things. There is nothing in all the world so strong as the power of love manifesting itself in vicarious suffering. With such love leading it, is it any wonder that the George Junior Republic is a success?

WALTER W. HAVILAND.

A DREAM.

As the golden clouds were floating
Silently across the sky,
My Love and I were boating—
Floating carelessly.

And the sun was slowly sinking,
And the twilight hour drew nigh;
But my Love and I kept boating—
Floating carelessly.

The moon rose from the valley;
Like a fire she lit the sky,
And my Love and I still boating—
Floating carelessly.

As our bark was kissing the billows,
And the moon light her and me
My love was sweetly singing
The songs of Arcady;

And turning she looked upon me
With the lovelight in her eye;
So my Love and I kept boating—
Floating carelessly,

Till the daylight dawn of morning;
In the streamers floating by
My Love alone was boating—
Floating carelessly.

M.

MACK.

You will, perhaps, infer from the name that the subject of my story is a Scotchman or of Scotch descent; but a few words from his own lips, or a glance at his physiognomy would convince you at once of your mistake. MacDonald MacAden is a plain, simple, honest old darkey of the true Southern style. He conforms to the general type of the pure African in every particular but one,—he has eyes as clear and sharp as an eagle's, that dance and sparkle whenever he is aroused or angry.

I had known Mack from my boyhood, for he had been a faithful hand on my father's plantation since that dread struggle that made him free. His lot had been similar to that of hundreds of others of his race at the close of the war,—he was taken back to the plantation after he was free, given employment, clothed, fed, and was paid a fair remuneration for his labor.

Thus Mack had lived and prospered,—plenty of work, plenty to eat, and enough to wear. He had not become wealthy, 'tis true, but he had saved enough to provide a small home for himself and the "lady of his choice,"—a black queen of a neighboring plantation. So, for nearly a quarter of a century, they had lived happy and contented in their small cabin home.

But during the summer of 1900 the race question became the paramount issue in the state and was the leading topic of popular conversation in the campaign. One party had proposed an amendment to the constitution that practically excluded the negro from voting. This amendment had been referred to the people for their decision.

The campaign, which had been a long and heated one, was rapidly drawing to a close. Mack had taken more than usual interest in politics; I had noticed his presence at many of the political meetings in the county, and had seen him on one or two occasions in heated discussion with his associates, but I

had little idea of his real interest in the result of the election till the time was near at hand.

One day just a week before the issue was to be decided, I happened to be at the farm. Knowing, as I did, something of the faithfulness of the old darkey, I had determined to keep him as long as he cared to stay with me. Naturally I supposed that he considered himself a part of the plantation, but I had each year made a specific bargain for the next. But the time had already passed for an agreement for the following year. So, meeting him as he came from his dinner I said, "Mack, what about next year?"

I thought I had known him pretty well, but I was entirely unprepared for what followed. Mack straightened himself to his full height, his eyes fairly danced in their sockets as he poured forth in eloquent terms the woes of his race.

"No sah, boss, I aint gwine make no 'gagement wid nobody, kase I don't know yit whar I gwine be nex' year; don't know whar I gwine be dis year, nex' year—never. I tell you dis aint no place for nigger. I haint lived nigh onto fifty year for nothin'. Dey done take away ev'ry right and priv'lege dat de po'r nigger had dat dey could take. I see it! I see what dey doin. Ever sence de wah dey been tramplin on de nigger. White folks haint got no use for him 'ceptin to grub and to hoe, and when he come to de exercise of his right as a man dey put dere foot down and say, No. Dey's been doin' dat now for years and de po'r nigger bore it all patiently and suffer'n'ly kase he thought he was a free man; but now dey dare take away de only priv'lege de po'r devil e'er had—dare say to us, 'No sah, you may grub for me, and plow and mow and drudge, but when it comes to votin' you can't do it. You're a nigger—haint got as much sense as my hoss', and he treat us worse dan his dog; and now dey propose to take away dat las' right and *only* right de po'r nigger ever had—de right of votin' his sentiments. Seems dey aint satisfied for him to hab nothin'.

Is e seen it all de time, and let me tell you, boss, you can't tell whar dey's gwine stop. Dey have took our labor and

paid us half, dey now take our right—de las' right,—and next thing dey take our lives. Why de white man haint got no more respec' for de life of a colored man dan he got for de snake dat crawl on de groun'. Yo can't tell what dey do nex. No sah, boss, I can't make you no promises till after de 'lection; if it go democratic dis nigger gwine to pull out from here—dis nigger gwine Norf, where he can have a chance—where he can be a man and be free. I's been a slave long enough; de nigger never has yit been free."

After this last sweeping statement, made emphatic by wild gesticulation and glittering eyes, a suggestion from me about his home and property here and the uncertainty of conditions and treatment further North was sufficient to call forth another burst of eloquence.

"I can't help dat, an' I don't know, but dis I does know,—it can't be no worse dan here. I's got a little cabin and piece o' groun'—a little home, but dat's all; and, den, what's a home when you haint got no right to say how you gwine ter live in it, and how long you gwine to keep it. Yes sah, I leave my home and prop'ty—give 'em to de fust man dat want 'em and leave 'fore I live here and be treated worse 'n a dog."

Then in milder tones, "No boss, I don't want make no bargain tell after de 'lection, cause I allus stands up to what I say, and when I makes a bargain wid a white man I allus keeps it. Aint it so boss?"

After this second tirade, and an assurance from me that he had always been a faithful hand, he went to his work.

I sat silent for a few minutes thinking of what he had tried to say. I felt that there was a good deal of truth in his words. I felt sorry for him and pitied him. I pitied him for I saw the situation as he saw it, but I, no more than he, could see the remedy. He thought he saw it in emigration, and I pitied him the more since I saw plainly the folly of such a movement.

"Poor devil," I said, "he thinks we are going to make a slave of him—threatens to leave his home, take his wife and children and go North if the democrats win. Of course they will win and Mack will stick to his word."

Of course I knew 'twould be infinitely better for him to stay in the South with his friends, even if the amendment carried and the Negro was disfranchised. I also knew that I couldn't make him believe it, so I dropped the matter from my mind.

It had always been a question with me whether Congress made a mistake in enfranchising the negro. I had about concluded it was a blunder to do it then, but I was as firmly convinced that to disfranchise him now, after more than thirty years experience as a free man and a citizen, would be to cover a serious blunder with an act unwise, unjust, and impolitic,—an act detrimental to the best interest of the race and to the state. But I was not a politician, and besides, like a good many others, I felt that to try to stop the democratic party in their determined effort to carry the amendment would be like sweeping back the waves of the Atlantic Ocean with a broom.

So the election came, a few registered their votes against the amendment. The democratic majority in the state was eighty thousand, and MacDonald MacAden had registered his vow.

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I thought no more of the matter until one night late in the following October. It had been one of those cold, raw, chilly days, such as one seldom sees in our Sunny Southland. All day long the rain had drizzled, and now when night had come a cruel wind was driving it to the very skin. Shivering beneath my great coat, I hurried along the street of a Northern city, thinking only of a comfortable place in the car and of my journey home. As I turned to enter the station some one touched my arm. I turned quickly. "Mack, what are you doing here?" I said. "I have not seen you since the day of your great speech. I hope you are getting along well. You seem to be prospering."

The poor fellow, clothed in rags, and wet to the skin, stood shaking before me, and for a moment could not answer. He recognized the sarcasm of my speech but could not feel the pity in my heart.

But Mack was not a stupid negro, so after a moment he said: "Boss, I'm enjoyin' bein' a free man—free from work, free from friends, free from money, almost free from clothes, and free to roam the streets."

Then he told me his story; how that he had come North with his family, found nothing to do, and that he and his wife and two children had been freezing and starving for two weeks.

After hearing his pitiful tale of woe I said in more sympathetic tones: "Mack, get your family and go home at once, where you will find a place waiting for you. Go there and go to work, where you can have plenty to eat and something to wear."

Tears came to Mack's eyes as he said pitifully, "I thank you, sah, but how's I gwine to git home wid dat?" holding in his hand a nickel and two rusty pennies. "Dat's all I got to pay for my lodgin' and breakfas' for de folks to-morrer. What can I do 'cept'n stay right here an' die, an' see my po'r wife an' chilluns perish."

But I had faith in Mack, so I gave him the money to take his folks back home.

If you will go down to a large cotton plantation on the Neuse River, Wayne county, North Carolina, and seek out a certain small cabin, set back from the river, in the edge of an old pine field, you will find a happy and contented family. See them of an evening, after the work of the day, as they gather round an abundant table, or visit them on a Sunday afternoon as they entertain the preacher and the religious brethren in the front of the cabin. Fall in with Mack on one of those occasions when he is not thinking of his troubles and ask him about his Northern trip.

"Go way from here, white man. I aint never been Norf—don't want to go Norf no more—

Johnny, go bring de gen'lman some good cider from de kag."

G.

A FIRE-SIDE SOLILOQUY.

I don't want to be an Angel, I would rather linger here,
 Whar I have been residin' nigh on ter sixty year—
 I fine it mighty comferable to set afore the fire
 With all the friends an' fam'ly, thet a feller kin desire;
 I aint so peart an' active as what I uster be,
 But I'm limber 'nough to dangle my gran'-chil'ren on my knee.

An' I tell em lots of stories of the days when I was young,
 An' went a-courtin' Gran'ma, an' about the songs we sung—
 With the banjo an' the fiddle we uster sing till late
 "Ole dog Trey," an' "Hard Times," an' the "Ole Granite State."
 Oh! those old songs hev a sweetness an' a melody to me
 Thet is'nt in the rag-times, thet the kids sing on my knee.

How we rambled in the moon-light, an' we lingered in the shade,
 An' the fust time thet I kissed her, an' the orful fuss she made.
 I kin see us in the Meetin' House, the bride's maids in a row,
 I kin feel myself a-tremblin' like a feller will, you know,
 I kin hear the preacher, hear the words thet jined us—her an' me
 As I tell about the ole days to the gran-kids on my knee.

Oh! It's mighty fine I tell you, livin' them ole days again,—
 Thet's whar us ole folks gits the best o' younger, pearter men.
 They've only got the present an' the futur, all unknown,
 Which they must fight and conquer unaided an' alone.
 I've lived my past. The futur what uster pester me,
 I laugh at by the fire-side with a gran'chile on each knee.

"They've only got the present an' the futer,"—we've got the past.
 An' it's so long since we've acted thet we've most fergot the cast—
 The hero an' the heroine stan' out distinct an' clear,
 While the villian's part 's fergotten an' less noticed year by year;
 The clever situations an' the comic scenes I see
 As I set afore the fire-side, with a gran'chile on each knee.

Yes! I'm glad thet I'm an ole man, an' "my race is nearly run;"
 Thet I'm drawin' nigh the toll gate, when my journey will be done;
 Thet I've been through all my battles an' the ballance o' my life
 Will live in peace an' comfort with my fam'ly an' my wife.
 I don't want to be an Angel, but when He comes for me,
 I hope He'll fine me ready with a gran'chile on each knee.

ELLIOT KAYS STONE.

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Things

Wasted.

That is a very striking expression we sometimes hear, that "Time is wasted that could be better spent." There are several things of which the average student has somewhat, however small that part may be, and which he cannot afford to waste. One of these things is money. Now the less money one has, the less one can afford to spend it foolishly, yet that is just what many a student does. If you ask him to become a member of some literary society the necessary entrance fee scares him entirely way from one of the best and surest means of culture the college affords. If he is asked to join or contribute to the athletic organization and thus help push the college interests along in that direction, he suddenly remembers that money is a very scarce commodity. If any emergency arises when the

college community needs to raise a certain sum to meet some unlooked for need he is "busted," as he terms it. Still this very man can be found, almost any time, at the fruit stand, or soda fountain, or candy store, or tobacco dispensary, and is nearly always a customer. In short, this class spend all of their cash for things which are mostly of no value, and have nothing left for the more serious needs of college life. They get very little gratification out of what they spend, and they fail utterly of the approval of that ideal bystander who can say, "That is the best you could have done under the circumstances."

To waste time is just as bad. Of course we have all the time there is, but most of that time is devoted to our regular duties. We manage, perhaps, to use this time to some advantage, but the spare time that a student has at his disposal is what he is oftenest liable to waste. The use he makes of the odds and ends of time, determines, almost entirely, his success as a student. It can be devoted to athletic sports; to literary activity of some sort, either to debating or to writing; to roaming in the woods and fields with the birds and flowers, or to genuine recreation and rest.

One characteristic of a successful student is that he is a scientific loafer. He knows just how and when and where to do his loafing. He has it well in hand. He has on his desk a program of the day's work, of the day's play, of the day's rest, and when he comes wandering into a friend's room and falls lazily into a chair, that is no sign he will not, in a half hour, be down over his Mathematics or his Latin, working for all he is worth.

This spare time that could be better spent is wasted just as the dimes are wasted. It is devoted to nothing in particular and brings nothing particular in return. When an occasion arises which calls for a man, the one who has not invested well his spare time, will have to stand back and let another fill the gap. So, while we may write on our lamp shades, "It is surely beyond a doubt that people should be a good deal idle in youth," we should also write under it—*gar nux erketai*—

Class There is a feature of student life at most colleges, that we, at Guilford, seem never to have thought of, or at least never to have developed. **Debates.** It is a well known fact that "class spirit" or class rivalry is a thing almost unheard of—certainly unfelt at Guilford College. This, perhaps, can be assigned as a reason for the absence of inter-class debates. We should, by all means, have sometime between now and commencement, at least three debates. We regard extempore speaking as a good thing, and emphasize it in our literary societies; but that carefulness of preparation which is necessary to a good speech, is not impressed on the debater by the members of his own Society nearly so much as it is by the public. Besides, one can speak better to a crowd than to a dozen hearers. It brings out the latent power in the speaker and makes him excel himself. It can not be denied that one public debate, in so far as practice in speaking is concerned, is worth a dozen speeches delivered to a small roomfull. Further, the college at large, and the friends of the college know absolutely nothing of what we are doing in this line of work. We never have a public debate. The contests at the end of the year show off the societies somewhat, but no oratorical contest can take the place of a debate. It does not show the solid work of the society, nor can it hold the interest of an audience like a debate between the representatives of two rival classes. We are making a mistake when we neglect this means of development. Let the classes take the matter up.

Games at Looking over the schedules of athletic teams for the past few years, we are struck with the scarcity of games on our own grounds. This thing ought not to be so. We ought to play more games at home. The fault is partly ours, and we cannot justly lay all the blame on the managers. They do the best they can to get games and at the same time to come out whole financially. They cannot always help it if the crowd here is not large enough to pay a visiting team's expenses. We are in the country, it is true,

and have no town to draw our attendance from, but we have a good number of students, who, if they would patronize their home games instead of buying so much bad confectionery; if they would invite their friends out to the games; if they would let the interested Alumni and friends of the College know; could get together a much larger crowd of spectators. The managers have been at fault, too, sometimes, by not properly advertising such games. Our game with Bingham this Fall would have been much more largely attended if it had been properly advertised, and instead of being a financial failure would have more than paid expenses. We should also have had a creditable attendance and for that reason a more interesting game.

Both managers and student body should do more toward getting games at home and making these games a success.

After Now that our football season is over, and we
Thanksgiving. have nothing definite before us to work for,
we feel a sense of relief from the strain we
have been under. Still it is not the best thing to throw over-
board all all sorts of physical exercise. Break training of
course, and relax. We have done that already, but as long
as the weather is good the men in college ought to be out of
doors in the afternoon, kicking a football or doing something
to keep the system clear and strong and the muscles healthy.

When the weather is bad, the gymnasium is at our disposal, and while the apparatus is somewhat limited and more or less useless, still a good lot of exercise can be had there. Basket ball is a good game, and there is plenty of floor space for that. We cannot afford not to play some basket ball this winter. It is a fine game in itself, and is the best trainer of eye and hand and foot that we know of. We expect—if such a thing is possible—to put out a field and track team next spring, and to do that we need some regular, systematic work with dumbbells, clubs, and the like, and it is just as well to begin outdoor practice with with pole vault, high jump, hammer and shot now.

A Word of Interest. We are always glad to receive communications from friends who are interested in the College, and while we cannot promise to publish everything of the kind sent us, we appreciate the following from a New Garden student of the early eighties.

To the Students at Guilford: The other day my heart grew suddenly very warm toward you. It may be that *other company* of boys and girls had something to do with it—the ones, who studied and played and some, perchance, who played at study, within your boundaries nigh twenty years ago. The tenderness increased as the lines of an old song floated across my memory—the one that the august committee of your (then) only Literary Society, “The Brightonian,” had appointed two of us to sing at the closing entertainment. It ran—

“Some have gone to lands far distant,
And with strangers made their home—
Some have gone from us forever,
Longer here, they might not stay—
They have reached a fairer region
Far away! far away!”

It was Christmas time, too, and what fun we had as the “grab-bag” went round!

How solemn and hushed-like we felt when we sang “The Little German Home Across the Sea,” and noticed the little Dutch woman over in the corner, weeping.

Then the Sunday night prayer meetings came to my mind. We didn’t all have the gift of conciseness, but the Lord blessed us, whenever we were *faithful to do His will*—just He does you today, when you fulfill the same conditions.

Since that morning I realized that you are direct descendants or ascendants of the old times, and I have wanted to send you some word of greeting that might help you along the upward way—none other, but the “Highway” is worth a moment’s thought. So, I copy these extracts from an article in the October, ’99 *Inter-Collegian*, written by H. C. G. Maule, D.D., Cambridge:

“Here are three risks of student life:

“First. Slackness of personal habits. I care not to argue the matter: I affirm that the man, slack in common habits, cannot possibly be fully true to our Lord Jesus Christ. Is he lazy in the morning, really neglectful of the inestimably important call to meet the Lord, without hurry, and all alone, before he meets other men? * * Is he fastidious and self-indul-

gent about his meals? Is he at all dependent for comfort upon his pipe? Does he trifle on the borderland of amusements, of reading, of conversation, which are not quite healthy for a Christian? Let him rely upon it he cannot possibly be giving his Lord the *best* of his life. He cannot possibly avoid that heart-moving censure of the most generous of Masters, 'I have not found thy works perfect before God.' "

"Second. Unsettlement of convictions. As we all know, unsettlement, and with it spiritual coldness and decline may very readily set in for the student if he allow himself (and who is quite void of the temptation?) to be the victim of fashion in his thoughts. Whatever be the cause, thought fashions are a formidable power in the student world. And they have a tendency to drift and draw in very nearly any direction but that of spiritual depth, humility, joy, and power. Alas, for the man whose leading notion is to be with the stream, to think, speak, favor and follow the current thing. By no means all 'main currents that draw the years' set toward what proves ultimately true and good; and a great many currents, which seem to be main currents, just around us are not so at all, but back-water drifts, or dangerous eddies in a circle. But they may have a terrible hold upon a man who is not living his student life behind the scenes, with his conscience, the Bible, prayer, obedience, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. He may find himself, before he is aware, distant he knows not how far, from a living faith, and feeling in vain for any rock of truth at all beneath his feet. He may have become—by fashion or by convention—an unbeliever. And if *conventional belief* is a poor thing, and cold and dull, who shall estimate the wretched poverty, the icy coldness, the leaden dullness, of *conventional unbelief*? Yet, it is a risk of student life, And nothing but watching and prayer will do."

"Third. Forgetting definitely to consecrate our studies.

He says: "Many earnest Christian students make the grave mistake of thinking, or at least of acting as if they thought, that nothing could be spiritual but what is directly and overtly religious. Many a man, with this conception to sway him, devotes to religious meetings and religious efforts time which he should, in the Lord's name, devote to genuine study, to mental drill, tillage, acquisition and assimilation. * * * Our language work, our mathematics, our literature, our history, our physical science—all is to be carried in there, and worked at in the remembered presence of the King. We shall be more fit, for so doing, to take our happy part in every effort to bring wanderers in to Him we love. Greatly may His student-servants glorify Him by being, for His sake, students indeed."

With a prayer for God's benediction upon you. I remain your affectionate fellow-student,

ROXIE DIXON WHITE.

Brunswick, N. C.

Local Happenings.

What is the molasses jug?

"Oh, Mike! what would Gainey say?"

Mr. Strong, of Reidsville, visited the College, November 9th.

Mr. Anderson, of Goldsboro, will spend the winter at Prof. Woody's.

The boys were glad to see "Uncle Rufus" at the College some time ago.

The greenhouse has recently been repaired and many improvements added.

Lost, somewhere in Founders', one trunk key. Please return to W. C. Hammond.

It is reported that candy went over the "Red Hills to the North," some time ago.

Mr. Percy Mendendenhall will spend the winter at the home of his sister, Mrs. Nicholson.

Ask a certain member of the Physics Class what velocity a body will gain in falling from its place of rest?

Since Mr. George Roberson has gone to Winston, it is rumored that a certain young lady *escapes* her usual afternoon drive.

Dr. Fox, the College physician, who recently purchased the Taylor place, has not been able to move, on account of protracted illness.

A certain dignified Senior was overheard to say that he would not have been back this year if it had not been that he wanted to make a few private deals.

The spirit of athletics is running high among the girls. Much interest is taken in basket ball, and there is talk of new suits and the arranging of match games.

Mr. Carl Chadwick and mother, of Beaufort, N. C., are boarding at Mrs. Phæbe Davis's. Mr. Chadwick is an old student of Guilford and has returned for his health.

What Junior was it that walked six miles to town after supper, and walked back the same night in order that no one else might get his seat at the table next morning?

Mr. J. E. Brown, one of Guilford's popular merchants, is able to be out again after several week's confinement to his home, on account of injuries sustained in a runaway.

The Philagoreans continue to add to their elegant and nicely furnished hall. This time it is two new tables and a beautiful chandelier. One of the tables is the gift of a friend.

Mrs. J. A. Bowles, of Henrietta, N. C., was at the College, November 7th, and visited relatives in this neighborhood until the Methodist Conference at Greensboro, Nov. 21-25.

The College waterworks have undergone another change. This time it is an eight-foot well with a steam pump, and a new tank for the Young Men's Christian Association building.

FIRST JUNIOR—"Say, old man, what did you do last summer?"

SECOND JUNIOR—"I studied Theology."

FIRST JUNIOR—"Theology! What is that?"

✓ Miss Susan S. Roberson, who is now engaged in religious work at High Falls, N. C., returned to the College to attend the series of meetings held at this place, October 28th to November 9th.

The classes have organized as follows: Juniors—Harry Daniels, President; Clara Cox, Secretary. Sophomores—James Lewis, President; Annie Tomlinson, Secretary. Freshmen—Lee White, President; Della Braxton, Secretary.

It is said that some young lady remarked a few days ago that Mr. Smith was *so* handsome. Since hearing of this, they say that Henry has purchased a comb and toothbrush, and has ordered several bottles of "Colgate's Best."

BLAIR—(Reading the account of the football game in the newspaper)—"A. & M., 0; Guilford, 11. In the first half A. & M. scored 5 points, and in the second Guilford scored 11." (Looking up from his paper)—"Then, there didn't anybody score the third half, did they?"

Some days ago we had a visit from the man with the monkey and hand organ. The curious crowd that gathered had no peanuts and fewer pennies, and soon the disgusted Dago started in search of greener pastures to the tune of "Marching Thro' Georgia."

A series of meetings continuing near two weeks held at New Garden, by Arthur Chilson, of Cleveland, O., and Gurney Lee, of Contentnea Quarter, in Wayne county, closed on the morning of the 9th inst. There were several conversions among the young people of the neighborhood and

some among the students of the college. Many of the church members realized a deeper work of grace.

Dr. Kemp P. Battle, Alumni Professor of History at the North Carolina State University, lectured by invitation to the students of Guilford, Saturday night, November 24th. He chose for his subject the "History of the Constitution of North Carolina." There is no man better known among the cultured classes of our State to-day than Dr. Battle. For forty years he has been prominent in public life in the State; first as a lawyer, then as the holder of several offices of civil trust, and for a number of years past as a teacher at the University. To him, more than anyone else, is due the reestablishment of the State University after the war, and during the trying years after its reopening he was for a long time its enthusiastic and progressive president. We were delighted to have this distinguished and gifted and greatly beloved man as our guest, and to say that all who heard his lecture were delighted with it, and with him, would be but expressing our feelings mildly.

Wednesday, October 10th was given to the students as a holiday on account of the Central North Carolina Fair and the foot ball game between the A. & M. College and Guilford. Most of the students attended the fair where peanuts, red lemonade, Rosco the snake eater, and a football victory combined to make them happy, while the rest enjoyed a quiet holiday at home.

Guilford's Exhibit.

An account of our exhibit at the Central Carolina Fair in Greensboro, October 9-12, was crowded out of our last issue, so we make a note of the exhibit now.

The exhibit occupied a space of 11 x 15 feet on the second floor of the main building, in the southeast corner, overlooking the race track.

In flat topped show cases were displayed specimens of bird's eggs, Indian relics, minerals, and fossils. On tables and appropriate shelves were tastefully arranged over two dozen mounted birds and animals from the museum.

The big Guilford flag and pictures of the College buildings and athletic teams gave the display a decidedly college air, and comfortable chairs for the accommodation of guests helped to make it popular with visitors.

Among the attractive features was a pretty display of china by Miss Myrtle Cook, most of the work having been done while Miss Cook was in college.

The success of the exhibit is due to Prof. Pearson, who spent considerable time and care in arranging and looking after it, and to Mr. Blanchard,

and Mr. Davis, who assisted him. Most of the birds and animals are Mr. Pearson's own work, and the bird's eggs were collected by him.

In addition to having our exhibit in charge, Prof. Pearson was general manager of the Educational Department of the fair. The exhibit received several premiums, and was a success in every way.

Y. M. C. A. Reception.

At eight o'clock, on the evening of Sept. 7th, according to a long established custom, the students and faculty of Guilford assembled to attend the Y. M. C. A. reception. This reception was conducted on the lawn in front of Founder's Hall. In addition to the students and faculty many visitors and people from the neighborhood were present.

The lawn between the front and plank walks was lighted with Japanese lanterns, artistically arranged. Refreshments were served from tables at convenient places on the campus.

The first part of the programme consisted of addresses of welcome. These were delivered from the plank walk under an arch illuminated with Japanese lanterns. Mr. J. C. Hill, president of the Y. M. C. A., was the master of ceremonies, and welcomed in behalf of the Christian Association both the old and the new students. He then introduced Prof. Pearson, who spoke especially of the necessity of taking advantage of the various opportunities here afforded. He pressed the importance of physical exercise for the preservation of good health, of studious habits and the use of all odd moments as the way to the greatest intellectual advancement, but above all else he urged the necessity of a spiritual education.

Next, President Hobbs spoke, welcoming the students, wittily saying that he could not get along without them. He further impressed the fact that an education which is not spiritual as well as intellectual is a failure. Rarely has a public reception here been more enjoyed.

The Websterian Reunion.

An occasion of more good feeling and genuine pleasure could hardly be imagined than that of a gathering of old college students with hearts bound up in one common cause. Men who have labored together, men who have striven together, men who have suffered defeat and enjoyed victory together are of all men the ones whose hearts leap within them when they meet once more in the scenes of their former tryings.

Such was the feeling prevalent at the gathering of the Websterians in their elegant new hall on the afternoon of last Commencement day. Many were the handshakes, and introductions, and renewing of acquaintances and recalling of old days. Many speeches were made too, and much eloquence floated about the room.

J. Carl Hill, the president of the society, welcomed the old members in a beautiful and befitting manner and called Mr. S. H. Hodgkin, '95, to preside over the meeting. Mr. Hodgkin replied to the words of welcome and then introduced Jos. Peele, '91, who spoke on "Early Days of the Society." This was very interesting. F. Walter Grabbs, '94, then gave a most witty and extremely laughable speech on "Typical Websterians." Mr. S. H. Hodgkin spoke on "Prominent Websterians." Addresses were also made by O. E. Mendenhall, '95, T. Gilbert Pearson, '97, Walter Blair, '98, John Lewis, '99, and a dozen or more other former members.

The reunion was such a success in every way that there was much talk of making it a permanent annual occasion.

The Philagorean Entertainment.

The Philagorean Society gave one of its popular entertainments on Friday evening, November 16. The weather was fine and the clear, starry sky and fresh, bracing air, did their best to help fill the comfortable seats in Memorial Hall. Besides the usual Guilford College audience, friends from Pomona, Archdale, Greensboro and High Point were present to share the enjoyment of the occasion.

The programmes declared that the evening's entertainment would be furnished by the deliberations of the Guilford College Spinster's Association in regular convention assembled, with variations.

At 8 o'clock the curtain rose, showing the convention hall, with its straight-backed chairs. To one side were arranged appropriate seats for president, secretary, and treasurer. On the president's desk, the gavel was to be seen, and, lying beside it, was an ordinary blackboard pointer. Just where this pointer would come in was a subject for some speculation, but it was learned later, that it was to be used by the president to beat time. The president's fan was also in evidence, and continued to be throughout the evening.

The officers of the convention arrived first, and, after exchanging salutations, they were ready to greet the incoming members in true spinsterly style. The convention was soon assembled and called to order. The roll was called, each member responding to her name, with an apt quotation, testifying to the desirability of matrimony.

Then came the routine business of the meeting. The treasurer's report, containing items of interest, as well as financial matters, was read. Next a committee appointed to frame a petition to Congress read its report and its petition. There was some discussion as to the kind of frame necessary, but it was finally decided that a gray frame with a red mat, would be best. The vigilance committee reported on the prospects for available men, here and elsewhere, and advised emigration to Klondike, where men are to be

had for the asking, nay, would actually ask to be had. It was voted to go in a body. The constitution was read, some reminiscences were indulged in by various sisters, and the state of the matrimonial market was reported on.

The literary exercises proper, followed. First on the program was a song by the convention. This was followed by a debate on "dress reform," and while the judges were deciding on a victory for the negative, sheet music was "dispensed with" to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home," and "Georgia Camp Meeting." The debate was followed by songs and recitations. Then came the variations.

It had been stated early in the evening that the secretary was in correspondence with a certain Prof. Makeover, who was reported to bring about most wonderful transformations by means of a machine called the Remodeloscope, and that the Professor had expressed a willingness to try his skill on any of the sisters who should need mending. At this point the Professor rather unexpectedly arrived, and was presented to the convention. He had his 'scope, and was assisted by two "culled gemmens," one of whom operated the machine, while the other manipulated sundry bottles, labeled, "tall," "short," "blonde," "pretty," "flavoring" and the like. Wonderful were the changes wrought by this man of magic and his potent instrument. A proper mixture of ingredients and a few turns of the wheel was everything needed to convert a most undesirable looking spinster of "uncertain age" to a something possessed of beauty, grace, and wit, who could recite or play or sing according to the ante-mortem wish of the transmigrated. The Professor's success was so marked that a joint stock company was just being formed in the audience to buy his secret, when a sister of mighty dimensions, wrecked the "scope," its walls going down with a crash.

This ended the evening's fun, and the President of the Society announced that refreshments would be served in the rooms below.

Misses Linnie Raiford, Holt, Redding, Cox, and Braxton, took their parts especially well, and Hammond, as the "Professor," and Lewis and Shepard, as "Sim" and "Obadiah" respectively, were excellent.

FOOTBALL GAMES.

Guilford 34—Bingham School 0.

Saturday, October 20, saw the only game played on the home grounds during the season. The crowd in attendance was distressingly small and the Guilford rooters showed little enthusiasm. The field was in good condition, but the hot weather made snappy play almost impossible.

The Bingham lads played a fast and plucky game, but were unable to stop the progress of so much more weight. Guilford made most of her gains around the ends, seldom trying the line. Once in a while Bingham

would hold for downs, but Guilford had the ball most of the time. To the visitors Captain Peden, Wynne, Heath and Seawell played good ball. None of the Guilford men need especial mention.

THE LINE UP.

Guilford.	Position.	Bingham.
Cox	C Barnes
Ragan (Captain).....	L G Newsome
Idol	R G Linn
Holton.....	L T McCubbins
Shepard—Doak.....	R T Seawell
Short.....	L E Wynne
Lewis—Dixon.....	R E Heath
Love	Q B Taylor
Daniels	F B Ross
Millikan, G. A.....	L H B Peden, (Captain)
Leak.....	R H B Crowder

Touchdowns—Ragan 2, Daniels 2, Lewis, Idol.

Goals—Daniels 4.

Substitutes for Bingham—Suggs, Durant, Simpson, Davis; for Guilford—Stockard, Martin, Morton, Millikan, T., Steele.

Referee—Mayor Taylor, of Greensboro.

Umpire—Mr. Garland Daniel.

Timers—Prof. Clay, of Bingham, and Hammond.

Time of Halves—15 minutes.

Guilford vs. South Carolina College.

On October 25th the Foot Ball team went down to Columbia, S. C., to play the team of the South Carolina College, which is situated there. The trip was a very pleasant one, and the men were nicely treated by their more Southern opponents. The college is an old one, and many things of interest both there and in the city of Columbia, itself, added much of enjoyment to the trip.

Guilford was defeated by a score of 11 to 0. South Carolina played a strong game that day, and Guilford was somewhat outclassed. The umpiring was of a poor quality, and may have had something to do with the score. Columbia constantly played off side, and the umpire, a South Carolina man, paid no heed to it. In fact, this gentleman did not pretend to keep himself in a position on the grounds where he could see such defects. The line up was as follows:

Guilford.

South Carolina.

Cox	C
Ragan, (Captain).....	L G Herbert
Martin	R G Neil
Holton	L T Oliver
Shepard	R T Jennings
Lewis	L E Shand
Short	R E Davis
Morton	Q B Withers
Hill	L H B Ruehr
Daniels	F B Yancey
Love	R H B Bell, (Captain

The men who went from Guilford as substitutes were Leak and Dixon.
 Prof. Pearson accompanied the team as Faculty representative.

Guilford 11, A. and M. College 5.

It was a silent crowd of boys who were met by Manager Barnhard at the Raleigh station on the morning of November 3. The fact that they had won a game from the "Farmers" only a few weeks before, didn't seem to give them much comfort, for they were in the enemy's country now, and that eye-opener of 5 to 0 of the previous game certainly would prove an incentive to the A. & M. boys to pile the score as high as they possibly could.

To the question, "What are we going to do for them?" there was only one answer: "After the game they will know we have been here."

Still the trick was done. How, none of the Guilford men knew, until after the game. The A. & M. team never could see it. They don't know yet. First, they lay it to the State Association, and then, to Providence.

The real reason for Guilford's victory is, that good fortune came her way and the team was skillful enough to take advantage of it. The ability to get the ball on an opponent's fumble, and carry it across his goal line, is not an out-and-out proof of good football, but it is one of the marks of it.

Visions of 20 to 0 in their favor and a lack of team work, gave the game away before A. & M. realized that it was lost, and no amount of strong brace, or coaching from the side lines could make up for the over-confidence and under-training of the team.

Guilford kicked off, and A. & M. rushed through the line, and circled the ends until they had carried the play to the middle of the field. Here they were forced to kick, the ball going to Guilford's ten-yard line. Guilford fumbled and A. & M. secured the ball. A few more rushes carried it over for a touchdown. Score, 5-0.

Guilford kicked off again, but this time the fight was waged in a different end of the field. Captain Ragan's team seemed to take a brace, and

for the remainder of the half fairly outplayed their opponents at every point, although they were unable to score.

After ten minutes rest, the teams lined up again, and A. & M. kicked. The ball changed hands about A. & M.'s 40-yard line, and on a fumble by the backs, Daniels picked up the pigskin and carried it under the bar for Guilford's first touchdown. The goal missed fire, and the score stood a tie. 5—5.

Again A. & M. kicked off and Guilford rushed the ball to midfield. A. & M. fumbled a long punt, and Short scored another 5, which was soon changed to 6, by a well directed kick between the goal posts. Score, 11—5.

Then came the brace for A. & M. They worked hard, but were forced to kick and lose the ball on Guilford's 25-yard line. Guilford had the ball at the call of time, and has it yet.

Holton and Shepard for the first time really got into the game. Martin made long gains through the line. Morton ran his plays well. Harry was in every play, while the way Jim Lewis and Charlie Short went down the field under Harry's drives was a sight to see. Even Jack Love, (who didn't get into the game until the last minute) while he was linesman threw away his marking stick and gave the side lines a cake walk after each touchdown.

Gardner, A. & M.'s big fullback, though he was absolutely new to the position, played a great game, and Wooten, played a faultless half. Lougee and McCanless also played good ball, but the line men of mighty fame did not materialize to any dangerous extent.

THE LINE UP.

Guilford.	Position.	A. & M College.
Cox	CGrimsley
Martin	R GKennedy
Captain Ragan.....	L GBowden
Shepard	R TWright
Holton	L TTurner
Short.....	R EMcKinnon
Lewis—Love	L EMcCanless
Morton	Q BWorth
Daniels.....	F BGardner
Hill	R H EWooten
Millikan, G.....	L H R	Captain, Lougee—Davis

Subs for Guilford—Leak, T. Millikan, Dixon.

Referee—Mr. Perrin Busbee.

Umpire—Mr. John McKee.

Timer—Prof. Wilson, of A. & M. College.

Touchdowns—Gardner, Daniels, Short.

Goals—Daniels.

Time of Halves—25 minutes.

Guilford 10, Oak Ridge 0.

Thanksgiving day closed our football season. The game was played on the Fair grounds in Greensboro. The weather was all that was undesirable. About ten o'clock in the morning a cold drizzle set in which soon changed to a steady fall of rain. The big crowd that was to be on hand to see a hard fought game between two rival teams, remained cosily at home, and waited for an account of the game in the daily papers.

The field, soft and slow to begin with, was not improved by the rain, and fast, snappy playing was out of the question. End running was next to impossible, and line bucking was the only kind of play that could gain any ground.

The crowd of spectators was unmanageable, rushing on the field and getting in the way generally. This made the game a very unsatisfactory affair, especially to those who wished to see a good, clean, snappy game. Time and again the game had to be delayed to clear the field, but as soon as the play was resumed the teams were surrounded again.

Among the disappointing features of the game, too, was the fact that the gentlemen who were expected to act as officials could not come, and the managers were forced to take anybody who would serve. Mr. Daniels of Greensboro, kindly consented to act as umpire, and Mr. Robt. Wharton took his place when he was called away. The referee, however, had a glorious time in his position of responsibility, and he never failed to singe Guilford when he had a chance. On account of these things Guilford was unable to play her usual game. Had there been a good, clear field and no favor the team would have scored twenty-five points over their opponents.

The two teams were about the same in average weight. Neither side kicked except when forced to do so, but the punting of both fullbacks was uniformly good. Oak Ridge did not make any decided gains around the ends, making most gains outside the tackles. Guilford seldom made much on end runs owing to the soft ground and Oak Ridge's strong defense in that quarter, but a hammering of the line made gains enough for two touchdowns.

This is the second time the two teams have ever met on the gridiron, the first being in 1893, when Guilford was victorious by a comfortable score.

It is needless to say that Guilford is disappointed,—not on account of the score, but because the public cannot fail to be disgusted by such an exhibition, and will be all the more disinclined to take stock in football.

The Guilford team work was good. Everybody played a star game. Of course Lewis and Love and Morton and Daniels showed up well, but their work was noticeable mainly because of their positions. The line men played well, even if the side lines couldn't see them. For O. R. I. Kirkpatrick and Brown played especially well.

THE LINE UP.

Guilford.	Position.	O. R. I.
Cox.....	C	Kirkpatrick.
Ragan (Capt.).....	L G	McClure—Dail.
Martin.....	R G	Adams
Holton.....	L T	Heath.
Millikan.....	R T	Jones.
Lewis.....	L E	Gorham.
Short.....	R E	Dye
Morton.....	Q B	Ridge (Capt.)
Daniels.....	F B	Brown.
Love.....	L H B	Ross—Trogdon.
Hill.....	R H S	Townsend—Tomlinson.

Touchdowns, Daniels, Hill. Time of halves, 30 minutes.

Resolutions.

Since it has pleased an All-wise Providence to remove from works to rewards our sister, Sallie Stevens, of Goldsboro, who was a member with us in 1892 and 1893, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Y. W. C. T. U. strive to emulate her example by being more zealous in our work for the Master.

Resolved, second, That we bow in submission, while we mourn her loss from our ranks and from the various lines of educational and church work. Be it

Resolved, further, That these resolutions be recorded upon our minutes, and given to the GUILFORD COLLEGIAN for publication, and a copy be sent to her bereaved sister.

MRS. P. B. HACKNEY,
MRS. L. N. BLAIR,
MISS CLARA COX, } Committee.

PERSONALS.

- ✓ Nell Wakefield is in Kinston, N. C.
- ✓ Lilly White is teaching near Belvidere, N. C.
- ✓ Beatrice Wilson is at her home in Woodville, N. C.
- ✓ Annie Henley Worth is at her home in Raleigh, N. C.
- ✓ Rush N. King is at the University of North Carolina.
- ✓ Belle P. White is principal of Aurora Academy, N. C.
- ✓ Pattie Spencer is clerking in a store at Edgar, N. C.

- ✓ Ocia Redding has charge of a school near Maude, N. C.
 - ✓ Percy Worth, '98, is at A. & M. College, Raleigh, N. C.
 - ✓ Joe Moffitt is in business with his father, at Lexington, N. C.
 - ✓ Mrs. Anna Tomlinson and famly have moved to High Point.
 - ✓ Nellie L. Jones has returned from a visit to relatives in Indiana.
 - ✓ Mabel Dundas is attending the State Normal School, of Idaho.
 - ✓ George Roberson has a position in a cotton mill at Winston, N. C.
 - ✓ Lola Stanley, '89, and Mrs. Gertrude Smith, are conducting the primary school at Guilford College, N. C.
 - ✓ Frank B. Benbow, '91, was married on November 14th, 1900, to Miss Fannie Martin, of East Bend, N. C.
 - ✓ Ida M. Hodgin, a student here a few years ago, is now at Northfield, Mass., taking a special course in kindergarten work.
 - ✓ Charles Petty and Ruth Murray Worth were married at the home of the bride in Raleigh, N. C., on the evening of October 31st. They went immediately to Greensboro, where they will make their home.
 - ✓ Walter Hill Mendenhall, '95, was married on November 14th, to Miss Jessie Thompson, of Lexington, N. C. They went North on a wedding journey.
 - ✓ Annice Wheeler was married to Mr. Charles Timmons, of Charlotte, August 11th, 1900. They will make their home in Charlotte.
- William Cox, of Laurens, S. C., and Florence Eshelman, of High Point were married at the home of the bride's father, November 15th, 1900.

Book Notices.

A Slaveholder's Daughter. By Belle Kearney, (fully illustrated.) The Abbey Press Publishers, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York. 12mo., \$1.00.

We have seen few autobiographies which aroused within us a deeper sympathy for the writer than has this book. Miss Kearney is a clear minded, logical writer, and her accounts of Southern life as it is to-day, and as it existed during and just after the civil war, is particularly strong and truthful.

Briefly, the author sketches the social and political conditions in Mississippi of antebellum days; tells of the hardships which the war

brought upon the higher class of people; relates her own hard lot for many years after her father had lost his slaves; and gives in most interesting detail the manner of her being led into public life in the interests of temperance, and her subsequent travels in connection therewith.

To the intelligent reader interested in Southern history, we highly recommend this charming volume.

A World of Green Hills. Observations of nature and human nature in the Blue Ridge. By Bradford Torrey, Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Company. The Riverside Press, Cambridge, 1898. Price, \$1.25.

Among the writers of popular natural history to-day Mr. Bradford Torrey has taken high rank. His outdoor sketches, many of which have appeared in the literary magazines, quickly won for him a wide and favorable reputation. These and other articles have been gathered and published in attractive form by Houghton, Mifflin & Company. In all, six volumes have appeared. One of these, which is of special interest to us because of the location of the scenes described, is entitled, "A World of Green Hills." The book contains six sketches, four dealing with the author's experiences in Western North Carolina, and two referring to adventures of his in Western Virginia. An idea of the character of the subjects which have here claimed his attention may be gotten from the heading of a few of the chapters, viz.: "A Day's Drive in Three States," "In Quest of Ravens," "A Mountain Pond," "A Nook in the Alleghenies," and "At Natural Bridge."

On the Wing of Occasions. Being the Authorized Version of Certain Curious Episodes of the Late Civil War, including the Hitherto Suppressed Narrative of the Kidnapping of President Lincoln. By Joel Chandler Harris, Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.

The book contains five fascinating stories of Southern life. They deal with the little hitherto unwritten history of the Civil War, viz., the elaborate secret service of both governments. Mr. Harris is well known for his good style, clear English and unsurpassed powers as a writer of dialectic stories. The longest tale in this volume is called, "The Kidnapping of President Lincoln," and was pronounced by the editor of the magazine in which it first saw the light, to be the best story that had ever come into the office—though all the notables from Kipling down have been well represented there. Besides being a most interesting and humorous tale, it gives a striking life-like picture of the great President, and the charm of his homely wit and magnificent simplicity. The book well deserves the tremendous sale which it is now having.

North Carolina Sketches.—Phases of Life where the Galax Grows, by Mary Nelson Carter. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. Price \$1.00.

Here are gathered under cover seventeen sketches of life among the

mountaineers of Western North Carolina. Ignorant and untaught as these people are, the author of this book, shows them to have a keen appreciation of the beautiful surroundings amid which their lives are spent. They are people who have yearnings for better things and are possessed of many noble interests and vague ideals. The articles are written in very faithful dialect of the region and are well told. These sketches have an exceptional interest as sociological studies, for in reading them we cannot but feel that they picture the lives of real persons. The book is a valuable addition to our Southern literature.

The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock—By Thomas Nelson Page, with eight full page illustrations in colors by Howard-Chandler-Christy. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price \$1.50.

This charming story, by one of the most popular Southern writers, has recently appeared in a new and attractive binding for the holiday trade. It is a beautiful tale, dealing with life in old Virginia, and has an elegance of finish and contains a delicacy of feeling which appeals strongly to the cultivated reader. Lovers of "Polly" and "Marse Chan" will ever hail this work with delight. We have seen few books which would make a nicer Christmas present.

Bird Gods.—By Charles de Kay, with an accompaniment of Decorations, George Wharton Edwards. 249 pages. Printed on heavy deckled paper. A. S. Barnes & Co.

In this elaborate work, Charles de Kay has traced with great distinctness the history of men's knowledge of many birds through the traditions and worship of heathen nations. To the student of mythology the work is invaluable. To the casual reader it is interesting. It is bound and decorated in a decidedly attractive manner.

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, 37 to 41 East Eighteenth Street, New York.

This publishing house is now issuing a series which it has named "New Century Library." It consists of the works of Thackeray and Dickens, to be followed in December by Scott. Each volume is bound in limp leather, the type used is long primer, and the paper is very thin and strong. Publishing these standard works thus is indeed a happy idea, for the books are small, only 6½ x 4½ inches, are light, and can easily be carried in the pocket. A set of these books would make a very elegant present. Striking features of these volumes are their durability and delicacy. Price \$1.25. Also bound in cloth, \$1.00, and in leather boards, at \$1.50.

D. C. HEATH & Co., Publishers, Boston.

This Company has issued a cheap series of English Classics, such as are required for entrance in English to American colleges for the year 1900, 1901 and 1902. These are printed in large type, and bound in cloth, have elaborate notes, are inexpensive, and withal are very desirable vol-

umes. We have examined the following and heartily endorse them for the student of English:

Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, edited by Professor A. J. George. Price 30 cents. Introduction price 20 cents. As a fronticepiece there is a good picture of Coleridge.

Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, in the Arden Shakespeare Series, edited by Prof. H. L. Withers. Price 35 cents, for introduction 25 cents.

Macaulay's *Essay on Milton*, edited by Prof. A. P. Walker. Fronticepiece, a picture of Milton. Price 35 cents. Introduction price 25 cents.

THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY, Publishers, Boston.

The Redemption of David Corson, by Charles Frederic Goss. 41st thousand \$1.50.

One of the foremost religious novels of this decade is this striking and popular book. In brief, it deals with the fortunes of a young Friends Minister, whose simple faith, blameless life and gifts as a speaker gave him great power for good among the quiet people with whom he lived in Western Ohio. Skepticism and doubt led him into paths of recklessness and vice from which he emerged at length, and became in the end even a greater power for good. A touching love story is wound through it all.

The Black Wolf's Breed. A story of France in the Old World and the New, happening in the reign of Louis XIV. By Harris Dickson. Illustrations by C. M. Relyea. Fourth edition.

This is a stirring tale of life among the French settlers of Louisiana in colonial days. The French and Spanish go to war during its closing pages and the fall of Pensacola is described. The book holds 288 pages of exceedingly interesting matter.

Songs of Dixie Land, by Frank Stanton. \$1.00.

This is a collection of poems, the most of which are in negro dialect. The following is a fair sample of what the book contains:

THE BACKSLIDING BROTHER.

De screech owl screech f'um de ol' barn lof';
 "You dranked yo' dram sence you done swear off;
 En you gwine de way
 Whar' de sinners stay,
 En Satan gwine ter roas' you at de Jedgment day!"

Den de ol' hant say, f'um de ol' chu'ch wal's:
 "You dess so triflin' dat you *had* ter fall!
 En you gwine de way
 Whar de brimstone stay,
 En Satan gwine ter roas' you at de Jedgment day!"

Den I shake en shiver,
 En I hunt for kiver,
 En I cry to de good Lawd,
 "Please delive!"
 I tell 'im plain
 Dat my hopes is vain,
 En I drinked my dram fer to ease my pain!

Den de screach owl screech f'um de Norf ter Souf:
 "You drinked yo' dram en en you *smacked* yo' mouth!
 En you g'wine de way
 Whar de brimstone stay,
 En Satan gwine ter roas' you at de Jedgment day!"

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THE TANNHAUSER LEGEND AND ITS KINDRED MYTHS.

Among the myths of the Middle Ages there is one that seems to have been well known and loved by the simple folk of that day. Clothed in various forms according to the national taste and environment required there grew up side by side a number of myths essentially the same, and best represented by the German myth of Tannhauser.

This is the legend best known to modern times for the reason that it has formed the basis of one of Wagner's operas. It is for this reason that I will first give the Tannhauser version, that we may compare it with the contemporaneous myths of other nations. The story is briefly as follows:

Tannhauser, a minnesinger, whose lays are all of love and of women, was on his way to Wartburg, where the Landgrave Herman was holding a gathering of minstrels who were to contend in song for a prize. Towards dusk as he rode by the Horselberg (the Mount of Venus) a glimmering figure of matchless beauty stood before him beckoning him on. He knew her at once, for who but Venus was so fair? As she spoke to him the sweetest strains of music filled the air, a soft roseate light played around her, and nymphs of exquisite loveliness danced at her feet.

A thrill of passion seized the minnesinger and leaving his horse he followed her. Where she trod flowers bloomed upon the soil. Thus he was escorted to her palace, in the bosom of the mountain. There he dwelt for seven years; his days

full of joy, his nights of love. He had no time for weariness, for each day his senses were deluged with fresh delights. But too much honey makes a mortal sick, and at the end of seven years he pines and longs for one more glimpse of the green earth, with all its joys and sorrows. His conscience begins to smite him, and he longs to make his peace with God. His mate notes the longing in his heart and tries to fill it with herself. His most passionate appeals to her to allow him to depart are of no avail. At last, weary and heart-broken, he calls upon the Virgin Mary, who shows him a rift in the mountain side, and he stands again on Mother Earth.

The chime of the village church strikes sweetly on his ear; its solemn tones seem to call him from his sins. There he tells the horror-stricken priest of his guilt and prays for absolution. The priest dares not give it to him, but refers him to another. At last he stands before the Pope, and humbly tells the story of his fall and shame. Urban is a hard, stern man, and shocked at the immensity of the sin, he indignantly thrusts the penitent from him, exclaiming, "Guilt such as thine can never, never be remitted. Sooner shall this staff in my hand grow green and blossom than God should pardon thee."

Tannhauser, in despair, reviled by man, rejected of God, goes his way and takes his refuge in the only asylum open to him—Venusberg. But three days after his departure Urban's staff had put forth buds and bursted into flower. Messengers were sent after him, and when they reached the Horsel vale it was only to learn that a wayworn man with a haggard brow had just entered the Horselloch, where he still reigns with Venus.

Such is the Tannhauser legend. "It is a very ancient myth Christianized, a widespread tradition localized. Originally heathen, it has been transformed and has acquired new beauty by an infusion of Christianity. Scattered over Europe it exists in various forms, but in none so graceful as that attached to the Horselberg. There are, however, other Venusbergs in Germany, as for instance the one in Swabia, near Waldsee. The story in prose and in verse has been often printed.

William Morris, in his "Earthly Paradise," has a beautiful poem—"The Hill of Venus." It is simply the Tannhauser legend in a new form. The minnesinger enters the cave of Venus. There he spends years, which seem to him as hours, surrounded with fairy forms that ravish his sight, and ministered unto by the ancient Goddess of Love. Then comes the remorse and longing. Remorse for years misspent, a longing for a better life. All is pictured as only a poet can paint. His prayer to Mother Mary sets him free. He joins a pilgrimage to Rome. His hopes and fears are whispered into the sympathetic ears of the priest, who is their leader. He tells his story to the Pope, with the result narrated above. The Pope's messengers failing to find the penitent, the Pope dies in his garden from remorse of the sin his pride had made him commit.

Davidson, in his new "Ballad of Tannhauser," gives the most modern and humane treatment of the legend. When the Pope says the fatal words, the minnesinger leaps for joy, for there before him is Urban's staff in full bloom. He returns in triumph to the cave, and the Pope repents the harshness of his judgment.

These are a few of the many forms of the German legend. Let us examine some of the myths of the other nations and see wherein they differ from their German kinsman. "There is a Norse story of a certain Helgi, Thorir's son, which is in its present form a production of the fourteenth century. Helgi and his brother, Thorstein, went on a cruise to Lapland. They reached a ness and found the land covered with a forest. Helgi explored this and alighted suddenly on a party of red-dressed women riding upon red horses. These ladies were beautiful and of Troll race. One surpassed the others in beauty and was their mistress. They erected a tent and prepared a feast. Helgi observed that all their vessels were of gold. He feasted and lived with the Trolls three days and then returned to his ship, bringing with him two chests of gold and silver, which Injibjerg had given him. He had been forbidden to mention where he had been and with whom, so he told no one where

he got the chests. The ships sailed and he returned home."

"One winter's night Helgi was fetched away from home, in the midst of a terrible storm, by two mysterious horsemen, and no one was able for many years to ascertain what had become of him, till the prayers of King Olaf obtained his release, and then he was restored to his father and brother, but he was thenceforth blind. All this time he had been with Injibjerg at her mysterious abode at Gloesisvellir.

The Scotch Tannhauser, variously known as Thomas of Ercildoune, Thomas the Rhymer, and True Thomas, was a seer and a poet, who is supposed to have flourished sometime during the fourteenth century. Nothing definite, however, is known as to the time of his existence; and, indeed, it matters little, but as a work of his is recorded in a manuscript known to have existed sometime prior to 1320, and as he is placed in the category of soothsayers in the Scalocaronia, a French chronicle of English history finished in 1333, he must have lived sometime in the latter part of the thirteenth century, or the earlier part of the fourteenth.

Thomas is said to have obtained his power of prophecy from the Queen of the elves; but, however that may be, his name is still held in such awe by the Scottish clansmen, that they have only to be told that a certain event was prophesied by Thomas of Ercildoune to reconcile them to it, however much it may have been against their wishes.

How Thomas obtained this boon is told in the first of three parts of a poem, which bears his name. This poem has come down to us in four somewhat defective copies; the earliest written a little before the middle of the Fourteenth Century, two others about 1450, and the fourth still later. All the manuscripts are English, but it is evident from the nature and treatment of the topics that the original production was the work of a Scotchman. All four refer to an older story, probably the work of Thomas the Rhymer.

Thomas is taken by the Queen of Elfland to her country, where he resides seven (?) years. At that time the Devil was wont to demand tribute from that country, and as his majesty

was more than likely to choose Thomas, he was hurried back to the world of men. At the moment of parting he requests some token that he may prove his residence at Elfland. She gives him the gift of soothsaying. He presses her to stay and read the future to him. She at once plunges into a torrent of predictions, beginning with the failure of Baliol's party and the battle of Halidon Hill in 1333 and ending with the invasion of Scotland in 1401 by Henry IV.

The older story twice referred to in the prologue to the prophetic of Thomas the Rhymer, was probably a romance, which narrated the adventure of Thomas with the Queen of Elfland, closing with his return to earth. It is hardly probable that it contained any prophecies.

The story of Thomas the Rhymer, according to popular tradition, is as follows:

Thomas is carried to the underground country by a strange lady of the Elfin race, who acquaints him with all the delights of Elfdom. There he remains seven years, when he returns to the earth, but with the condition that he will come to Elfland when she should send for him. Once while Thomas was making merry with a company in the tower of Ercildoune, a person came running in, quivering with terror and excitement, and told that a hart and a hind had left the neighboring forest and were parading the streets of the village. The prophet at once arose and followed the wonderful animals into the forest, whence he was never seen to return. It is thought that he still holds his court with the Elfqueen, and will return at some time, when his country will demand it.

The myth of Thomas the Rhymer appears in several incomplete ballads. The one entitled "Thomas the Rhymer: Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," Vol. II., page 251, is a good specimen of the whole, and is as follows:

"While 'Thomas lay on Huntlie banks' he espied a 'lady bright riding down by the Eildon tree.' He mistakes her for the Virgin Mary and addresses her as such. She tells him that she is only the Queen of Elfland, 'that am hither come to visit thee.'

“ ‘Harp and carp, Thomas,’ she said;
‘Harp and carp along wi’ me,
And if he dare to kiss my lips
Sure of my body ye will be.’ ”

How could he resist her rosy lips? and he is henceforth in her power. She mounts her “milk white stead” and takes him up behind her. They ride on and on, “swifter than the wind,” until they reach a desert wide, “and living land was left behind.” Here she orders him to dismount and “lean your head upon my knee,” “and I will show you ferlies three.” She then shows him the straight and narrow road of righteousness and the broad and beautiful road of wickedness.

“And see not ye that bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.”

They mount again and Thomas is admonished to speak no word to anyone, “for, if you speak word in Elflyn land, ye’ll ne’er get back to your ain countrie.” They ride on and on through seas of blood, “for all of the blood that on earth is shed springs up in that countrie.” They at last enter Elfland, and although he is often spoken to he speaks no word in Elfland save to the Queen.

The story of Ogier, the Bane, and Morgan, the Fay, is the Danish version of the Tannhauser legend. At his birth six fairies made him gifts; by favor of the first five he was to be the strongest, the bravest, the most successful, the handsomest, and the most susceptible of knights. Morgan’s gift was that after a long and fatiguing career of glory, he should live with her at her castle of Avalon, in the enjoyment of youth and never ending pleasures. When Ogier had passed his hundredth year, Morgan, the Fay, took measures to fulfil her promise. She had him wrecked while on a voyage to France, on a loadstone rock conveniently near her palace of Avalon, which is a little way this side of the terrestrial paradise.

In his wanderings he comes to an orchard, where he eats an

apple which affects him so peculiarly that he expects to die. He turns to the East, and sees a beautiful lady magnificently attired, whom he mistakes for the Virgin Mary, she puts a ring on his finger, which restores his youth, and a crown on his head, which makes him forgetful of the past. For two hundred years Ogier lived in such delights as no mortal can imagine. Christendom was then in danger, and even Morgan thought that his presence was required in the world. She takes the crown from his head when he at once recollects the past, and desires to return to France. He was sent back by the fairy, properly provided, vanquished the foes of Christendom in a short space, and is brought back to Avalon by Morgan, with whom he still lives.

Ogier the Dane was one of Charlemagne's twelve peers, and the story of his deeds is given in twelve chansons of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries, based on still older poems now lost. The gifts of the fairies is an embellishment of later days. Morgan the Fay, is King Arthur's sister, so his story is also connected with that of the Table Round.

The Celtic story of the "Voyage of Bran" is also related to the Tannhauser legend. It is thought that this myth was conceived sometime prior to the eighth century. At any rate, a fragment of a manuscript has been found which was written about A. D. 1100. This manuscript bears every indication of having been transcribed from a still earlier manuscript, now lost, probably during the invasion of Ireland by the Vikings, or in the attempt of the scribe to reduce the ancient lay to writing. It, no doubt, was well known for centuries by the minstrels and the people, and told from mouth to mouth, from generation to generation, until it was put on parchment by the priests of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

The story is as follows: "Bran, while wandering alone near his castle, hears wondrously sweet music behind him. No matter which way he turns it is always behind him. At last the sweet strains soothe him to sleep, and upon awakening he finds by him a branch of silver, with white blossoms. He takes it with him to his kingly house, where he finds a woman won-

drous fair, and no man knows from whence she came. She describes Emain, the Happy Otherworld, in glowing terms—its inhabitants are always young and enjoy to the full a simple round of sensuous delights. The land is one of thrice fifty distant isles lying to the west of Ireland. She departs and takes with her the magic apple branch, which springs from Bran's hand into hers, nor was Bran's strength sufficient to hold the branch.

"Then on the morrow", says the old chronicle, "Bran went upon the sea. The number of his men was three companies of nine. When he had been at sea two days and two nights he saw a man in a chariot coming towards him over the sea." He was Manannan, the son of Ler, who was to go to Ireland after long ages, where a son should be born to him, "even Mongan, son of Fiachua." He sings thirty quatrains to Bran, in which he further describes the islands. "There-upon Bran went from him and comes to an island, a large host are assembled on it" gaping and laughing at Bran and his people, and they would not talk with him. They row around the island and are everywhere greeted with gusts of laughter. Brand sends one of his people on the island. He ranged himself with the others, and gaped at them like all the other men of the island. He kept rowing around the island. Whenever his man came past Bran, his comrades would address him, but he would not converse with them, but only gaped and laughed at them. It was the Island of Joy, where they left their comrade.

It was not long before they came to the Island of Women, where they saw the leader of women at the port, who addressed him, "Come hither on land, O! Bran, son of Febal! Welcome is thy advent!" Bran did not venture to go on shore. The woman throws a ball of thread to Bran. When he picks it up it cleaves to his palm. The thread of the ball is in the woman's hand, and she pulls the coracle to shore.

There they stay, it seems to them a year, when a longing seizes one of the men to revisit Ireland. All accompany him, but are warned not to set foot on land. On returning to Ire-

land they learn they have been absent many centuries. One of them in defiance of the warning, steps ashore and is reduced to ashes. Bran tells the people his adventure and disappears, never more to return.

These are a few of the myths of the different peoples that sprang up side by side during the Middle Ages. No matter how greatly the stories may vary in form and substance, they are the same in this. In all some creature of another world lures a mortal to her abode, where they remain for a time, and grants them permission to return to earth upon condition that he will return whenever his mistress summon him.

They seem to be the last struggle of Paganism against Christianity. The old Gods were not destroyed in the minds of the simple folk of that day. They retired to underground palaces, to distant Elflands, where they reigned in unquestioned authority and unimaginable splendor, as they could no longer do on earth. A few favored individuals were allowed to visit these retreats, and these were the heroes of the myths which we have considered. Nearly every nation had its Tannhauser and its Venusberg. Italy had both.

What can show plainer than these myths, how men clung to the old faith and the old Gods in spite of the thunders of the Church.

ELIOT KAYS STONE.

THE FISH SCRAP AND FISH OIL INDUSTRY IN NORTH CAROLINA.

An industry of Eastern North Carolina concerning which little is known to the general public is that of the fish scrap and oil manufacturing. A fish known in many places as the "menhaden" appears along the coast at certain seasons in countless multitudes. They are captured in seines in great quantities. The oil is pressed out and the remains are dried and ground by machinery.

At a serious risk of exhausting the patience of the readers

of the COLLEGIAN, I will give an account of this industry, compiled from data gathered, and observations made, some months ago while working in the coast country.

For a number of years it was an open question whether the menhaden fisheries could be made profitable in North Carolina. Those who first attempted the enterprise generally found that the expense of securing the fish, extracting the oil, and manufacturing the scrap, together with the cost of transporting these products to a northern market were greater than the returns of the limited output of the factories would warrant.

The uncertain supply of fish has always been a most serious matter to consider, especially with those having a large amount of capital invested in a factory and boats, and the running expenses being consequently large. The number and frequency of appearance of the schools of menhaden in the North Carolina waters varies greatly in different years.

Another difficulty is the shallowness of some of the inlets to the sounds which will not allow a fishing steamer of moderate draught to come in from the ocean without danger of loss. The currents through these inlets are so strong that sailing crafts loading with fish are sometimes obliged to lie out idle when the winds and tides are against them until their catch spoils before being able to reach the factories.

These fish are often met with in large numbers in the sounds, but the water is usually too shallow for the use of purse-seines, besides the fish are generally scattered so that only a small number can be taken at a haul, and when caught in these inside waters they are, as a rule, so poor that they yield but little oil, which is the most paying of the products. Another difficulty experienced in the fishing, especially in the fall of the year, is the large number of sharks which abound in these waters and which continue to pursue and feed on the schools of menhaden as long as the latter keep near the shore. The main inconvenience the fisherman experiences from the sharks is the great damage which the nets receive from the sharks getting caught in the seines or from their cutting the

nets from the outside in their endeavor to reach the fish within.

Since the people of the truck-growing section of eastern North Carolina have come to regard the fish-scrap guano as good manure for their soils, the menhaden factories have found a home market for one element of the product, and those operating of recent years have met with much greater success than did those of previous times. The industry may now be said to be fairly launched in North Carolina on a paying footing; and doubtless it will later become of greater use and profit, not only to those engaged in the manufacture of the fish products, but those as well who are engaged in truck raising in all our eastern section.

Something of the various efforts which have been made to prove the fish-scrap and oil industry profitable in the State may be found in the following paragraphs:

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE INDUSTRY IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The region along the Atlantic coast where this industry can be carried on with profit may be said to reach its southern limit in North Carolina. An oil and guano enterprise started in Charleston, S. C., a number of years ago was soon abandoned on account of the abundance of sharks in the water, which continually cut the nets to pieces. The first factory of this kind in North Carolina is said to have been built on Harker's Island, in Cove Sound, in 1865. But little machinery was used, the oil presses were operated by hand and the fish used were captured by means of gill-nets. The business was successful and later a steam boiler was purchased and both haul and purse seines were put into use. In 1873 the apparatus valued at \$3,000, was removed to Cape Lookout with the intention of rebuilding there, but the factory was never put into operation.

In 1866 a stock company from Rhode Island built a large factory at Portsmouth on the south side of Ocracoke Inlet. This was known as the Excelsior Oil and Guano Company; \$50,000 was put into the investment, modern apparatus was secured and experienced fishermen were brought from the

north to manipulate the seines. The small number of fish secured and the poor condition in which most of them were found to be, together with other difficulties rendered the business unprofitable and after a trial of three years the business was abandoned with a loss of \$25,000 together with the capital invested. Sometime afterward it was removed to Hunting Quarters in Cove Sound, but the investment never paid and the factory was soon closed.

The Church Brothers, of Rhode Island, together with Mr. J. W. Etheridge of Roanoke Island, N. C., established a factory at Oregon Inlet, about 1870. It was in operation, however, only about two years. The factory was dependent for its supply of fish on the ocean fishing, and the strong current at the inlet interfered so seriously with the vessels passing in and out that the business was found to be unprofitable.

The next factory was built at the mouth of the Cape Fear river by the Navassa Oil and Guano Company of Wilmington. The object of the company was to supply their factory with fish-scrap to be used in the manufacture of their fertilizers. The mill was well equipped. Two vessels provided with purse seines and boats were used, but the scarcity of fish and the limited amount of oil which they yielded was such that after two seasons the business was discontinued with a loss of about \$10,000. Later the company again attempted the enterprise and this time located their factory on Harker's Island, but this also seems to have resulted in a failure, for it was abandoned after the second season.

The next attempt in this direction in North Carolina was by Mr. C. P. Dey, of the firm of Dey Brothers of Highlands, N. J. He first built a factory at Portsmouth, but not meeting there with the success anticipated, moved it in 1881 to the present site at Lenoxville, three miles east of Beaufort. This factory was eminently successful and perhaps to this fact is due the establishment of other factories which have later been built in the State.

There are now eight menhaden scrap and oil factories in North Carolina. All of these are located in Carteret county

in easy reach of the facilities for transportation furnished by the Atlantic and North Carolina railroad at Morehead City. The firms now having factories in operation and their locations are as follows:

Dey & Brothers, Lenoxville, three miles east of Beaufort.

The Carteret County Fish-Oil and Guano Company, Lenoxville.

Rice & Company, Newport River, one mile above Beaufort.

B. J. Bell & Co., Newport River, two miles above Beaufort.

Morton & Webb, Carolina City.

A. G. Willis, Smyrna, in Cove Sound, 35 miles east of Morehead City.

C. S. Wallace, Smyrna.

There is also one located on Davis Shore in Core Sound, 25 miles east of Morehead City.

DISTRIBUTION AND CAPTURE OF MENHADEN.

The menhaden (*Brevoortia tyrannus*), or "fat-back", or "pogy", as they are popularly known among the Carolina fishermen, first make their appearance along our coast in April. From this time until the first of June they are met with in large numbers while passing northward in their spring migration. In October they again become numerous as they return leisurely towards the South, and often do not depart for the winter until late in December. These fish move in schools, often numbering hundreds of thousands of individuals. Their pathway of travel is close along the shore, never extending many miles out to sea. While the main catches of fish are made within the months just mentioned, it is quite common to find them in numbers at times during the summer months.

In summer they enter the inlets and occur in various parts of the sounds in such numbers that there seems but slight reasons why factories for their manufacture should not be paying investments at various points other than those now occupied.

The menhadens fall victims not only to fishermen but are also the prey of various species of fish. Sharks and bluefish especially in the fall of the year, feed largely upon them. In the heart of the bluefish region, extending from Hatteras Inlet northward to the State line, the menhaden are especially persecuted. The bluefish often pursue the schools so close in shore as to drive them into the surf, where they are caught by the breakers and thrown upon the beach. It is said that so savage are the bluefish when chasing the schools of menhaden that their trails are often marked through the water by blood and by the uneaten portions, for the bluefish kill a great many more than they eat.

For a number of years the menhaden in their northern movement have been gradually failing to reach as high latitude as in previous years, thus necessitating the closing of a number of factories in the more northern States and decreasing the output. The number of fish also have been decreasing steadily in these regions where they have been so continually caught in large numbers. On the whole however, the North Carolina fisheries have not suffered so extensively and the effect of the decrease in the North may serve to keep up the prices of the product in this state.

In going to the fishing grounds the fishermen usually proceed thither, if not in a menhaden steamer, either in a schooner or a sharpie. The vessel goes provisioned for several days, and carries besides its crew a few fishing boats, and a large purse seine. A man is kept on the lookout at the masthead. When a school is sighted, part of the men at once put off from the vessel in small boats, and proceed to run out the seine around such a portion of the school as they may be able to enclose. The ends of the seines are brought together, the bottom closed by means of draw ropes, and the fish are bailed out with dip nets into the hold of the vessel, which has in the meantime been brought alongside the seine. These purse seines are from one hundred to one hundred and fifty fathoms long, and two, three or more fathoms in depth. In the sounds and rivers gill nets are sometimes used.

MANUFACTORY OF FISH-SCRAP AND OIL.

In a brief general way the handling of the fish after reaching the factories is as follows: When a loaded vessel arrives at the factory wharf the fish are shoveled into a barrel and hoisted by means of a derrick to a car which carries them into the boiling room. The usual price paid at the factory varies from 65 to 90 cents per thousand. In the boiling room they are dumped into tanks of water through which steam pipes run and are here boiled until the oil is well separated. When heated sufficiently the fish are placed into cylindrical presses, from which the oil and water are drained into open vats. Later the oil is skimmed off and poured into barrels and is ready for shipment.

The "scrap-bed" is made by levelling a plot of ground the desired size in the factory yard and flooring this with heavy boards. Here the pressed fish are brought and spread out to dry in the sunshine and wind. At intervals the drying scrap is stirred and torn to pieces either with hand rakes or as is more usually the case, by means of a horse and harrow. When thoroughly dry the product is ground and sacked ready for shipment. This ground scrap brings at the present time about \$24 a ton. In wholesale lots the ground scrap is worth \$22 per ton, the unground, \$18 per ton. The oil brings from 20 to 22 cents a gallon, wholesale. Locally it sells for 20 cents per gallon, but there is little local trade, for it is used only for tarring roofs, bottoms of boats, and for like purposes. The above figures are of course not correct for all times, the prices varying slightly for different years.

There are many things of value in regard to the fish-scrap industry in North Carolina concerning which but little is as yet known. Among these I will briefly mention:

The distribution of the menhaden in North Carolina waters.
Breeding season and habits of the fish.

Practicability of establishing more factories along the North Carolina coast.

T. GILBERT PEARSON.

MATERIAL *VERSUS* THE HIGHER RICHES.

The century which has just drawn to a close has been the most remarkable of which the history of man has record. It has seen wonderful changes in the political world. In civilized governments tyrants are no longer possible, and the rights and freedom of man are no longer encroached upon. Remarkable, almost miraculous awakening and growth have taken place in such countries as Russia, Japan and the United States. On the other hand, such nations as Turkey and Spain have decreased in power and importance. The yellow empire and the hardy Boer have succumbed before the onward march of civilization. The century has also seen wonderful advancement in science, literature and art. Achievements of which our forefathers never dreamed have been accomplished by means of electricity and steam. Science and invention have bestowed bountiful gifts upon us. However, in nothing has the century made more progress than in the growth of trade, commerce and material wealth.

And no country has made such progress in these directions as has the United States. Whether viewed in regard to increase of population or of industry and wealth, it has, within the last fifty years, far surpassed any other nation in ancient or modern times. The wonderful accomplishments of Edison, the telegraph, the cable, cotton gin, McCormick reaper and hundreds of other inventions have unmistakably aided in this industrial progress. Mr. Charles A. Comant says "The United States, with New York as its chief city, stands at the close of the Nineteenth century upon the threshold of the financial and commercial empire of the world. It is equipped by the confession of its rivals, with a strength which fits it to content for financial supremacy with the great European money centres."

In order to better understand why this is true, it may be well to compare the industrial growth of this country with Great Britain and Germany. During the last ten years the

production of coal in Great Britain has increased eleven per cent., in Germany forty-six per cent., and in this country fifty-two per cent. For the first time does our production of coal exceed that of Great Britain. Our production of pig iron for this year is estimated at one million tons a month. Our deposits in national banks have increased fifty-three per cent. and in savings banks forty-six per cent. Our total wealth is now estimated at ninety-one billion dollars. This means an average of one thousand nine hundred and twenty-five dollars for each inhabitant. The total wealth of Great Britain is estimated at fifty billion dollars, or one thousand three hundred dollars per inhabitant. The value of our total exports rose from three hundred and ten millions in 1860 to one thousand two hundred and twenty-seven millions in 1899. While our exports have thus increased marvelously our imports have decreased, owing to the fact that our manufacturers are controlling, more than ever before, the home market. Our annual imports are but three and one-half dollars per capita. The total value of the manufactured products of Great Britain are estimated at four thousand two hundred million dollars, of Germany three hundred millions, of this country twelve thousand million dollars. So, we may safely say that the manufactured products of the United States are now two thousand millions greater than that of Great Britain and Germany combined. Thus we are enabled to enter upon the great industrial contests of the future with the prestige of unparalleled achievement. We have unrivalled wealth of soil and inexhaustible mineral deposits.

But while we have such bountiful natural resources and while our industrial and material growth has been so astounding in the last few years, has our growth in literature, art and morality kept pace with it? Have our public schools and educational institutions increased as rapidly as our population? Have we, as a nation, advanced spiritually as much as we have materially? These are questions which it behooves us to consider.

Twenty-five or fifty years ago we had poets whose genius

produced masterpieces of which any nation could be justly proud. Do we have any great poets now? Fifty years ago we had men such as Clay, Webster and Calhoun, whose oratory and statesmanship the whole world recognized. We had those whom the love of office and desire for wealth could not swerve from what they knew to be right. How few such statesmen have we to-day!

Although our population has increased very rapidly in the last ten years and New York is now the second city of the world, statistics show that the increase of crime has been greater than the increase of population. Perhaps the chief reason for this is that the very poor and depraved tend to huddle in immense masses in our cities and there constitute a perpetual menace to law and order. Another reason for increase of crime is that we receive thousands of immigrants into our country every year, and these are largely responsible for the intemperance and Sabbath-breaking that is so prevalent in the North and West. It is a well known, undeniable fact that the majority of the insane have become so through intemperance; and when we see our almshouses and insane asylums filled to overflowing can we say that intemperance is decreasing? All these facts indicate that we, as a people, have not developed morally as much as we have in other respects.

We have made great progress in education, but not so much as our progress in material wealth should warrant. Seventy million dollars were given by private persons for educational purposes last year; but when we consider that the annual income of more than one of our great financiers nearly equals that amount, it does not seem very large. The public school system is undoubtedly a good one, but educators everywhere recognize that it needs further extension and perfection. We do not yet have a university that compares favorably with the one at Leipsic, Germany. We do not have such schools of art as are in Paris. Nevertheless, we excel both Germany and France in the growth of material wealth. Can we say then that our educational progress equals our material progress?

Brook Adams in his book, "The Law of Civilization and Decay," says: "Fear and greed are the two powers which stand conspicuously predominant in the history of mankind; fear in the earlier and greed in the latter, stages of evolution from barbarism to civilization." He says, furthermore: "The economic man, the man of industry, trade and capital tends to supplant the emotional and artistic types of manhood." There can be no doubt that this supplanting is gradually taking place in our country. However, the leaven of spirituality and culture is at work and true patriots should not despair. Youthful nation that we are, we feel the exuberance of our newly acquired strength and the spirit of greed may just now predominate, but though we may be thus largely physical, we have not yet sold our birthright for a mess of pottage, we have not yet wholly bowed down to the great golden god. As the new century comes upon us it ushers us into a future more glorious than that before any other people, and it but remains for us to follow where the Ruler of all Nations shall lead.

CLARA IONE COX, '02.

THE ROYCROFTS.

It is quite impossible in the limited space allowed in the COLLEGIAN to fully report the lecture by Walter W. Haviland about the rather singular but altogether interesting and inspiring work of the Roycrofters.

These people are neither dwellers upon Mars nor in some separate part of our own little sphere, although some of their ways are rather different from the usual "ways of the world" we inhabit. The word is supposed to be derived from words meaning "The work of the King," and since it seemed to the founder of this order that any work well done was suitable for a king, he adopted the name as expressive of the different kinds of work and the people who do this work, in the small

village of East Aurora, New York. This town is twenty miles from Buffalo, and previous to the advent of the Roycroft spirit was a sleepy little place whose former industries had been effectually crippled by steam and electricity, trusts and the vicinity of a large and prosperous city.

Elbert Hubbard, the pioneer in the undertaking, is a native of East Aurora, and, for several years, had been in business in Buffalo. He belonged to the firm of Larkin Bros., soap manufacturers. His wife being a sister to the Larkins, he was one of the "Bros." Indeed, to his sagacity and great ability in management and advertisement the success of the firm was largely due. After he had acquired a considerable fortune and was prospering yet more in money matters he became dissatisfied with mere money making, even though this was helping his fellow man to the cleanliness which is next to godliness—and desired to prepare himself for a more intellectual or spiritual service.

In pursuance of this plan the business was abandoned and he entered Harvard. After completing the course there he went abroad and studied in different places and began his literary career. On coming back to this country he located in his native village. As one would easily suppose, from the character of his writing (being very original and even eccentric and paradoxical), the critics soon fell afoul of him. Not being a meek man, these attacks were from time to time resented, and finally some publishers to whom he appealed, refused to print his replies. Then the die was cast which formed the present prosperous community.

A small press was found in East Aurora, such paper as could be obtained there procured, and a very attractive little periodical of protest issued. This little paper, bright and sparkling as it was and is, nevertheless, is too radical and sweeping in many of its assertions, and particularly in its protests. Its philosophy is not always trustworthy, nor its criticisms reliable, but it was a means of saying just what its editor wished to say, and from the first attracted a goodly number of subscribers.

Elbert Hubbard had been preparing "Little Journeys to the Homes of Distinguished People," which the Putnams had published. After he and his friend started a press of their own, he published these himself, and as he persevered the scope of his endeavors enlarged and various books were put out by the independent little press.

Hubbard's motto from the very first seemed to have been to use the matter at hand and do the very best he could. Following this he began making books, the very best possible, with only East Aurora material and workmen.

Some most attractive editions of standard-made poems, and parts of the Bible were sent out, the paper all handmade, books illuminated by hand, and bound in the same way, with lovely soft leather backs, satin lined. All this work was done by natives with no previous training and no artistic culture.

A tenet in the creed of this remarkable individual is that one must have joy in what he does, and that if he has this pleasure the work will never be drudgery, and will be well done. When a person wished work, Hubbard found out what he knew about, and what he liked to do, and set him at just that kind of work.

An old carpenter, out of work, was put to making a heavy oak table, like one in a castle on the Rhine. When done this table was sold for one hundred dollars, and now the man and his son and two hired men are kept busy all the time making those tables. An old blacksmith whose occupation had been annihilated by civilization, applied for work. "Make me a pair of andirons as good as you can, large, substantial and pretty as you can make them." They were made and soon sold for fifty dollars. Now that old man has more orders than he can fill.

There are now about two hundred and fifty persons engaged in this enterprise—"making books and other things as good as they can," as the advertisement reads. These books range in price from twenty-five cents to one hundred dollars. Some old women, or as Hubbard says "Roycrofters seventy years young, weave rag carpets as good as they can," and these carpets

sell as fast as they can be made at one dollar per yard. The profits are shared according to some recognized schedule, and all are happy and thrifty. They have built a beautiful library and their shop is like a church.

The work of these people shows that there are numbers of persons who wish just such substantial articles as people with willing hands and honest hearts and a good degree of common sense, can make; that they prefer them to the more showy machine made articles. This for the world. For the workers, it shows that did we but stop and consider what we have and how to use it, many an idle person might be earning a good living.

With all my heart I wish that some Roycroft spirit might, descend upon us hereaway. Many an old handloom would be set in order, many a spinning wheel begin to hum, and the pretty flaxwheels again leave the parlor and go about their business. Not just as in the old days, as instruments of unceasing toil, to clothe the families, but as means now of making those beautiful coverlets our grandmothers made and different kinds of cloths for curtains and hangings, rugs, and even some good, old-fashioned linsey cloth. I should rather, right now, have a suit out of a kind of linsey I had at the close of the war, than to have a wool dress from a store. The art of coverlet weaving will soon be lost to our natives. These articles are rare and already command good prices. What lovely curtains some of the home made flax and tow would make, were the spinning, coloring and weaving all done the very best we could do. Even socks knitted out of handspun yarn, would, when properly known, bring good prices.

The Roycroft lesson is "What is that in thine hand? Use it by making the most possible out of it. Do not abuse it, by leaving it idle and vainly seeking to model thyself after some machine, nor by being content to do anything "good enough to do," when that falls far short of the best thou canst do."

Of the many interesting personalities connected with the Roycroft shop, I cannot now speak. We were both interested

and entertained by the lecture, and our friend has the sincere thanks of the Guilfordians for giving us the benefit of his own visit to the Roycrofts.

MARY M. HOBBS.

SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE TEACHING.

Solomon revealed a gem of truth when by Divine inspiration he wrote, "A wise man is strong; yea, a man of knowledge increaseth strength." Ignorance is a foe to true progress—a mighty barrier to the advancement of individuals and nations. "Knowledge is power"; and the acquisition of knowledge and the mental development incident thereto literally increase strength. Believing this, the intelligent and conscientious parent or guardian is careful to provide for those under his care the truest and best education possible.

It is gratifying that the day has come when our boys and girls in the public schools are taught not only the three R's, but are given some instruction in language, literature, and science, and are thereby more symmetrically developed.

Among the studies in science it is noteworthy that Physiology and Hygiene have a not inconspicuous place in our public school curricula. Were the purpose of our schools mental development only, what would be better training for the mind than the study of the human organism, so "fearfully and wonderfully made," with its innumerable cells, tissues, and fibers; its multiplicity of nerves and blood-vessels, which culminate so marvelously and delicately in the human brain! What discrimination is necessary to comprehend the laws which control and the substances which are detrimental to their wonderful mechanism and action!

Mind culture is not, however, the *great* end of their study; for the intellect to be "thoroughly furnished" information is all-important. The great purpose of physiological and hygienic research is that the child may know something of the mechanism of the wonderful house in which he lives, in order to

obey the laws of health and to intelligently abstain from injurious substances or habits. "Know thyself" is a command to be obeyed if a commonwealth of citizens physically, mentally, and morally strong is expected.

Time was when the text-books on Hygiene gave no warning as to the injurious effects of tobacco and considered a slight use of alcoholic drinks helpful to the human system. To such erroneous teaching may be attributed many of the lovers of the weed and moderate drinkers of a generation ago, and many of the cigarette fiends and confirmed drunkards, their posterity, of to-day. Truly, we are, in large measure, "omnibuses in which our ancestors ride."

A half century ago the physiological effects of narcotics were so little understood that the advocates of temperance appealed to the moral responsibility only of people; they entreated them to abstain, lest they "cause a weak brother to offend."

But now the searchlight of science has revealed that alcohol is an irritant, that its tendency is destructive to the human organism, and that in no sense can it be considered a food. Despite the attempts of Professor Atwater and others to prove that strong drink, used moderately, brings some nutriment in excess of the waste and detriment it causes, the verdict of science remains unchanged, that, notwithstanding the fact that alcohol oxidizes in the body, producing some temporary heat, it is no more a food (something which builds up the tissues of the body) than a mass of gunpowder ignited within a stove bursting it asunder can be classed a fuel.

To the objection of some to the enforcement of the Scientific Temperance Instruction Law that, if children are taught at school the physical and, incidentally, the moral effects of alcohol upon humanity, their respect for beer-loving or intemperate parents will be lessened, it may be replied that, no faithful teacher would give such instruction in a way to encourage a violation of the fifth commandment. One would just as well admonish a teacher not to correct his pupils in the improper use of language, because of ungrammatical errors of parents at home, or to refrain from instilling the truth that "Cleanli-

ness is next to godliness," because some of the children's parents seem unmindful of that maxim.

Mary Hunt spoke truly when she said, "The star of hope of the temperance reform stands over the school door." Happy the public school teachers who believe this. In after years a majority of strong temperance citizens will rise up and call them blessed.

There are those who consider the Scientific Temperance Instruction Law comparatively unimportant because enacted through the intervention of women; there are those who would even now erase it from our code because of objections to the incidental teaching of moral reform, even when based upon the foundation of science. May the understanding of such as these be enlightened; may the scales drop from their eyes that they may appreciate the real value of our boys and girls and the position of the true teacher who "cannot afford to spend the best days and best powers of his manhood in laying what might be the foundation of a useful and happy life and then to have the whole of his work destroyed through the influence of strong drink."

May their every prejudice sink beneath the earnest desire of the conscientious citizenship of our state and nation, "That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as cornerstones polished after the similitude of a palace."

EUNICE M. DARDEN.

A GENTLEMAN.

One summer afternoon, some years ago, I found myself on one of the numerous ferryboats that ply between Philadelphia and Camden, over the Delaware river. The boat was unusually crowded and I was glad of the opportunity to find a seat, especially as the weather was very warm and I was tired. A number of very fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen were standing near talking and laughing merrily. Indeed, everyone in the cabin seemed happy and prosperous.

The boat had not proceeded far before I saw a woman enter, whose dress and general appearance indicated that she was very poverty-stricken, and, moreover, a lately landed immigrant. I judged from her dark complexion and black hair and eyes that she was an Italian. Her dress of very gaudy, tho' now faded, color tended to confirm my supposition. She had four children following her and a baby in her arms that looked frail and sickly and was crying loudly. I do not remember before to have seen such a look of bewilderment and sadness upon any person's face.

Near me sat a man conversing with two ladies, whom I supposed to be his mother and sister. Not only his dress but his manner and conversation indicated that he was refined and cultured.

While contemplating the great difference between these two groups, I was greatly surprised to see the young man arise, approach the woman and request her to take his seat. Had she been the most beautiful and attractive of women he could not have treated her with more consideration and politeness. As she took the seat she expressed her thanks in words the young man could not understand, but he understood very well the gratitude that her eyes and every facial feature revealed.

A stranger in a strange land; someone had shown her a kindness; she had come in touch with a true gentleman, and doubtless when she went about her daily toil the next morning in the great city she did so with a less sad and a more hopeful heart. The strange country did not seem quite so strange nor the conditions of life quite so gloomy. The young man had, perhaps unconsciously, performed one of those acts of kindness that, tho' seemingly very insignificant, make the world brighter and life really worth living. He had set an example of true politeness and Christian courtesy to all witnesses and doubtless the memory of the deed remains in the hearts and minds of others than myself.

REMINISCENCES.

Not so many years ago, I reached the college at noon of the day the session opened—a warm day in August. After dinner I was registered and classed as a “Freshman.”

All the old students were chatting gaily—each one asking the others how they had spent vacation, and if others who had not yet arrived would return. These old students were so happy and so pleased to see each other that it seemed to me they had just returned home after a long stay among strangers.

In and about the buildings, I noticed other boys and girls, evidently new comers like myself. Some of them stood alone, leaning against the wall, a post, tree or any convenient support; others were wandering slowly and aimlessly about; all were wearing sad, forsaken, almost hopeless countenances.

I myself was seized with a feeling of homesickness and utter loneliness. I had been careful to wear my best clothes—did not know but that I should attract some attention; was really afraid some one would suspect I had on my first long trousers; but though I was surrounded by a crowd of people, none of them cared to notice me.

And so this long, weary afternoon passed, or dragged along. The only thing I found akin to relief was unpacking my trunk and arranging a few things in my room. Even this seemed to increase my homesick feeling. At night, carefully barring the door and wedging the transom, I lay down—not to sleep much—but to listen fearfully and wonder what form of hazing I should be compelled to undergo. Yet I was undisturbed during this and succeeding nights, and soon became ashamed of my fears.

Within less than a week I had several intimate acquaintances among the boys. Most of these seemed rather wild, still I supposed that was the way for college boys to be, and besides they had made all the advances I considered necessary for confidence and friendship. We made frequent raids on the

college orchard, arguing that part of the fruit belonged to us anyway and we had a right to get it. Late in the fall, when there was no more fruit in the college orchard, we made a specialty of hunting up and gathering late peaches belonging to some of the farmers of the vicinity.

Then winter came, bringing heavy snows. Just to keep off dull times, we did several things that greatly annoyed the "powers that were." One evening we had "snow cream" at supper—enough for everybody and particularly nice. We showed our appreciation by eating as heartily as boys can, and further by carrying away in our napkins a large part of the contents of the sugar bowls. This was Saturday night. After the lecture and social we "Hobokers" collected in the room of one of our members. There we discussed the lecture, the social, athletics, and other customary topics, until someone said he could eat more snow cream if he had it. Several others expressed the same sentiment, so we planned.

The retiring bell rang, and the governor made his round informing all that were up "it was time their lights were out." As soon as we were sure the way was clear, we sent some of our members to the cattle barn to procure the necessary cream. When they had gone on their errand it was discovered that one of the crowd had a key that would unlock a door at the kitchen. At once two or three of us volunteered to go with him. Silently we stole out and were soon in the kitchen. With very little trouble we reached the pie closet, snatched up and carried off all the pies in sight.

Feasting on our "own make" of cream and on the pies we talked and laughed in undertones.

Our revelling continued until a very late hour when we separated for the night. I could not go to sleep at once, for my conscience as well as my stomach troubled me. I tried to quiet my conscience by resolving to do better in the future, but the disagreeable sensations would not down.

One of our late companions entered and spoke to my room mate and myself of the vault near the meeting house. He said the meeting usually kept only its records there, but that

to-night it held a great sum of money. That rich Friends had lately sent money enough to build a fine new dormitory, and also to make many improvements. He proposed that we go at once and get this money; saying that we needed it and the people who gave it could easily replace it and never miss the amount; we should really benefit the college, for what we took would be replaced by others, and we would pay a great deal of ours into the college treasury as tuition for ourselves and our friends, and that the Athletic Association should have all the funds it so much needed.

We agreed to make the attempt, and procuring the necessary tools from the farmer's shed we proceeded to the vault. With mattock and axe we began to dig through the brick wall. We made slow progress. Our tools would come off the handles and we would often have to stop for breath.

Just about the time we judged we were nearly through the wall, our governor stepped around the corner of the vault. We were very much surprised and frightened. I raised my mattock and brought it down on his head with all the strength I could command. He fell. I stooped down and passing my hand over his head I found his skull crushed in. We robbers started to run. Somehow I could not run as fast as the others and they left me behind. I ran into and through the wire fence at the graveyard and reached the woods beyond, when I was overtaken and surrounded by an angry and determined crowd of people. They all agreed that I must be lynched, and they led me back to the scene of my crime. A rope was soon procured, and a noose at one end of it was put around my neck while the other end was thrown over the limb of an oak. One man brought a box and an old barrel from the woodhouse, and placing the barrel on the box, lifted me to the top of this improvised scaffold. He told the man at the other end of the rope to hold fast, and he would push over the pile.

I thought of my father, whom I had been deceiving as to my progress and deportment. I thought of my great-grandmother's last words of warning, of the hereafter—that in a few

moments I should pass into extreme torture of mind and body. Just then the barrel was overturned, and I felt myself beginning to fall, and I looked for the fire into which I thought I was about to tumble as the violent jerk and the choking seemed delayed. I tried to get loose. Instead of being wrapped in flames, I heard some one calling me. I awoke to find my room mate dragging me from under a heap of tangled cover which was piled on the floor, and to hear from the next room, "Let up in there and go to bed."

J.

Subscriptions for Athletic Association—Base Ball Department. In response to letter sent out by the Athletic Committee of Alumni Association, the following have been received as we go to press:

J. Elwood Cox	\$5. 00
J. Van Lindley	5 00
E. E. Gillespie	1 00
Ernest Watkins	5 00
H S. Tomlinson	1 00
Walter E. Blair	1 00

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FEBRUARY, 1901.

The rapid strides which Guilford College **Improvements.** is making in the improvement of its equipment is a matter of comment and much satisfaction to the friends of the institution. The large well with its steam pump, both of which were put into operation a number of weeks ago, seems to have settled the very troublesome question of water supply in all the college buildings. An abundance of the clearest, purest water rising from a crevice in a rock is now at all times forthcoming.

The scientific departments have been making marked improvements in their equipment. A valuable analytical balance has recently been added to the chemical laboratory. This is a very delicate, useful, and expensive article of furnishing, and with some other things, has come in within the past few weeks.

In the Biological laboratory four new German Leitz microscopes have recently been purchased. A microtome for cutting sections, a parafine bath, and a pair of beam scales has also been bought, besides these there have been added over five hundred pieces of glassware and instruments. About four hundred dollars have been expended on this equipment, the funds being furnished by some friends of the institution.

In the library the new polished tables and book racks are an attractive improvement. A large number of new books were added last term, and an equally large order will soon be sent off for this term's additions. Never was Guilford College so well fitted for the high work for which it was designed than at the present time and never was its outlook more hopeful. There is a strong body of industrious young men and women in college this term. They are students with high hopes and lofty ideals, and the months in which we are all together will surely be productive of great and lasting good.

Redeeming There is a wise saying floating about the
 world which runneth thus; "Time is wasted
 the Time. that might be better spent." There is no
 class of people who should heed and ponder
 well these words more than those of us who are students in college. We are devoting some of the best years of our lives to self-improvement and are endeavoring to store our minds with knowledge of intrinsic worth. To carefully prepare all the work laid out in the courses of study is supposed to occupy about all the time we have for brain work. But, even though this be the case, there is, with rare exception, not a student in college who does not have some time which could be used to better advantage than is now the case.

A vast deal of time is practically thrown away in loafing. Now, we want to suggest some better way of spending the odd hours and minutes, when for any cause they come, than lying about in another's room talking nonsense.

The plan is just this: Get a good book and become interested in reading it. Always have such a one tumbling about

on your table. You can get books from the College library, or your teachers will be very glad to loan you good books to read from their own private collections. Then, when you find you have a little time to spare, your interest in the story will prompt you to pick it up and read on.

If you have never tried this you will be surprised at the number of good books you will be able to get though with in the course of a year. And it will be just so much clear gain, for you have not lost from your studies, but have just spent to better advantage some of the extra time which came your way.

You need to know more of English and American literature than you get in your course of study. You should be familiar with the principal stories written by Dickens. Every educated person is supposed to have read "David Copperfield" and "A Tale of Two Cities." The cultivated world assumes that much regarding your general education to begin with. The same may be said of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" and "Henry Esmond," as well as a knowledge of the writings of such men as Emerson, Ruskin, and Thoreau. You should carefully read these authors with a view to learning what they had to say, studying their style, and, perhaps, more than all, to cultivate, a taste for good literature.

We think there is more good reading of this sort going on in the college now than is usually the case and we like to see it. The COLLEGIAN is supposed in a measure to stand for the literary life of Guilford, and we want to be clear on the subject of good reading. We wish to urge the students to read more, There the books stand in rows on the shelves with their bright titles, beckoning to us to take them down and read what they contain, the best and noblest expressed thoughts of all the ages.

Additions to the Two donations of specimens have within the past few weeks come to the museum.
Museum. One of these gifts was made by Miss Elsie Kitteredge, of New York City. It consists of about one hundred specimens, mostly of marine origin.

Perhaps the most attractive are some beautiful pieces of brain coral, and the reef-building coral.

Miss Kitterege, while at the college a year ago, visited the museum and was interested in what Guilford has to show in that line. She writes that the family have been gathering this collection for years past, but that she thinks it would do more good if it should be exhibited here where it could be seen by more people.

The second donation came from the head office of the United States Geological Survey in Washington. It consists of a series of seventy rocks, all properly classified and labeled. It is one of the sets prepared by the government and sent out to college museums as an "Educational Series of Rocks."

In the preparation of books for the market **Book-Makers.** it is obvious that there are two distinct classes of people engaged. There are those who do the writing and those who do the printing. As a rule, these classes are entirely separate, the writer seldom printing his own book, the printer rarely writing one. Many of the books with which we meet are written by professional men or women during the hours which they are able to snatch from the days of their busy lives. School text-books, as a rule are written by college or university professors. Many of the more technical works in science are prepared by original investigators, generally men who are not dependent on their labors for a living, but investigate and write for the pleasure it brings them.

Then too, there is the distinctively literary class of people; men and women whose only business is to write. Some of these are quite successful, and as a result are able to live in any style which best suits their taste; as for example, Mr. Earnest Seton Thompson, whose home is now on Fifth Avenue, New York. Such a world of readers is this in which we live, that the man who writes a book or two that people enjoy has his fortune and future already assured. Kipling has long

since become financially independent through the receipts from the sale of his books.

The publishing company is the organization which takes the responsibility of printing, binding, and placing upon the market the books when the copy comes from the author. A publishing house is necessarily a large enterprise. Consider a moment the amount of work connected with it. There is a set of editors, whose business it is to examine manuscripts and determine whether they are of sufficient value for publication. If one passes the first reader it is taken to the second who is supposed to be more critical than the first. If he passes the paper favorably it is taken by a third. As many as six or a dozen readers are occupied constantly in this business. If a manuscript runs the gauntlet of the critics it is laid on the editor's desk, who reads it entire and if approved by him the company at once open negotiations with the author regarding terms of publication.

If the company has strong faith in the sale of the book they will usually offer to publish it, assuming all expense giving the author a royalty of six or eight per cent on the wholesale price. Sometimes the royalty given is as high as ten per cent. or even more. If doubtful of how it will sell but see that it has merit, they may offer to share the expense with the author and divide receipts.

Sometimes a book is published by the author; that is, he employs some publishing house to print it for him, after which, he of course, must place it upon the market himself and sell it.

The printing, binding, and illustrating of an ordinary two hundred and fifty page school book cost anywhere from one thousand to two thousand dollars, owing largely to the character of the illustrations. This is the cost of issuing the first edition, usually of three thousand copies. Additional thousands may be printed with much less expense, as the type is already set and cuts for the pictures already made.

After a book is completed the publisher is still at considerable expense before he can realize anything for his book. Copies must be sent for review to critics and editors of

magazines over the country. Copies must be mailed free to hundreds of teachers all over the land, whom it is hoped will adopt them in their classes. Then agents, whose expenses and salaries are heavy, must be sent out to endeavor to introduce the book into schools.

All these things cost money, but if a book is popular and takes well the publishers reap a goodly harvest. An editor in a publishing house told the writer recently that within the past six months they had sold forty thousand copies of a new school history they had out. The retail price is \$1.20, thus making the wholesale price at which the publishers furnished jobbers about eighty cents. After making a liberal deduction for expenses the company may be said to have realized something like twenty thousand dollars. Another publishing company has cleared within the past six months over \$125,000 on a single novel.

A DONATION TO GUILFORD.

The readers of the COLLEGIAN will be pleased to hear of the donation to Guilford's endowment by the will of the late William Johnson, of Carthage, Indiana. Fifteen hundred dollars have come to the endowment fund from this source. It is a cause of thankfulness that those who have means kindly leave a portion behind them to aid in the work of education.

Fifty years and more ago many members of North Carolina Yearly Meeting of Friends left the State and settled in Indiana, Ohio and other then Western States. These Friends, together with their descendants have contributed much toward the establishment of strong Yearly Meetings in many of the Western States.

On account of their good will for their native State, and the memory of their schooldays at New Garden School, some of these have in recent years remembered the needs of Guilford College and left by will some means to help along the good work of education. It is to be hoped that many more of these Friends who left the Old North State years ago may, in their

prosperity, will remember the needs of the South in the way of education and help bear the burden of the expense of operating colleges and schools.

If some Alumnus or Alumna would propose a means of inaugurating a Memorial Endowment Fund for Guilford, much good might be done. Some plan might be adopted of enrolling the name of an encestor who is dear to his surviving friends and of leaving a sum of money that may, in the long future, be still doing good to the youth as they come upon the stage of life. Many Friends would like to contribute something to the memory of a man like Isham Cox, who did much for Guilford College in his day; or of Nathan Hunt, one of the ablest and best preachers the State ever produced, and who labored for the establishment of the New Garden School; or of Asenath Clark, the mother of the late Dr. Dougan Clark, and who was a woman of great force of character, and a well known preacher.

There are some who would like in this way to perpetuate a father's or a mother's memory; and by so doing, such will be bearing a portion of the burden of those who are concerned that Guilford shall grow in power and usefulness, and fill the place in the State for which she was founded.

L. L. HOBBS.

Local and Personal.

✓ Dr. Fox, the college physician, has had a new office built.

We are pleased to welcome so many new students this term.

Pinckney Groome, '00, was at the college during the holidays.

Professor Woody's family will move back to Guilford College soon.

✓ Mr. W. R. Moore has charge of the blacksmith shop at this place.

✓ Rev. Mr. Raper has bought Mrs. Gorrell's farm, and has moved there.

✓ Miss Nellie Jones, '00, is now taking a postgraduate course in Biology.

The Library has just been furnished with new tables and a newspaper rack.

They say that John Williams has returned to Guilford like a sheep to its fold.

✓ Miss Annie Jones, who is teaching in Maryland, came home for the holidays.

✓ Harry Daniels has been chosen by the football team as captain for next season.

The Board of Trustees held a meeting at the college Wednesday, Jan. 9th.

✓ Mr. Solomon Ward contemplates building a roller mill at Guilford College station.

✓ Mr. George Roberson, of Winston, visited his paternal home during the holidays.

✓ Miss Nellie Wakefield, of Kinston, N. C., spent a few days at the College Christmas.

✓ Mr. Harold Taylor, '00, of Hamilton, N. C., spent the holidays at his home near the College.

Professors Crowell and Lane, of the High Point Graded Schools, attended the Junior exhibition, Dec. 15th.

Edward Cook and wife, of Kansas Yearly Meeting, attended the Quarterly Meeting held here some weeks ago.

✓ Miss Sallie Stockard, '97, has been at the college several times recently, working up material for her history of Guilford county.

Messrs. Jess Armfield and Arthur Morris, of Thomasville, paid the College a flying visit near the close of last term.

A baseball field has been laid off on the new Athletic ground, and the diamond is being put in fix for the coming season.

Quite a number of students spent their Christmas vacation at the college. They report a pleasant time. But why enumerate them?

✓ The many friends of Miss Lystra Gretter were glad to see her at the College a few days ago. She hopes to be with us again next year.

Mr. C. D. Cowles, Jr., '00, came up from Chapel Hill a few days before Christmas to make the College and his young brother a short visit.

✓ Mr. R. Lindsay Ellington, '00, who is now a member of the class of 1901 of the State University, attended the Junior Exhibition, Saturday evening, December 15th.

The football men who were awarded colors for their work last autumn, are Hill, Hinton, Ragan, Daniels, Leak, Idol, Love, Cox, Short, Lewis, Dixon, Shepard, Millikan, Morton, Holton and Martin.

The Athletic Association has elected officers as follows: President, C. M. Short; Vice President, C. W. Davis, Secretary and Treasurer, J. G. Lewis; Football Manager, C. M. Glenn; Assistant Manager, Marvin Hardin.

The Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen have elected officers for the second half year. They are: 1902, President, C. E. Leak; Secretary, Ida E. Millis; 1903, President, C. M. Short; Secretary, Delia Raiford; 1904, President, Marvin Harden; Secretary, Alice Cartland.

Mr. John B. Griffin, of Woodland, N. C., and his daughter, Miss Josie, who is a student at Greensboro Female College, made friends at Guilford a hasty visit, not long ago.

The grapevine that stood in front of the Y. M. C. A. Hall so long, and which was both a thing of beauty and a producer of fine grapes, has been hewn down.

Professor Pearson attended the annual meeting of the Southern Educational Association, held in Richmond, Va., Dec. 27-30.

Professor Wilson was in Raleigh Dec. 26th. attending a meeting of the Executive Committee of the State Athletic Association.

While working around the boiler at the pump house, a few days ago, Gurney Knight was badly scalded by the blowing out of the inspirator pipe.

Dr. A. Marshall Elliott, of Johns Hopkins University, and who was at one time an instructor here, visited President Hobbs some time ago. He is looking up the records of the Mendenhall family.

Miss Anna Meade Micheaux, of Greensboro, and Miss Parker, of High Point, spent the first Saturday and Sunday of the new century with Miss Cornelia Roberson.

A scared-up Athletic entertainmont given the last week before the holidays netted the Association something like fifteen dollars.

On February 2d Professor Hodgin gave a highly appreciated lecture on the subject, "History and Value of the English Novel."

On Saturday night, Jan. 5th, Prof. W. W. Haviland gave the students an excellent lecture on the Roycrofters. He showed a number of the Roycroft books, specimens of their exquisite workmanship. After the lecture an informal reception was given the new students, and everybody had, or said they had, a nice time. There was also a side show of some sort, but nobody seemed to know exactly the nature of it.

The Athletic Association has adopted the following rules in regard to the wearing of the college numerals to go into effect February 1st, 1901:

"Men who are voted football colors shall be allowed to wear a crimson sweater with gray trimmings and having on the front a "G" seven inches in height and five inches wide. Members of the baseball team given colors by the Association shall be allowed to wear a sweater similar to the football sweater with the exception that the "G" shall be five inches in height and seven wide. They may also wear a cap bearing on the front a small "G" similar to the initial on the baseball sweater. Other members of the college may wear either hats or caps having the initials "G C" written either ("G C") with the "C" after the "G" or inside of it. They may also wear sweaters, crimson, without trimmings, bearing class numerals. They may also wear sweaters of any other color or combination of colors whatever, provided, it be no combination of crimson and gray, or crimson and white. "The last clause does not apply to Jerseys.

"None of the above rules attempt to regulate what combinations of colors or initials the young ladies shall see fit to adopt."

Junior Entertainment.

On Saturday evening, December 15th, a large and appreciative audience gathered in Memorial Hall, on the occasion of the Junior Exercises of the Class of 1902.

Promptly at half-past seven o'clock, President Hobbs and the class took their seats upon the tastefully decorated stage and the following program was entered upon:

PROGRAM.

PIANO DUET: *Habenera*, (Chorus and March from *Carmen*) *Engelmann*.
Mrs. Albright and Miss Thompson.

ORATIONS:

Problem of the Far East,.....Ernest C. Love.
The Origin of Our Destiny,..... Chase W. Idol.
Heroines of the Poets,.....Ida Eleanore Millis.
Trusts,.....Elmer C. Leak.
SERENADE,.....*Mayhew*.
Success,.....Charles Woodard Davis.
Material Versus the Higher Riches,.....Clara Ione Cox
The Battle of Guilford Court House,.....A. Homer Ragan.
CHORUS. O Italia, Italia, Beloved. (From *Lucretia*)......*Donnizetti*.

After the piano duet by Mrs. Albright and Miss Thompson, President Hobbs in a few well-chosen remarks presented the class and announced the first oration by Mr. Chase W. Idol on the subject "The Origin of Our Destiny.

Mr. Idol spoke of the Battle of Hastings and the Norman Conquest as the origin of the development of the Aglo-Saxon race, and traced their influence upon its subsequent history in an interesting and instructive manner.

In the second oration, "Heroines of the Poets," Miss Ida Eleanore Millis treated the female characters introduced in poetic literature from the time of Homer until the present day. The speaker also portrayed the development of the higher ideal of womanhood as shown in the works of Browning and the later writers.

"Trusts," the subject of the third oration, were handled in clear and logical manner by Mr. C. Elmer Leak. In forceful language the deteriorating influence of monopolies was characterized by the speaker.

The beautiful Serenade from Mayhew, was rendered by a chorus of nine young ladies, with Mrs. Albright at the piano.

The fourth oration, "Material Versus the Higher Riches, by Miss Clara Ione Cox, treated the financial condition of the world and the application of material wealth to the education and uplifting of the human race.

Mr. A. Homer Ragan delivered the last oration, on the subject, "The

Battle of Guilford Court House." The battle was described in a graphic manner, and its relation to the remaining events of the Revolutionary War were clearly brought out.

The chorus, "O Italia, Italia, Beloved," from Donizetti's opera "Lucetia," closed the program for the evening and the audience dispersed with pleasant recollections and hearty good wishes for the Class of 1902.

RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has been repeatedly shown that in our athletic contests with Oak Ridge Institute it has been impossible for the games to have the pleasant termination which has ever characterized our contests with other institutions; and

WHEREAS, We believe that we have done all that could reasonably be expected of us toward making these contests pleasant for all parties; and

WHEREAS, We are aware that such an exhibition as was made in Greensboro on Thanksgiving Day, November 29, 1900, cannot fail to bring the game of football into public disrepute; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the Athletic Association of Guilford College, give it as our judgment that it will be for the best interest of athletic sports in general, and of athletics at Guilford College in particular, for us to suspend all athletic relations with Oak Ridge Institute.

THE 1900 FOOTBALL TEAM.

On the first page appears a picture of the football team. Altogether, it was a successful team and its work deserves some notice. The statement was made in the October COLLEGIAN that no estimate could be put upon the "prospects" of the team until it had played a few games. The following circular letter sent out by the Athletic Committee of the Alumni Association shows how far the team was successful in its season's work:

"DEAR FRIEND:—The Athletic Committee of the Alumni Association have felt that a report of athletic conditions that now prevail at the College would not be without interest to the members of the Association and to the friends of the College.

"The football team has just closed a very successful season. The games played, with the scores, are as follows:

- At Davidson, Guilford, 0; Davidson College, 16.
- At Greensboro, Guilford, 5; A. & M. College, 0.
- At Guilford, Guilford, 34; Bingham School, 0.
- At Columbia, Guilford, 0; South Carolina College, 10.
- At Raleigh, Guilford, 11; A. & M. College, 0.
- At Greensboro, Guilford, 10; Oak Ridge, 0.

"Defeating the strong A. & M. team in Greensboro in the presence of a crowd of over 3,000 people, and again in Raleigh on their own grounds, was, perhaps, the most satisfactory part of the team's performance during the season.

"That, together with the victory over Oak Ridge, will help toward getting some good new men next autumn.

"The games with Davidson and South Carolina College were especially valuable to us to show our team its weak points. We can also now count on games with two friendly rival Colleges that we have not been playing heretofore. These games show, too, that Guilford can and will be known athletically among the Colleges of this and neighboring States.

"The athletic spirit of the students is strong and healthy. Nearly every man in College has played ball, either on the team or on the scrub. The students have supported the management financially, and the first team never lacked a strong second to give it practice.

"Our team was practically made this year, there being but two men on it from last year, so that only hard training and careful study of the game made success possible. The demonstration of the fact that a purely amateur team can win has given the students a much higher notion of athletics for its own sake and raised the moral tone of the team and of the student body.

"On behalf of Athletic Committee,

"S. H. HODGIN, Chairman."

Only Hill and Daniels were of last year's team. Throughout the entire season Daniels played fine ball. Both on defense and when carrying the ball he showed good judgment and an ability to improve every opportunity that came in his way. His punting was uniformly good and he did good service in breaking up kicks.

Hill played hard ball, but was never in the best of condition on account of a sprained foot which he got in the first A. & M. game. In some of the hardest games, however, he made good gains around the ends, and was a hard man to down. Love and Millikan shared the honors at left half about evenly. Millikan was out of the South Carolina game and played one game at right tackle. He carried the ball well, ran hard in the interference and was a safe tackler. Love was perhaps the lightest man behind the line, but he was fast and hid so well behind his interference that he nearly always made his ground. Morton at quarter ran the team with good judgment, he fielded punts that came his way neatly, though he seldom advanced the ball much on kicks. He gave his signals rapidly, fumbled very little, and got the ball away from the center to the backs quicker than any quarterback Guilford has ever had. Cox at center passed the ball back steadily

and generally held his man, but he played defensively most of the time and never seemed to bother the opposing center much.

Holton and Shepard played the tackles, and both men could have played better ball than they did had they been in condition. Both were ill part of the season and neither were aggressive enough. Their weight and a year's experience, however, will make the pair a valuable part of next year's team.

Short at right end showed promise of a good man. He is fast and studies his game. He broke interference well, though he did not do much tackling. Lewis played the left end. His running down the field under kicks was fine. He played in quarterback position on the defence and he backed up the line well on rushes through guards or center.

Captain Ragan and Martin held left and right guard respectively. Martin made better gains through the line, but was not quite so active when the other side had possession of the ball. Both men held their ground on plays directed at the center, and consequently the center was never rushed. They did not go quite hard enough in interference, thus occasionally causing a loss on end runs. Idol played guard in three games, but was out of the game entirely after that. Dixon was an end or a half back, but was never used much in match games, because the regular men didn't get hurt enough. He will make a good player before long. Leak played at half back and showed decided promise as a ground gainer. He was also the best substitute fullback. His kicking improved steadily, and for a man of his size he made good gains over the line. He ran well with his interference, and when he learns to tackle sure will be a first-class man.

The following figures give an idea of the make-up of the team:

	Weight.	Height.	Age.		Weight.	Height.	Age.
Ragan.....	160	5 9	22	Daniels.....	163	5.7 ½	25
Martin.....	143	5 9	18	Hill.....	150	5 8	25
Cox.....	156	5 9	23	Millikan.....	165	5.8	20
Shepard.....	215	5.0	22	Idol.....	153	6 2	21
Holton.....	183	6.1	20	Love.....	120	5.4	19
Short.....	153	5.8	25	Leak.....	145	5.10	18
Lewis.....	151	5.8	19	Dixon.....	135	5 4	21
Morton.....	135	5 7	19				

Average: Weight, 145; height, 5.8 ½; age, 21.

Book Reviews.

Winsome Womanhood, by Margaret E. Sangster. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. Price \$1.25.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster is a woman for whom the women of our country should be very thankful. For twenty years and more she has been giving to them of the product of her cultivated mind. As a writer her thoughts have been most helpful and encouraging, as her great circle of readers abundantly testify. She is very active with her pen, at present being connected editorially with *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Christian Herald* and *The Christian Intelligencer*.

Her last book, which has recently appeared, bears the title "Winsome Womanhood." It consists of a series of short essays depicting all the relations of home and outside life of a girl from fifteen years on through life. The style is simple, straightforward and engaging in every way, while the advice given is such as every thoughtful woman would wish her daughter to take. It is handsomely illustrated and bound. The book is heartily endorsed by some of the leading christian organizations of the country and the *Christian Endeavor World* is sending out circulars on all sides advising that it be read. We thoroughly recommend it to our readers.

Eben Holden, a tale of the North Country, by Irving Bacheller, author of "A Master of Silence." 12 mo. Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.50.

This is one of the great selling books of the year, over two hundred thousand have already left the publishing house. In a recent letter from the editor he remarked that over forty-three thousand had been sold during the week previous. Read one chapter and you will understand why the book sells so rapidly. It is a fine story. Briefly it reads thus:

"Uncle Eben" is an old hired man in Vermont, who takes a little orphan boy up on his back in a basket and journeys with him into western New York to find a new home and to escape an unpleasant relative. They find a home among good people, the boy later goes to college, turns journalist under Horace Greeley, and later joins the army. He is promptly shot at Bull Run and is returned to the waiting arms of his misunderstood and misunderstanding sweetheart. But the glory is not the excellent love story, but the wit and humor and goodness of the old Yankee man, Eben Holden. Says Edmund Clarence Stedman, "It is a forest-scented, fresh-aired, bracing and wholly American story of country and town life. If, in the far future, our successors wish to know what were the real life and atmosphere in which the country folk that saved this nation grew, loved,

wrought and had their being, they must go back to such true and zestful and poetic tales of 'fiction' as 'Snow Bound' and 'Eben Holden.'"

Squirrels and Other Fur-Bearers.—By John Burroughs, with fifteen illustrations in colors after Audubon, and a frontispiece from Life, Houghton, Mifflin & Company, New York. \$1 00

Simply reading the above announcement is enough to recommend this book to the intelligent American reader. There is no man to day who has so far aided in creating a sentiment of sympathy for the wild life in the fields and woods, as has John Burroughs. His writings of nature have been appearing in the principal magazines of the country for many years. One by one as his books have been written his publishers have gladly manufactured them and given them to the public. The present one, and to us the most interesting of all, if we dare make comparison in regard to his books, is the fourteenth which has appeared. It has fourteen chapters, each concerning itself with one particular fur-bearing animal, and the observations on them made during a long and observent life are here accurately and delightfully told. We cannot praise this book or its author too highly. The following animals are here written of: Squirrels, chipmunk, woodchuck, rabbit, muskrat, skunk, fox, weasel, mink, raccoon, porcupine, opossum and mice.

Songs of the Old South.—Verses and drawings by Howard Weeden, author of "Bandanna Ballads," and "Shadows on the Wall." Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.00.

The advancement in knowledge of making books within the past few years is one of the wonders of the age. Scores of delightfully interesting volumes are constantly appearing on the market. One of the most charming of these which we have recently seen is the one named above. Miss Weeden has here placed together an entertaining series of short poems and drawings (many colored), which Doubleday and Page have taken and made into a beautiful book. The subjects all deal with anti-slavery times among the colored people and the sentiment running through them all is well expressed in the author's prefatory note: "These modest songs and pictures, snatched from the fading remnant of a people now nearly passed away, are only valuable because the past is always precious, and only 'beautiful for being old and gone.'". A more acceptable gift book could hardly be found for gentleman or lady.

The Romance of Gilbert Holmes —An historical novel by Marshall Monroe Kirkman. The World Railway Publishing Co., 79 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill. Price, \$1.50.

Here is a book marked by strong individuality throughout. Mr. Kirkman is a lover of the old Saxon words in English and this gives his writing

a clearness, a simpleness, a racy straightforwardness that is so often lacking in much of our writing. This book is a love story of life of a day now past in the Mississippi river region and Illinois. It is a story abounding in vividly told incident of American life, brilliant, alive with human interest, aglow with passion. The movement is natural and constant, and its noteworthy feature is its reality, the historical part being true as well as the other. The author leads you into the forests, along the stream and with much of old Mother Nature's own. It is a book good to read.

The Globe Mutiny.—By Willard Lay, of Saybrook, Connecticut, and Cyrus M. Hussey, of Nantucket, the only survivors from the massacre of the ship's company by the natives. A narrative of the mutiny on board the ship "Globe," of Nantucket, in the Pacific ocean, January, 1824, and a journal of a residence of two years in the Mulgrave Islands, with observations on the manners and customs of the inhabitants. Published at New London 1828. Revised by the Abby Press, 114 Fifth avenue, New York, 1900. \$1 00.

This is an odd old book, and one which has a peculiar fascination upon the mind of the reader who cares for old-time sea tales. It contains no grain of humor, but is a straight on and on story which once begun will not be laid aside until finished. It contains a fac simile of the original title page with all of its original quaintness.

D. C. HEATH & CO., Publishers, Boston.

First Book of Geology.—By N. S. Shaler, Professor of Paleontology, Harvard University. 272 pages, with 130 figures in the text. Mailing price, in boards, forty cents.

The design of this first book in geology is to give the student of from ten to fifteen years of age a few clear, well-selected facts that may serve as a key to the knowledge of the earth. The effort is made to illustrate the principles of geology by reference to as many facts of familiar experience as possible. The first part of the book treats of the simpler phenomena of a physical sort, the movements of the water and the air, and their effect on the machinery of the earth's surface; then the simpler underground actions are taken up, such as the formation of veins, the folding of mountains, and the forces that lead to earthquakes and volcanoes. The latter half of the book is given to the history in outline of the earth's organic life, treated in a very general way. In an appendix is a brief account of certain more important mineral species, so arranged as to give the student an outline of mineralogy and some little idea of the common uses of minerals. It is the best elementary work on geology we have examined.

The American Citizen.—By Charles F. Dole. Introduction price, eighty cents.

The subject of civil government is a most important one to be presented to the youth of our country. In all the advance graded or high schools to-day it is taught in some form. Mr. Dole has in "The American Citizen" given us a book of 370 pages, which is admirably adapted for this kind of work. It treats of the art of citizenship. The following may be truthfully said to be its characteristic features: Its simplicity and clearness, its interesting style, its method, its arrangement, its choice language and its patriotism. Then, too, it is the first text-book to treat of civics from a moral standpoint. The following will give a fair conception of the manner in which the subject is treated:

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Part V.—Aims to interest the pupil in the rights and duties of nations towards each other, and in the questions of war and arbitration.

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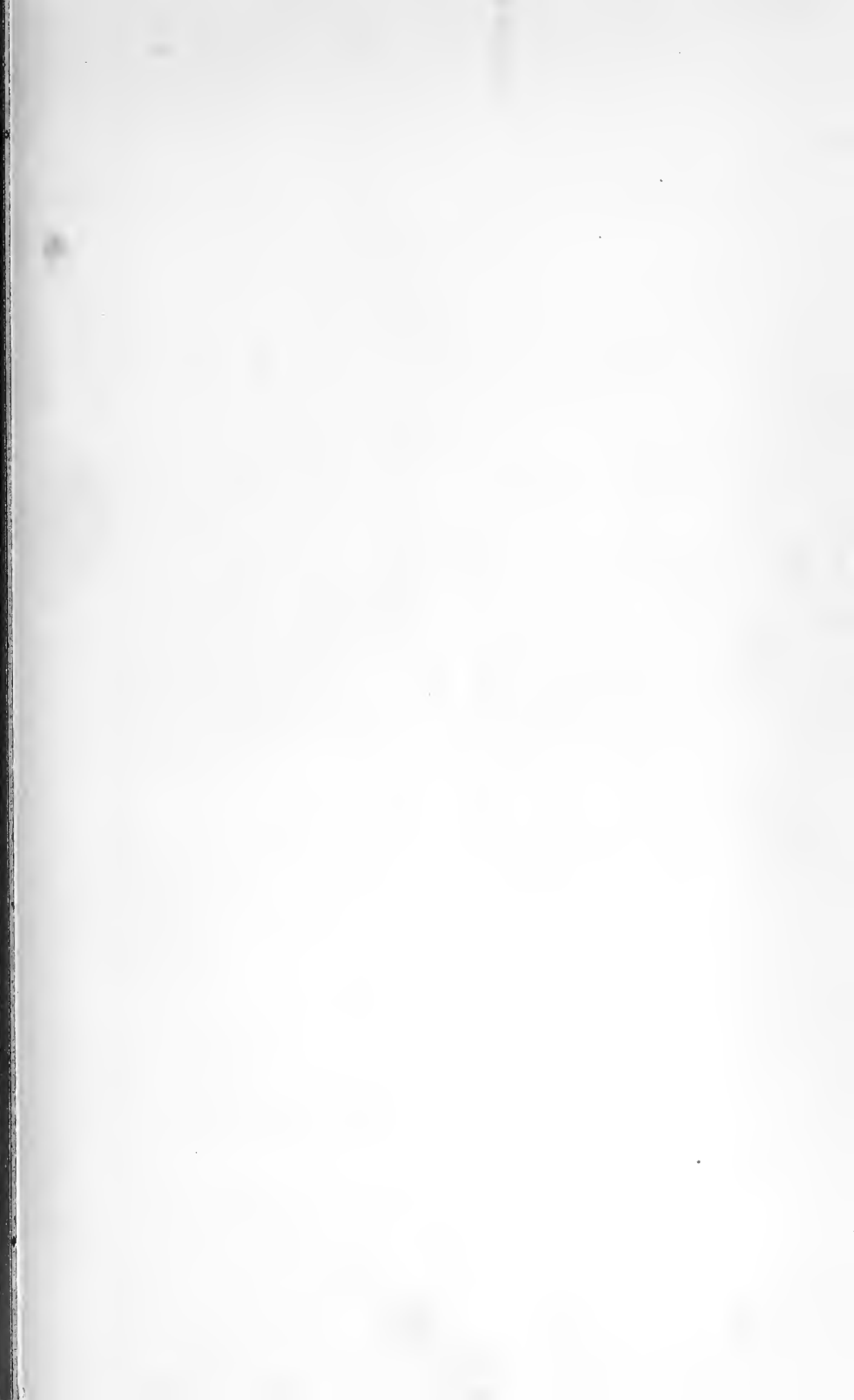
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GUILFORD COLLEGE FOOT BALL TEAM.

The Guilford Collegian.

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OBJECTIONS TO THE CULTIVATION OF MUSIC.

[A Friend who is interested in the young people of North Carolina Yearly Meeting, and who holds views on some points with which we cannot agree, has expressed a desire that the sentiments contained in the following article be presented to our readers. While we do not unite with the sentiment as a whole herein expressed, we can see no special reason why the article should not be published.—ED.]

It may be said of our natural gifts and endowments that they are loans entrusted to us by the Father of our lives. These talents are to be held by us subject to His limitations, and even to His recall of their use, whenever they give place to something better and higher. All delights and entertainments of the senses, however refined or beautiful, become dangerous to the soul when we cling to them in the place of the engagements of a higher life. The fact that they are enjoyable is no warrant to us to prefer them above the call of Him who would lead us to more spiritual joys.

That music is in itself essentially wrong, probably no one would venture to assert. The beneficent Author of nature has amply provided for the reasonable gratification of man's outward senses. The smell, taste, sight, and hearing are each supplied with objects of pleasurable sensation—the fragrance and beauty of flowers, the flavor of delicious fruits, and the melody of birds, should call forth our gratitude and admiration. The spontaneous songs of innocent little children are often sweet and touching, as coming from the heart, and we would not think of interrupting them.

But when the cultivation of music becomes an art, a large

portion of time and attention must be devoted to it, and the question arises whether the end attained is an adequate justification.

And what is the end attained? It will scarcely be denied, whatever other argument may be adduced in favor of music, that the most powerful reason for its indulgence is the pleasure which it affords the senses.

Thus merely for the gratification of taste a very large portion of time is consumed. As a result, it is natural to expect a distaste for substantial employment. It seems, therefore, not unreasonable to infer that the tendency of the cultivation of music, if carried to great extremes, is to weaken the character.

A serious objection to the cultivation of a taste for music is that when it is established there is a liability of persons becoming frequenters of operas, theatres, and ballrooms, where proficient musicians display their skill in the most attractive manner.

Alfred Cope says: "It is not in the power of music to implant a principle. It operates upon the senses and through them upon the emotions, so long as the sound lasts, and mayhap a little longer. But the effect is transient. It imparts no strength to resist temptation. It does nothing to eradicate selfishness. It does not truly soften the heart.

"The troubled spirit of Saul was often quieted by David's harp. But he was not reformed thereby, and came to bitter grief at last.

"Education ought to implant in the mind principles of obedience to authority, deference to seniors, goodwill to all. Music has no power to do this.

"If music made men virtuous we ought to see the proof in those communities where it is most cultivated, especially that which is called sacred music. The two cities of the world where this art is carried to the highest perfection are said to be Munich and Rome; and the moral corruption of the two cities is deplorable. It is the power of the Gospel, and *that only*, which can regenerate the heart."

In regard to what is termed sacred music, it may be well to premise that so nearly universal is its introduction among Christian professors, and so strong is the natural and educational prejudice in its favor, that no slight effort is required so to divest the mind of preconceived opinions as to enable a dispassionate view of the question to be taken.

Surely no one can seriously believe that the melodious sounds proceeding from the inanimate organ, will be regarded as acceptable worship by Him who delights in the sacrifices of broken hearts and contrite spirits, even though uttered in the homely language of the poor publican. Then why is it introduced? Is it not to please the itching ears of the superficial Christian professors? Music does not appear to have been used in houses of worship until nearly midnight darkness had overspread the professing church, when about the year 660 it was introduced by Pope Pitolian.

Many persons, no doubt, believe that the enrapturing strains of instrumental music really assist them in their devotions; but, if these feelings are carefully and candidly analyzed, they will be found to be of very doubtful character. The effect of music on the passions is great; and its effect may be produced in the greatest degree on those who are the furthest from worshipping or serving God. It is therefore quite possible that the feelings alluded to, so far from being those of the true worship of the Almighty, may prove on close examination, in the light of Truth, to be a self-gratifying exercise.

There is danger that a fondness for music, acquired in places of worship, leads to attendance at operas and other places where music is the central attraction. If, as claimed by many, music were a spiritual gift, it would never lead into fashionable follies.

While the Psalmist used instruments of music in connection with worship, under the old dispensation these do not appear ever to have been employed to attract others to attendance on Divine worship, or to produce emotions of devotion in the human heart. He employs song and music only for the expression of feelings already produced by the power of Grace.

Worship inspires the music which he calls for, and not music the worship.

These remarks do not apply to the use of vocal music in worship, when those who practice it do truly "sing with the Spirit and with the understanding also." But may not they who join in such exercise, without any feeling in unison with the words said or sung, really be guilty, in His sight who looketh at the heart, of speaking falsely and taking His name in vain?

Our Saviour says: "Not that which entereth into the mouth defileth the man; but the things which proceed out of the mouth come forth out of the heart; and they defile the man. For out of the mouth come forth evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, railings—these are the things that defile the man." And so in regard to the voice, which, however melodiously trained it may be, and expressing the most devout and reverent sentiments possible to be conceived; if these are not the feelings of the heart at the time they are used, they cannot be a form of true worship, in any right sense.

It is admitted that under the Divine influence, Moses and Miriam and the Israelites of old, were inspired to sing songs of praise to the Most High for deliverances from their enemies, Pharaoh and the Egyptians; that David was inspired to give utterance to the feelings of his heart in Psalms and spiritual songs; that the disciples when with our Saviour sang an hymn before going to the Mount of Olives, shortly before His crucifixion, and that the Apostle Paul with Silas sang praises unto God in prison, as did George Fox and other godly men similarly incarcerated; and that under certain conditions men and women in various ages of the world have done likewise, with Divine acceptance—but only and in all cases when under emotions begotten in their hearts by the Holy Spirit.

In regard to congregational singing, it is not likely that all those assembled will be impelled at the same moment to a spiritual song, or that all will be in the state of mind or spirit which the words of the psalms or hymns describe. Those

who think they can please the Divine Being by musical instruments, or the varied modulations of their own voices, must look upon Him as having corporeal organs, sensible like a man, of fleshly delights, and not as a Spirit who can be pleased with only the worship in Spirit and in Truth.

To sum up, we find that by association pathetic music may awaken emotions of sorrow and grief; convivial music often fosters dancing and frivolity; martial music tends to encourage war and bloodshed; while the organ in the assembly of worshippers, when formally used and at stated times, tends to substitute the enjoyment of melodious sounds for the aspirations of that soul which is touched by a Divine impression of its needs and the duties laid upon it by its Creator.

TWO CHARACTERISTICS OF WORDSWORTH.

Of the many fascinating things in Wordsworthian philosophy, that which has most interested me is the strong contrast in his poems between the peace and joyousness of external nature and the sorrow and suffering of humanity. The explanation of this contrast lies, doubtless, partly in the poet's natural genius, but still more in the surroundings of his youth and early manhood.

Such an assumption is borne out by his beautiful account, in the "Prelude" of his "poetical education". He pictures himself a happy, eager child, with hardly any human companionships; free from his earliest years to wander over the lovely hills and woods around his home. Naturally, he made companions of the birds, trees and lakes and loved them; and the joy, beauty, and strength of nature, as he perceived them with the glad eyes of boyhood, sank into his sensitive soul and became part of his life. As an illustration of this, one passage in the first book of the "Prelude" is hardly better than another, but the following may be taken as representative:

Thus oft amid those bits of vulgar joy,
Which, through all seasons, on a child's pursuits
Are prompt attendants, 'mid that giddy bliss,
Which, like a tempest, works along the blood
And is forgotten; even then I felt
Gleams like the flashing of a shield—the earth
And common face of Nature spoke to me
Rememberable things; sometimes, 'tis true,
By chance collisions and quaint accidents,
Yet not vain
Nor profitless if haply they impressed—
Collateral objects and appearances,
Albeit lifeless then and doomed to sleep
Until maturer seasons called them forth
To impregnate and to elevate the mind.
And if the vulgar joy by its own weight

Wearied itself out of memory,
The scenes, which were a witness of that joy,
Remained in their substantial linaments
Depicted on the brain.

His joy on returning from Cambridge to his native country
in the summer shows how deep was its influence over him:

When first I made
Once more the circuit of our little lake,
If ever happiness hath lodged with man,
That day consummate happiness was mine,
Wide-spreading, steady, calm, contemplative.

Again, in the same summer, he thus describes his feeling
one glorious dawn:

Ah! need I say, dear Friend, that to the brim
My heart was full; I made no vows, but vows
Were made for me; bond unknown to me
Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,
A dedicated Spirit. On I walked
In thankful blessedness, which yet survives.

To such a gentle, happy soul, coming into the world of men with all the confidence of youth, human sin and suffering would inevitably and under any circumstances be something of a surprise and a shock. He would naturally recoil from the spectacle before him. The public events of Wordsworth's youth, however, greatly increased the force of the shock and the recoil. After leaving Cambridge he went on the continent and there became thoroughly imbued with the ideas of the French Revolution, which stirred his enthusiastic nature to its depths. He threw himself zealously and generously on the side of the common people, doubting their sincerity and their ability to carry out the ideals of Liberty and Reason no more than he doubted those ideals themselves. It is easy to see, then, how the orgy of weakness, selfishness, and violence in the French Republic staggered him, and how, when at last his own beloved England joined the allies in an attempt completely to crush that Republic, he was plunged into despair.

For a time he sought in vain for relief. At last he turned again to the joy and solace of his childhood:

Nature's self,
 By all varieties of human love
 Assisted, led me back through opening day
 To those sweet counsels between head and heart,
 Whence grew that genuine knowledge, fraught with peace,
 Which, though the later sinking of this cause,
 Hath still upheld me, and upholds me now.

I saw the Spring return and could rejoice,
 In common with the children of her love.

* * * * * * *

So neither were complacency, nor peace,
 Nor tender yearnings, wanting for my good
 Through these distracted times; in Nature still
 Glorifying, I found a counterpoise in her,
 Which, when the spirit of evil reached its height,
 Maintained for me a secret happiness.

To this "second love," as he calls it, Wordsworth ever remained true, uniting the simplicity, eagerness and passion of his boyish devotion with the intellectual force and poetic power of his manhood. Nature had now far deeper meanings for him, but she was still full of joy and peace. What were these meanings is perhaps best expressed in the well known "Lintern Abbey:"

And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
 A motion and a spirit that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
 A lover of the meadows and the wood,
 And mountains.

Well pleased to recognize
 In Nature and the language of the sense,

The author of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
 The Guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul,
 Of all my moral being.

* * * * *

Knowing that Nature never did betray
 The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead
 From joy to joy.

It does not seem strange, then, that Wordsworth as poet should sing of the best that Nature had given him; nor does it seem strange that the continual joy of the external world, on the one hand, and on the other the griefs and sufferings of humanity should throw each other into relief and perhaps even exaggerate each other in his mind. Perhaps, also, the mystery of the contrast fascinated him; and it is clear that his sympathetic nature led him to think much of the sorrows of his fellowman. Sometimes, again, his motive seems purely artistic—men and women are but figures in his pictures of Nature. Whatever his reasons for it, the fact remains.

In view of this sense of the sorrow of man, of the gladness of Nature, one might question whether the latter is not, in Wordsworth's philosophy, the balm of the former. We have seen in passages quoted above, and in the following, that for Wordsworth himself such was the case:

If, in this time
 Of dereliction and dismay, I yet
 Despair not of our nature, but retain
 A more than Roman confidence, a faith
 That fails not, in all sorrow my support,
 The blessing of my life—the gift is yours,
 Ye winds and sounding cataracts! 'tis yours,
 Ye mountains, thine, O Nature! Thou has fed
 My lofty speculations; and in thee,
 For this uneasy heart of ours, I find
 A never-failing principle of joy
 And purest passion.

And the consolation Wordsworth found in Nature was really in Nature, and was not projected, so to speak, from his own

mind. This is proved by the fact that when he brought to her a mind in which the results of the French Revolution had left no confidence, peace, nor joy, she restored him, as we have seen, to happiness. Is Nature, then, a sufficient consoler for all men? Wordsworth does not say so unqualifiedly, nor does he, in descriptions of people, often picture them as consoled by her. In order to receive from Nature, man, he seems to show, must also give. In "Lintern Abbey" the poet speaks of

All the mighty world
Of eye and ear * * *
Both what they half create and what perceive.

So, then, it is for the one who brings an appreciative heart that this consolation is really sufficient—in other words, for the man of genius.

From Nature doth emotion come, and moods
Of calmness equally are Nature's gift;
This is her glory; these two attributes
Are sister horns that constitute her strength.
Hence Genius, born to thrive by interchange
Of peace and excitation, finds in her
His best and purest friend; from her receives
That energy by which he seeks the truth,
From her that happy stillness of the mind
Which fits him to receive it when unsought.

In the next stanza, however, he adds:

Such benefit the humblest intellects
Partake of, each in their degree.

If Wordsworth, all his life the interpreter of Nature, knowing the depth and fullness of her power—if ever man knew it—if he says "each in their degree," we can go no further than that. For the ordinary man, doubtless, there cannot be in Nature that strong feeling of the Divine, that fullness of joy, love, even life itself, which Wordsworth found, but even we of "humble intellect" may, if we will, catch golden glimpses of the things which this own child of the woods and hills had seen.

ADA FIELD, '98.

SKETCH.

THE SILENT WATCHER.

'Twas a bitter cold February morning. The ground was all covered with snow, and the ice that had been hanging on the trees for three days past showed no signs of letting go. The vapor-laden atmosphere of the car formed frost on the glass of the windows so thick that one could not see outside without brushing off the gray coating with hand or handkerchief.

As we rolled along through the beautiful country from Nashville toward Chattanooga, my friend and I noticed just in front of us a nice, gentlemanly old fellow, of the picturesque antebellum type. His traveling companion was a young lady who seemed to be passing along that way for the first time. Our old gentleman, however, seemed to be perfectly familiar with the country, and was pointing out to his young friend all the interesting and historical places through which we passed, at the same time entertaining her with stories or events connected with them.

We stopped at a little station and just opposite the depot we noticed a small cottage. Here our entertaining old gentleman pointed out a full grown but simple-looking man who stood in the snow half way between the yard fence and the railway track.

"Yes," he was saying, "yes, that is the boy, of whom you have perhaps heard. He was once watching for his father to come home on the trains. But his father was killed a short way down the road, and when the train came in some of the men carried the body past the waiting boy into the cottage. The boy, though grown to a man's size, has never recovered from the terrible shock, but has always believed that his father would come on the next train. So he has met the trains for years, waiting for his father's return; always disappointed, yet always hoping to meet him the next time."

As we passed on and left this sad, wistful and disappointed watcher, all the passengers were filled with pity, and for several moments no one spoke.

J.

SHORT SKETCHES OF BIRD LIFE.

A ROBIN'S NEST.

One day last Spring, as I sat by my window reading, my attention was attracted by a little bird working busily at its nest. Laying aside my book I gave my entire attention to the bird, which, never suspecting any one was watching, labored faithfully on.

I wondered where the male was, for I did not see him anywhere. At last, however, the joyous note of some bird made me look about, and I discovered him sitting high on a swinging bough singing merrily.

I wondered, as I sat gazing out of the open window, why the male did not assist in the building of the nest. My conclusion was that he was either too lazy or that the female had rather hear him sing while she worked.

About this time I had to be away from home for several days, and on returning I was surprised to find the nest almost completed. And a nest it was, for a more substantial one I have never seen. It was in the fork of a large limb, thus having a sure foundation. The sides of the nest were no less substantial, for they were thoroughly daubed with clay, which became hardened in the sun.

In due time the nest was finished, and a week later when I climbed the old apple tree I found five blue eggs. The old bird was away at the time getting her dinner, so she did not see my trespassing. I did not disturb the eggs or the nest as some boys might have done, for I had climbed up merely to see them.

Two weeks passed, during which time either the male or the female sat faithfully on the nest. I noticed that usually about noon the male, having eaten his dinner, would take charge while his mate found something for herself. This custom is different from that of most male birds, which never sit on the nest at all.

One morning I saw the mother bird fly to the nest with

something in her bill. Then I knew the eggs were hatched, and climbing again to the nest I saw five little naked birds with mouths wide open.

Now came the most interesting time of all, when the old birds were busy feeding their young. Every few minutes one of the parents would come to the nest with something for their babies. This must have been a tiresome task, though they did not mind it, for they were working for their children.

This work continues daily for about two weeks. Then one morning I noticed that two of the young birds were out of the nest; and the next day the old home was vacant. They had flown out into the world to make a living for themselves.

Many an interesting hour had I spent watching these birds, but now they were gone. However, it was only to return again the next year, when the same process would be repeated and another nest of little robins would be taught to fly from the same old apple tree.

THE STOLEN NEST.

We are often made glad in the early Spring time by watching the little birds as they gather material and fly with it to some secluded spot which they have carefully chosen for a nest. The one, however, that I am going to tell you about was not discovered until it was quite complete and had four little nestlings in it. The discovery came about in this way: One hot afternoon in May the school children had been dismissed for recess, and were busily playing hide-and-seek about an old barn. One of the boys, George Cameron, while hidden, noticed a wren with a worm in her mouth fly down near him. He was interested at once, but kept very still until the old bird darted into a tar-bucket which had been placed on a cross-piece in the shed. George was just in the act of slipping to it when the seekers found him. He dared make no further attempt then, lest the others should see him, but his interest in the game had gone.

The bell soon rang, and to George's delight all the children went stamping off to the house, not noticing that he lingered behind. As soon as they were in the school-room he went straight to the bucket, took it down and, sure enough, there was a nest which seemed to be full of little yellow mouths. George was wild with excitement; he wanted those birds, and began to plan at once how he might take them and not be found out.

He went sauntering off to the house, however, and entered, seemingly awakèning no suspicion among the other students.

At the back side of the room was an old desk; the rod had been broken and this allowed the seat to swing down, thus forming, so George thought, an excellent hiding place. Just before the close of school, without being detected, he crept behind it, and was scarcely hid when the bell tapped and the children rushed for their hats, caps, bonnets, and buckets. When all was quiet, the would-be thief crawled out, raised the window, and quickly made his way to the old barn again. Soon the bucket was down; the nest of birds carefully lifted out and hidden away in George's basket. The parent birds were flying wildly about and making shrill cries, but George was soon out of their sight.

When he reached home the others of the family were at supper, thus giving George a good chance to hide his treasure in his own room. He then went out to chop wood, and when called to supper replied that his head hurt and he didn't feel like eating. His kind mother had him to stop chopping until his head was better. He went into his room and was just seated with the birds when his mother entered. In answer to her inquiry, he replied that he had found the nest on the ground. She was, however, a little suspicious, but he declared he could show her the *very tree* from which he had taken the nest. After giving him a long talk, she sent him, accompanied by his little sister, to replace the nest. With a sad heart and a guilty conscience George retraced his steps until he came to a hickory tree by the roadside; here he stopped, climbed up and showed his sister the "very place" where he

found it. Here the little birds were left to die, and not until after George was a grown young man did he tell his sister of the wrong he had done.

LUCILLA HARDIN.

THE STORY OF A BIRD'S NEST.

One day last Spring I noticed two wrens that kept flying in and out of the woodshed. I wondered what they could be about. In a little while I saw that one of them had a twig in its mouth. It was not long before the other came bringing a blade of grass. Then I knew they were making a nest. I soon went away, for fear they might discover me and build in another place.

It was four or five weeks before I went to see the nest. I found in it seven little birds with wide-open mouths. I suppose they heard me, and thinking it was one of their parents were ready to swallow whatever they might bring them. The old birds now began to fly about me, and sometimes, when they thought I was getting too near they would fly at my face.

After a few days the young birds began to jump and tried to fly. I was very small then, and not knowing how tender the little birds were, I caught one of them to play with. Just as I was putting it down I noticed that one of its tiny legs was broken and bleeding. I was very sorry that I had been so careless, yet I didn't know what to do. Finally, having decided to dress the wound, I straightened the broken limb the best I knew how and wrapped a string around it. After giving the bird something to eat I placed it out on a limb. I don't know whether it got well or not. I never saw it any more. But for several years I saw two little wrens come to the same nest, and while the female bird sat on the eggs the male would sit near and sing. I watched them with much interest, and was always glad when the month of May came, for I liked to hear them sing and watch them feed their young. They have not occupied the nest for two or three years, so sometime ago, when I took it down to examine it, I found that it was made of leaves, feathers, moss, oak-blossoms, grass, and fibrous roots. The last lining, very soft and warm, had been a snug little bud for the soft, delicate birds.

ROSA BALLINGER.

A BOB-WHITE FAMILY.*

One bright Spring morning while the grass and leaves were yet heavy with dew, and the air was still as if the world was hushed in the presence of such a perfect day, a fine male partridge walked the top rail of a farm fence and loudly whistled his favorite note. "Bob-white, bob-white," he seemed to say.

Over the meadow land and the corn field floated the call. Down the lane and through the plum orchard it rang, until it reached the ears of Farmer Levering standing in the doorway of his house. A smile rested on the good man's face, for forty years of toil in the fields had not worn from his heart the love he bore for living nature. He was soothed by the quiet morning, and the warming sunshine, and the dew on the cornfield and the whistle of the partridge ringing through it all, while memories of other days floated through his mind.

The farmer's son also heard the note and paused to listen as he saddled his horse. He, too, smiled, but thought of the Autumn and the time for dogs and guns. Perhaps the old barred owl in his hollow hickory in the bottomland woods drowsily heard the sound and twisted his wise old face into a smile, and licked the inside of his bill at the thoughts which came before he dozed off again into dreamland.

There was still another that heard the whistle. This was a plump female quail on the ground not far away. Whether she smiled is not recorded, for she remained hidden in the grass and admiringly watched the splendid appearance of the figure on the fence. Quietly she answered in the low, ladylike manner of her sex.

For half an hour the partridge on the rail remained at his post, calling and indulging in much self-satisfied strutting, which showed the brilliancy of his feathers to good advantage. Then, the dew having partially dried, he flew down and led his mate

*Chapter XIV, from "Stories of Bird Life," by T. Gilbert Pearson. Illustrated, 12mo. In Press, B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, Richmond, Va.

away through the grass and beneath the overhanging leaves of the growing corn. By bounteous attention and expressions of affection he paid his tribute to the god of bird love, as winged creatures have done ever since the days when birds first sang, and loved, and mated.

Ah! those which followed were glorious days about the Levering farm. For the voices of many spring birds filled the fields, and the swamp lands, and the pine forests all about, and the quail with his mate lived and whistled and, on tireless legs, roved through it all.

Close to a rail fence the nest was built beneath a bunch of grass, and day by day, for nearly two weeks the white eggs it contained grew in number. Then for many days the mother brooded over her treasures, keeping them warm and guarding the nest from danger. Her mate fed her and at times even sat in the nest while the tired one went away to exercise and search for food.

Out into the field one day the parents came with their family of babies. Thirteen little brown, fuzzy, down-covered balls were these chicks, for all the eggs had hatched. It was only that day that each white shell had opened before the vigorous pecking of the little bird inside, and let out its prisoner. No weaklings were these bob-whites. They had no notion of remaining in the nest and being fed like young sparrows. No sooner had the sun and wind dried their downy coats than they were ready and anxious to start afield with their parents.

Great was the anxiety of the old ones that day, for they had so many duties to perform. Nourishment must be found for mouths which as yet had never tasted food. The grass must be watched for lurking cat or skunk, or gliding snake. One eye must be kept open for dogs or men. The sky must be watched for the murderous hawk, while all the time great care must be exercised to keep the family together.

As Farmer Levering was crossing the meadow he heard, a short distance in advance, the rapidly repeated warning clucks of a partridge. At the same moment he caught sight of a number of small downy objects, hurrying with low whistling cries

in all directions. Hardly were they seen before all had disappeared. Beneath blades of grass, under the edges of upturned clods, lying flat in the open, anywhere, everywhere they had hidden. As if by magic all had vanished, and search as carefully as he might not one could be found. Two adult birds, apparently in great pain and distress, were fluttering along the ground eight or ten yards away.

The farmer did not follow or attempt to catch these shrewd old parents. Well did he know their secret, nor would he have harmed either the old birds or their young. It was a beautiful sight to him, this devotion of the parents, as they recklessly risked their lives for their offspring.

The kind man passed on, thinking with joy of the partridge family and the good they would do on the farm that summer if mishap did not befall them. He thought of the numbers of harmful insects they would destroy; of the potato bugs they would kill; of the hosts of cutworm moths they would eat, and the quantities of noxious weed seeds they would consume. "They are a great blessing to my farm," he said, "and not one word of evil have I ever heard spoken against them."

Many are the troubles which visit the young bird's pathway of life. A limit has been set upon the undue increase of any species of bird, and this is a law of Nature: *The number of young brought into the world by a species varies with the destructiveness of its natural enemies*, and so it is that the robin lays few eggs and the quail many. The second day out from the nest, one of the little bob-whites was stepped upon by a horse galloping about the pasture. The next day one sickened and died. A third was caught by a prowling cat. Another fell into a deep hole and never got out again.

When some weeks had passed and the young had learned much about taking care of themselves, the mother suddenly forsook the family. Close beside a rarely used road which ran through the open pine woods, she scratched a slight hollow in the ground at the base of a small pine, lined and covered it over with grass and there laid another setting of eggs. In due time a second brood appeared. Fifteen more little fuzzy balls of

life started on that long journey, fraught with so much danger, from the days of down toward the days of feathers.

Scarcely had their mother led them from the nest when a storm came on. For hours the rain fell in torrents. Water ran everywhere. The road was turned into a stream. In the woods it stood in pools. Night closed down and the storm continued. In vain did the anxious partridge strive to cover and protect her brood. The water rose under her. The little ones became soaked and chilled ; some were drowned outright. When the light came again and the rain had ceased only six small voices were able to chirp a feeble response to their mother's calls.

The two families, now depleted in numbers, united. Father and mother, big brothers and sisters, and little brothers and sisters, all associated together. When danger came near, the young of the first brood would take wing and seek safety in flight. On sounding pinions they would burst away with a loud whir, from the very feet of the astonished intruder. Rising but a few yards from the earth they would soar rapidly away to a safe distance and alight again on the ground. The baby ones would run, peeping to the nearest leaf, or stick, or bunch of grass beneath which they could hide.

Thus living together they spent the Summer, making their daily rounds through meadow, and field, and forest, the parents ever watchful for enemies, the young growing larger, swifter of foot, and stronger of wing, while each hour bore them further and further from the days of babyhood.

II.

One evening the bob-white family settled to roost among the long wire grass which grows everywhere in the pine woods. The tall trees about wore their habitual coverings of slender green needles, but the bright colors which painted the leaves of the deciduous trees at the back of the farm quickly revealed to the eye that Autumn had come.

Only twelve of the partridge family of thirty now remained. Their history, like the history of every bird family, had been

a series of tragedies, as one by one their numbers fell a prey to some enemy, a fate which sooner or later must befall even the strongest and the swiftest bird. This afternoon they had been feeding in the field, eating weed seeds as well as grains of corn which had been left on the ground at harvesting. As insects become less numerous in the fall, the birds must depend more and more on a diet of this character.

All in a bunch the covey of partridges crouched with their tails together and heads pointed outward in all directions. The farmer's dog, while scouting about with no apparent object passed near them. In an instant they were all upon the wing, each taking a separate course. Two of the number did not come to earth, but flew up on the lower limb of a pine nearby. In a few minutes the "scatter call," consisting of two or three low, anxious notes, was being sounded as the members of the disunited family sought each other again before going to sleep.

One of the birds in the pine tree tarried for a time on his new found perch. Just what happened to him will never be written. But this much is known, the big swamp owl was very noisy that night, and his calls were answered by another which was not his mate. The old inhabitant appeared to be quarreling with a stranger, as at this season of the year many barred owls come into the country and swell the owl census considerably. Indeed, so boisterous did the two become that an old colored man living on the place remarked, "De ole swamp owl am sure mad at somethen tonight." The next morning while riding along the border of the swamp I was surprised to find a large barred owl sitting on the ground in a most dejected manner. Its wings drooped listlessly and the top of its head was bare of feathers and the skin was raw and bleeding. Evidently it had experienced a terrible whipping. Bob-white feathers were scattered about.

I took the wounded owl upon the horse with me, but he died within a mile, sitting on the pommel of my saddle. His stomach contained no signs of a partridge feast, although I strongly suspect he knew what became of the solitary bird

which alighted on the swinging pine bough. Perhaps he had caught it, but before he could eat his victim had been robbed of his booty by the old swamp owl, who had devoured it after giving its captive a rare beating. At any rate, the swamp owl's calls the next night indicated that he was still alive and apparently happy.

The young were now full grown, and a covey of prettier, plumper partridges could not have been found in the country about. Sometimes the chickens, when wandering about the fields would meet the bob-whites and all would hunt and feed together. Once they went back together to the farm yard. It was a still Sunday afternoon and all was quiet about the house and barn. The old cat lay out on the shed roof asleep in the sunshine. The boy, wearing his best clothes, had gone away with the horse and buggy some time before. The dog was nowhere in sight. In company with the hens the partridges scratched and wandered about the yard.

Just back of the kitchen was the potato house, a small log structure partially sunk in the ground and roofed with bark. Through the open door of this a hen jumped to the floor two feet below. Others followed and soon one of their small friends joined them.

As the farmer chanced to be crossing his yard, he heard a commotion among his hens at the rear of the house and also saw the quail family running down the garden fence. Approaching the door of the potato house he beheld a bob-white running with low, anxious notes back and forth at the far end and vainly seeking some opening for escape. Creeping toward it with lowered head and twitching tail was the ever-hungry house cat.

With a loud "scat" the man sprang forward. He soon held the trembling partridge in his hands. For a few moments he kept it to admire its beauty. The shining coat, the beautiful beaming dark eyes, and the short, stout beak all spoke to him of elegance and usefulness. It was a female, he knew by the buff color on its throat and head. Had it been a male these feathers would have been white. Her heart beat

in quick, heavy throbs against his hand. With all his heart he pitied his prisoner, and soon raising high his hands let go the bird. Away she went speeding across the yard and over the garden, her short round wings bearing her at a rapid rate. Far down the field the farmer watched her fly until with a turn and a flutter she dropped into the grass by the rail fence. Long did the memory of that day's fright burn in her mind, and greater grew her distrust of cats and men.

The season for gunning was approaching. Already the farmer's son had been hunting gray squirrels in the thick woods back of the farm, and one day he shot a large black fox squirrel from a pine near where the bob-whites were crouching in nervous anxiety. Soon their turn came. The covey had just crossed from the pine woods into the peanut field which was being well rooted by the fattening hogs, when they became aware that they were being watched. With a warning cry the father bird ran, followed quickly by the others. When they were well in line running down a furrow near the fence there was a loud "bang," and three of their number died in a great agony of fluttering.

It was unsportsmanlike, this shot of the farmer's son. Some men would not have fired until the birds had taken wing, thus giving them a chance, at least, for their lives. But this hunter secured partridge meat by his course and that was what he wanted. From this time on a more diligent watch was kept for men with guns.

Lured one bright day by the number of peas to be found in the upper end of the field, the flock wandered farther than was their custom. In the midst of their feeding a low warning note from one of their number indicated danger. No running this time. Up and away they sped with lightning-like rapidity. Whither they did not stop to consider, their only desire being to escape.

"Bang, bang," sounded the gun, but every bird kept straight on. Over the garden fence they went. The farmhouse had recently been repainted. Whether its white sides deceived them, or, whether, being blinded by the sunlight,

they saw not their danger, would probably be difficult to explain, but straight against the south side of the building several of them flew headlong with resounding raps. Half-stunned and breathless the frightened birds crept across the yard and through the fence—all but one, which lay dead and bleeding by the house.

Much of happiness the bob-white family knew, although there was as much of watchfulness, and anxiety, and sudden terror mingled with their joy. One of their number was taken in a trap and carried away to the kitchen, along with a Carolina dove captured the same day. Another was chased by a hawk and made its escape only by flying directly into the open stable door, much to the astonishment of the hens that were scratching there.

Still another was struck by a shot that fatal day in the peanut field, but had been able to make its escape with the others. When cover was reached it had picked the feathers out of the wound in its side and cleared away the blood, doing the best it knew for its hurt. But the heavy sickening pain in its body continued and grew. All day it crouched trembling or ran on after the others when the dread of being left alone came upon it. It tried to ease its pain by eating certain berries or leaves which old Mother Nature whispered in its ear might be well. Through the long hours of that Autumn day it knew no joy, only sorrow was in its heart, and a great fever was in its brain, and a swimming dizziness was in its eyes. At times it struck with its beak hard and wantonly into the ground where it lay, as if seeking a solace there. A choking thirst almost stifled the piteous notes of complaint which at times escaped.

As the evening came down the gathering call of the family sounded over in the field. The bird endeavored to rise, but the exertion only resulted in spasms of pain and it lay hopelessly fanning the ground with its wings. Oh! the agony of that day, and the hours yet to follow! The dews of night, which soon began to gather, revived the bird a little, but this only made it more conscious of its sickness as the hours of

darkness wore on. There it lay alone beating out its life in the forest. There was no sound save the sounds of the night, the singing of the crickets in the grass, the croaking of the frogs down in the swamp, and the baying of the farmer's dog.

Gliding through the grass among the shadows of the pine trees, here and there, but ever nearer and yet nearer to where the stricken bird lay, came something which seemed itself the merest suggestion of a slender shadow. Its nose touched the ground, the grass blades, it raised and sniffed the air as on it moved. A slight sound reached the bird's ears, its head turned, and close by in the darkness blazed the two small red eyes of its most dreaded enemy—weasel, the bloodthirsty. With a desperate spring the partridge fluttered wildly away. One, two, three yards it had gone and then, the soft arms of weasel, the bloodthirsty, closed about its neck. Two sets of sharp teeth met, there was a despairing cry, a flutter of wings and the night sounds in the forest went on, the song of the crickets, the croaking of the frogs, and the barking of the dog.

III.

The days of the Winter months were drawing to a close. One afternoon late in February the bob-white family, now numbering only eight, was lying in the sand of a road which ran through the woods half a mile from the farm; they scratched and kicked the warm dry dust upon their sides and backs, and had the delicious pleasure of feeling it scatter and shift down between their feathers. The sun yet rode high in the heavens and the day was warm, for in this Southland but little frost comes to chill the earth, and snow is unknown.

While thus they lay and drank deeply of the bliss of existence, the sky gradually became overcast and a thin haze settled in among the pines. It tainted the air for the nostrils, and clung burning to the eye and eyelids. More overcast became the sky, thicker through the trees drifted the smarting haze, while deep and low came an ominous rumbling, borne before the breast of the west wind.

The partridges lay still and watched and listened. The darkness grew. The rumbling increased to a roar, now mingled with a medley of snapping, crackling, crashing sounds. The birds arose and shook the dust from their sides. The forest was on fire.

Along the west and girting about to the north and south came roaring and rushing the burning flames, the fierce devouring wolves of the fire king. Like an immense pack in some mad race they came rushing on in great leaps, eating down the high hat grass, tossing up their fiery tongues and snapping and snarling in their hideous work. Wrapping about the small trees they quickly stripped them of their foliage and climbed high up the bark of the tall pines, scorching and killing the slender green leaves one hundred feet from the ground. The forest had not been burned over for four years and the accumulated carpet of pine needles with all their rosin, together with the tall dead grass, was a great feast for the fire.

Dense volumes of smoke arose, which at times drifted low and shut from view the oncoming flames. A flicker flew by fleeing for his life. High above the tree tops the Arredondo sparrowhawk and his mate circled, calling through the sky, striking upon the wing many of the insects which were endeavoring to escape from the consuming furnace beneath. With low notes of uneasiness the bob-whites turned and ran, but the flames gaining upon them they took wing and sped away toward the fields to the east. But, alas, their only course of escape was cut off.

To save his fences, the farmer had set a back fire, which now with savage roar came leaping to meet the wild fire from the forest. The helpless birds dropped to earth, for they had never learned to soar high enough to pass this circling volcano of fire and smoke.

Near the spot where two of them pitched was the home of a gopher turtle, a hole dug deep in the earth by this land reptile of the Southern pine woods. A gray fox, exhausted with speeding before the fire came panting by; it saw the hole, paused a moment, then crept far down its darkened course.

The two birds, moved by some impulse, followed their dreaded enemy into the earth for a yard or more, and crouched trembling in the sand.

A moment later the fire wolves swept over them with their awful fierceness, sending down their hot breath threateningly into the gopher's hole. For a moment the birds' lives swayed in the balance, then the fire passed on and they were saved.

Again the land throbs with the life of springtime. The heavy dew rests on the corn blades and grasses, while ringing through orchard and forest floats the whistle of a bob-white. The farmer hearkens with joy to the well known call, but the memory of Nature's inexorable law of the birds comes forcibly to his mind, for of all the partridges of his farm the summer before, but a single pair remains.

A BIT OF LOCAL HISTORY.

To those of us who know nothing of war from actual experience and who get all of our information second hand, it is not much more than a succession of long marches, hard-fought battles, the taking of forts and the sinking of ironclads.

Our serious historians tell us very little about some of the things we would like to know. They write all about economic conditions, of political movements and of great social changes. When they tell us of a war, they give the causes that led up to it, the material wealth and military power of the contestants, the number of fighting men, the sagacity of the various leaders, the movement of large armies and the lasting effects of the war on the nations involved in it. They tell us something of the suffering of the invaded territory and the starvation endured by the women and children, but this part of it is not usually full nor satisfactory.

The newspaper correspondents tell us much of camp life, of privation, of suffering heroically endured, and of friendships formed which can never be broken. We like to read their accounts, because they have a personal interest. While they have much to say of armies and generals, still they introduce us to individual, private men both in camp and in action.

There are some places, however, where the serious historian does not investigate and where the war correspondent never comes. There are sometimes facts of local significance, which, unless they are embodied in some novel or story of more than ordinary merit, are scarcely known even in the locality where they occurred.

During the Civil War, along the border States, there were not a few Northern sympathizers. Some of them joined the Union army, while others remained at home, refusing to fight on either side. In North Carolina there were many men of peace principles, who not only refused to fight, but who aided in any way they could those who for any reason whatever refused to join the Confederate army.

In nearly every community there were a few men, who, for one reason or another, refused to stay in the army. Some of them had never gone to the army at all, some had served as substitutes for other men, and some were deserters. Besides these, there were to be found, during the years '64 and '65, a few Union soldiers who had escaped from Southern prisons and who were making their way to the Northern States.

From time to time the Confederate government sent out detachments of soldiers for the purpose of capturing these men and taking them back to the front, either for service, or punishment or for imprisonment. The Home Guards, which was a local organization composed of men who were not eligible for the regular service, was often active, also, in trying to arrest these dodgers and to turn them over to the military authorities. They were not bushwhackers in the commonly accepted meaning of the word. They committed very little robbery, did not steal from the people as a general thing, and were merely, as they termed it, "fighting under General Green," General Green, of course, being the woods.

Gen Green's soldiers usually carried a squirrel rifle, and they did some hunting and fishing. Usually they kept together in small bands, numbering eight or ten. They had places where they met together occasionally for a social good time, and they also had places where they could hide when the Guards were out.

When there was not much danger of detection or capture they worked in the crops, or, if a man had a trade, he worked at his trade, doing jobs for the people in the immediate vicinity. Most of the people were friendly towards them, giving them food, when they were in need of it, keeping them informed as to the movements of the guards, and offering them the protection of their homes in severe or rainy weather.

The counties of Randolph and Guilford had quite a number of men who were lying out in this way. The immediate neighborhood of Guilford College had its full share. In fact, almost in sight of the campus are two places where holes or caves were dug, where men could hide in times of danger.

These caves were dug straight down into the ground and then extended to one side. A ladder generally led down into the retreat. The openings were covered with a sort of trap door, which was carefully concealed by a covering of brush and leaves. No paths led to a cave like this, and there were no broken twigs or marked trees to indicate that there was such a place in existence. The one just above what was once known as the "College Pond," was dug a little at a time, the earth being carried carefully down to the creek and thrown in whenever there came a rain. It was thrown in while the creek was up so that no one would suspect the whereabouts of the cave, from the muddiness of the water.

Soon after the war was over this cave fell in, burying a jug, some shovels and other tools. Some one has dug down there recently and has found these tools almost rusted away. The jug was broken in digging it out.

Sometimes the refugees had little skirmishes with the Guards, and, sometimes, somebody would be hurt. Occasionally a capture would be made, and once in a while some man would be shot in trying to escape. One time a man who had served as another man's substitute for several years, and who was at home on French leave, was surprised, and in trying to get away was shot. He did not recover from the wound, but died a few months later.

One Sunday afternoon about eight or ten of our fellows were gathered at a house not far from the road to Pomona, having a social chat, when they were surprised by a squad of Confederate soldiers. They ran, however, and got away to a small brick house, which they held, in spite of a hail of bullets and swearing from the regulars. The Guards left, and the crowd scattered as soon as they knew the soldiers had gone entirely away.

These are just a few instances of the many like occurrences which could be related. While they seem almost like comedy to us, the scenes were very real to those who took part in them.

Times have changed, and they remain only in memory.

J.

SYMPOSIUM.

STOPPING THE TRAIN.

In my young days, like most healthy lads, I had a great relish for stories of daring deeds. Naturally, this kind of literature somewhat affected my ways of thinking, and I longed at times to be the hero in some rare or startling scene.

One of the most interesting stories to which I listened in those days was an account of a western train robbery. But it contained, as I believed, a gross misstatement, a thing which my skeptical mind refused to accept, and this was that a train had been stopped while running at full speed by simply waving a lighted lantern across the track. And so a desire grew within me to demonstrate my belief. My older brother who also had heard the story was likewise impressed, and thus it came about that our plot was formed.

The C. & N-W. passenger train which passed our home each evening was settled on as a suitable object for our experiment. Under some pretext we left the house at the necessary time, and, with a lighted lantern, proceeded toward the railroad. At the barn we stopped to further perfect our arrangements and to rehearse our performance. Several times I dashed puffing around the corner of the barn while brother attempted to wave me down in train robber style. All this was extremely funny, but fearing that father might discover us and ask for an explanation of our queer actions, we soon hastened on our mission.

The scene vividly passes before me now. I well remember the night, a dark and cloudy one. Brother led me by the hand as we picked our way through the darkness. Nervous with our rising excitement, we reached the railroad without meeting any one who might have suspected our object. As the supreme moment approached a great fear began to steal over me, suppose the train might stop! The few moments of waiting passed like hours. My legs trembled under me and I feared they would even cease to render their usual service. I could see, too, that brother was also becoming restless. The

awful reality of the possible consequences of such a deed began to press upon me, but now was no time to turn back as the falseness of the newspaper story must be demonstrated.

Presently, with a roar the great iron horse with its blazing eye, rounded the bend and bore down upon us. Brother, acting as master of ceremonies, bravely swung the lighted lantern to and fro across the track. Instantly, to our utter consternation, the keen blast of the locomotive whistle rent the air. We knew the significance of that signal, and also knew that it would not be expedient for us to tarry. Putting out the light we ran frantically away from the track and secreted ourselves behind an embankment to await consequences.

The train slowed down and stopped. The flagman rushed ahead to ascertain the character of the danger. After enquiring for the cause of the signal and receiving no response, he passed on down the track, the train creeping slowly after him. His speech indicated anything but a gentle frame of mind, and we felt that our doom was a positive reality. Our mamma would certainly soon lose her two little boys forever, for we thought that there could be little doubt that the angry trainman would soon discover who had stopped the train.

When the train passed on out of sight, we crept from our hiding place and rushed breathlessly home, resolving never to do such a thing again. We ceased to relish stories of similar deeds, but on the other hand our ambition was stimulated to higher and nobler things. The impression was such a lasting one that is needless to say, for months the wood box was kept full, fresh water was always at hand, chickens were disturbed from their roost that they might be fed on time, two boys got ready for Sunday School without the usual coaxing, and ran errands hurriedly, carefully avoiding the police, firmly believing that we would show guilt, and if caught would be burnt at the stake on first sight.

CHAS. GLENN, '03.

THE STORM.

The most frightful experience of my early life occurred one midsummer day when our city was visited by a cyclone. We

were eating lunch when the sky suddenly became overcast and the wind began roaring frightfully down the street. This frightened me at once. Mother told me to help shut the windows and close the blinds.

Starting to comply I saw everywhere in the street people running excitedly about. A street car without a passenger rattled by, drawn by frightened horses. That was too much. I slammed the window blind and stood trembling, wondering which way to run. At first I thought of the bed, for I had heard of people going there in time of thunder showers. But another thought struck me. At the rear end of the kitchen was a dark hallway. Into that I plunged.

Here I crouched shivering, and at once began to think of the wrong things I had done. I thought of how I had told mother a story, and how I had once stolen fruit from a fruit stand, and how I had in many other ways treated mother wrongly. I wondered if the world was coming to an end and if I should go to Heaven and whether all the rest of the family would go there also.

O, how the wind howled! It seemed as if the tin would leave the roof, it was rattling so. After a time mother came and took me to a window and said "Look, don't be so afraid, nothing will hurt you." The wind became less furious and the rain began falling in floods, the hardest I had ever seen. But this soon passed and before long the sun was shining brightly.

And even now when the storm king hitches his horses to the clouds and roars with them across the sky, my heart throbs high and something of that old feeling of fright comes over me, and I wonder if another cyclone is at hand.

DAVID H COWLES, '05.

THE NIGHT VOICE.

It is a well known fact that most children have a very active imagination, which accounts for their being easily frightened, and I was no exception to the rule.

Of course I digested my share of "Mother Goose" and

"Br'er Rabbit" stories, but after awhile these became tame, and I took more interest in hearing about bears, wolves and lions. My imagination pictured them in many shapes and sizes and having all manner of peculiar voices. Something which bore heavily upon my mind was what "Aunt Celia," the nurse, told me of a man who had horns and went around with a pitchfork, taking bad boys off and roasting them alive. She also talked of what the "Good Book" said about bears eating the bad children. Then Aunt Celia's boys, Israel and James, were always talking about bears being in the woods and how they heard them growl sometimes. I was afraid even to go into a dark room alone, for when I did I pictured myself surrounded by bears as large as horses. This was the condition of my mind when my story begins.

One day I had been unusually naughty and Aunt Celia said that if I didn't watch out that bear would get me sure. Well, that night after saying my prayers better than usual I got into my trundle bed, covered up my head and pretty soon was fast asleep dreaming of winged goats and long tailed rabbits. All at once I was wide awake and listening to an unearthly sound. It seems as if I can hear it yet. I was accustomed to the squealing of pigs, the bleating of the sheep and calves, and even the blood-curdling song of the screech owl, but never had I yet heard a sound like this. As well as I can remember now, it was a conglomeration of a shriek, a sigh, a moan, and a baby rattle. I was terrified. I have never experienced another such moment of terror, and hope I never shall. I heard my hair scratching the pillow as it raised, and I felt the cold sweat bursting out on my face as I lay there with covered head expecting every minute to be crushed in the jaws of that monster bear. Now I could hear him at the door seeking an entrance, now at the window, now on the other side of the house, then in the cellar and again at the door. How long this went on I can never tell, it seemed like hours to me. At last I found my voice and screamed aloud. The sound stopped with a snort and papa's voice from the other side of the room demanded: "What's the matter with you?" I told him in a

wild and trembling voice that a bear was coming after me. "O, you go to sleep or I'll give you some medicine. I told you about eating so many of those doughnuts before going to bed.",

Now I am sure of three things: The doughnuts had not given me any trouble, I was wide awake when I heard the bear and the noise ceased when papa awoke.

CHAS. DAVIS, '02.

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MARCH, 1901.

A Task.

There has come to our notice within the last few weeks, a text book bulletin sent out by Messrs. Ginn & Co., publishers, which bears on its cover a short quotation from Robert Louis Stevenson. We should like to call the attention of our readers, and especially to those who are students, to this pretty, and at the same time, very earnest and thoughtful bit of wisdom: "To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little, to spend less; to make, upon the whole, a family happier by his presence; to renounce where that shall be necessary, and not to be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim conditions, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy."

Class

THE COLLEGIAN would like to call the attention of the various classes to the class debates that have not yet taken place. We were glad to see the Seniors and Juniors bring their debate off so successfully, and hope to see the Sophomores and Freshmen follow their example before many weeks. The winners can then have a try at the championship cup, which has been offered. Having the best debating team in College is a distinction which every class should aspire to, and hanging back on account of particulars or details will not exempt any class from the charge of littleness and obstinacy. Not only do these debates furnish the college with entertaining evenings, but they are of great value to the debaters themselves. It gives them an opportunity, which students seldom have, of speaking before an audience. An oratorical contest has very little value in this respect when compared with a public debate. It is just such training as this that our speakers need, and will have to have before we can ever attempt to meet one of our sister colleges in debate. Some of the best colleges have regular courses in forensic speaking, and all colleges are giving it a large share of attention.

The Senior-Junior debate was a creditable contest—credit-able to both classes—and we congratulate them on making our first class debate such a one as it was.

College

Since the days are growing longer and there is always just after supper these pleasant evenings, a nice long time before we are ready to get down over our desks and go to work, why not, instead of loafing around somewhere, get together on the steps of Memorial Hall and enjoy ourselves thoroughly, singing college songs? The average boy at Guilford knows very little about college singing; but he must learn. College graduates tell us, and gray-haired business men tell us, that nothing carries them back to the old college so quickly as some tune which they used to sing on the college fence or chapel steps. Just the memory of the old song is enough to call back the time when

they were gay or grave, careless or serious, looking forward toward life in its fullness, and cementing friendships that were to last forever. It does not matter so much what we sing, nor whether it is very well done, but whether it is done heartily. We don't need many songs, and we don't necessarily have to have pretty songs, nor good voices to carry all the parts. What we need is to sing. Some fellow can carry the tune and the rest can follow the best they know how. We already have several good songs that we like and we can learn a few more without any trouble, because there are many good ones just aching to be sung on our campus. Some one evening in each week could very profitably be set apart, and every man in college make it his business to be there as soon as supper is over. One of the classes might take the matter in hand. At most colleges the Seniors look after it; but if for any reason the Seniors cannot give it the proper attention, the Juniors relieve them of the responsibility.

The Use of The use of slang in our everyday speech is becoming so prevalent that a note of warning against
Slang. it may not be out of place. Careless expressions of one kind and another are constantly working their way into our language. A large per cent., 'tis true, are merely ephemeral and have but little influence. There are other slang words and expressions, however, that become popular, and tend to become permanent. In the excessive use of these is the real danger to our speech. According to the best authorities any inelegant and unauthorized popular language, consisting of words and expressions of low and illiterate origin and use, or of legitimate expressions used in a grotesque or irregular sense is slang. Such expressions ought to be unreservedly condemned by all who appreciate a pure and vigorous speech.

To the college man the temptation to use slang is particularly strong. Tho' he uses the same language as his brother who does not go to college, the student is likely to have a larger collection of slang words and expressions. This results,

no doubt, from the fact that he has a keener intellect and a higher average of mental alertness. It is well for the college man to be acquainted with this "student language," but to be very sparing in its use.

A peculiarly eccentric person *has wheels*, is *wheelus*, *has wheels in his head*, hence such a person is sometimes spoken of as a bicycle factory. *To get into a person a few parasongs* is as much as to get the upper hand of him. A person who uses a literal translation is an *equestrian* and *horses* out his lesson. A shelf of such books is a *stable*, and a gathering of students *to ride* together is a *race course*.

"College athletics give rise," says the Chautauquan, "to many terms used in a figurative sense: *Play ball* means 'go ahead'; *to get on to one's curves* means to fathom his plans; *to spike* means to get advantage of by foul means. *Calico* is a generic term for women; *to take calico* is to escort a lady to a place of entertainment; a *calico course* is one attended by 'hens', a course in which the social feature is prominent. A cushioned window seat, or hammock, is a *spoonholder*. A *cottage course* is the term used when a young couple leave college before graduation to get married."

All these and many kindred expressions, apparently harmless in themselves, tend to crowd out good English words and hence to limit one's vocabulary. Their occasional use in light conversation may be permissible; in fact, it does stamp the college man with a certain amount of wit and mental acumen not altogether unenviable, but to patiently make use of such expressions destroys their force altogether, and to use slang to any degree in serious conversation or in writing is unpardonable.

The English language in all its purity and strength is abundantly sufficient to contain any idea we may have to express. It is said that we have an average of three synonyms for every word—all expressing slightly various shades of meaning. If, therefore, one cannot express one's self clearly without slang, it is evidence of a limited vocabulary and ignorance—at least not a good command of his mother tongue, or the tendency to use slang may be from carelessness or laziness.

This word of warning is meant particularly for the college students—a word to encourage them to use the English language in all its freshness, purity and vigor, for 'tis only by doing our best every day that we can succeed in doing well. It is especially true of our speech that we shall never use with ease the best expressions possible in our writing until we are willing to respect the principles of good taste in our everyday speech.

Local Happenings.

Ask Jim if his *predicament* has come true.

Joe says that water is heated by *conviction*.

Prof. Woody's family has moved back to the College.

The Guilford Roller Mill is rapidly nearing completion.

It is reported that there is another cousin at the Normal.

The students are contemplating an excursion to Pilot Mountain.

Miss Sallie Cooke, of Pomona, was at the College Sunday February 28.

The new athletic field has been officially named "Hammond's Pride."

Mrs. W. R. Moore has gone to Greensboro to keep house for her brother, Mr. Hollowell.

David Sampson conducted religious services at the meeting house on Monday evening, March 4.

For information concerning the Nicaragua canal consult Hammond and Hill's Memorial Library.

Walter E. Blair, '98, of Greensboro, and Mr. Craven, of Charlotte, were with us Sunday, March 3.

Mrs. Emma Buckner and children, of Colorado Springs, have been visiting her mother, Mrs. Eunice Worth.

Mr. George Roberson, now of Winston, attended the Senior-Junior Debate Saturday evening, February 23.

Miss Eula Dixon, of Snow Camp, recently spent some days at the College visiting with her sister, Mrs. Dr. Fox.

Whitlock's room-mate reports that Clarence has been using his botany glass to see how his mustache is coming on.

✓ Mr. Harris Bristow, an old Guilford student, now of Bennettsville, S. C., paid the College a flying visit some time ago.

✓ John W. Lewis, '99, of Greensboro, gives us a call occasionally. He is engaged in the wagon manufacturing business with his father.

Lewis (while discussing a recent trial.)—If I were a judge I'd give them the full limit of the law. I would not fool with a maximum.

Several of the students attended a Valentine party at Mrs. Doak's on the evening of February 14th. They report a very pleasant time.

What is the difference between Governor Hodgin and Aguinaldo? "Aggy." is agin' Uncle Sam and the Governor is "Uncle Sam" again.

During the recent Soph. and Fresh. Debate Bubble, one of the Freshmen was heard to remark: "We don't want to be *ignomoniously* defeated."

The primary school is in a more flourishing condition than it has been for years. We hope to have a full-fledged graded school by another winter.

Misses Osborne and Hackney gave a reception to the Senior class one evening this month. About twenty guests were present to enjoy the occasion.

The neighborhood gathered at the meeting house on Sunday, March 3, to hear the report of the delegates to the State Sunday School Convention.

We are glad to see Miss Helen Smith back home after such a long absence. Her aunt returned with her and will spend some time in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Hobbs was recently called to Westtown, Pa., to attend her son, Walter, who was sick with pneumonia. We are glad to hear that he has recovered.

Miss Susan S. Robeson, of High Falls, was at the college some time ago. She has removed her missionary work from High Falls to Dobson, Surry county.

Profs. Wilson and Hodgin and Mr. Hammond attended a Hatchet Party given by the Miss Annie F. Petty in Greensboro on the evening of February 22d.

Mr. Wil Zion and Mr. Aldus Aarold, of Knightstown, Ind., were the guests of Prof. White and Miss Osborne some time ago. Mr. Zion anticipates locating in North Carolina.

The classes have adopted colors as follows: Seniors, turquoise blue and burnt orange; Juniors, olive green and white; Sophomores, navy blue and white; Freshmen, crimson and black.

February 22d was a holiday. The Seniors and Juniors took advantage of the occasion in preparing for the inter-class debate. Others went home and many spent a quiet day at the College.

Sallie Stockard, '97, was with us again the other day gathering material for her history of Guilford county. She also has another book entitled, "Lilies of the Valley," that will be out of press at Easter-tide.

You may have seen horses run, you may have seen trains run, you may have seen politicians run and you may have seen watches run, but you didn't see Daniel Hodgin run unless you were in "the crowd."

The Senior Preps now have a class organization with W. E. Bridgers President, and Bessie Benbow, Secretary. By special permission of the faculty they are allowed to meet every two weeks in the nursery.

Two boxes of mounted slides for microscopic work were sent to the Biology class some days ago by Miss Ada Field, '98, now of Bryn Mawr College. They are sections representing the spinal cord throughout its length.

Mr. and Mrs. Orlando Marine, of New York city, paid the College a visit February 18th. It was their first trip to North Carolina and they were well pleased with Guilford. Mrs. Marine was a classmate of Miss Osborne's at Earlham College.

Senior Hill, recently becoming an uncle, gave an informal "at home" in the club dining room to several of his friends. During the ceremony several of those who had not on the wedding garment vainly endeavored to gain admittance through the doors and windows.

The College Sunday School was represented at the State Convention at High Point by Prof. Geo. W. White and Harry Daniels. Mrs. Mary E. W. White, Prof. F. S. Blair and wife, James R. Jones and wife, J. G. Frazier and L. L. White also attended the Convention.

The old bell that has awakened many a drowsy sleeper and called many a hungry student to the dining room, has at last tolled its own knell. It cracked during a recent cold snap and lost its once musical voice. Now a new one is proclaiming the meal hours through the College and to all the inhabitants thereof.

The oratorical contests of the literary societies have been arranged as follows: Philagorean, May 4th; Henry Clay, May 10th, and Websterian, May 11th. The Philagoreans will be represented by Ida Millis, Penelope Cobb, Mary Belle Futrell, Mamie Holt, Alice Cartland and Rosa Coffin. The Henry Clay contestants are: Elmer Leak, Hugh Leak, Clarence Whitlock, Percy Paisley, Fred Helms and Ruffin Henderson. The Websterians are: Harry Daniels, Chase Idol, Charles Short, Charles Glenn and Ernest Dixon.

The Junior-Senior Debate.

A decided step in public debating at Guilford was taken the first of the month when the Juniors and Seniors crossed swords on the subject of whether the United States government should build and operate the Nicaraguan canal. The Senior speakers were Messrs. Hill, Hammond and Woody. They defended the affirmative side of the question. Messr

Daniels, Davis, Idol and Davis debated from the negative position. The debate was a most a most worthy one. It was discussed on both sides in a most interesting manner and each speech well earned the hearty applause which it received. The contest was a close one and the audience was entirely at a loss as to who had won until the decision of the judges in favor of the affirmative was at length read by Miss Delia Raiford, the secretary of the debate. Mr. Chas. Short presided. We hope the Sophomores and Freshmen may debate soon.

The following schedule for the Baseball Team for this spring has been arranged:

March 30th, Guilford College vs. Madison Institute, at Guilford College.

April 8th, Guilford College vs. Trinity College, at Guilford College.

April 13th, Guilford College vs. Siler City Institute, at Guilford College.

April 24th and 25th, Wake Forest College vs. Guilford College, at Wake Forest.

April 26th, Trinity College vs. Guilford College at Durham.

May 4th, Guilford College vs. V. P. I. at Guilford College.

Music Recital.

Mrs. Albright gave a music recital Saturday night, March 9th. A large audience was present and very greatly enjoyed the evening. Mrs. Albright is a most enthusiastic and capable teacher and has done great credit to herself and the College. The following is the program of the recital:

1. When the Fragrant Roses Blow.....*Abt*
GIRL'S GLEE CLUB.
2. My Little Lass.....*Lane*
CLARA COX.
3. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.....*Ambrose*
MARY BELLE FUTRELL.
4. In April.....*Hawley*
LINNIE RAIFORD.
5. Still Is the Night.....*Bohm*
LELA THOMPSON.
6. Daisies.....*Hawley*
CLARA COX.
7. Twilight.....*Abt*
GLEE CLUB.
8. Daddy.....*Bekrend*
MARY BELLE FUTRELL.
9. In the Dark, in the Dew.....*Coombs*
LELA THOMPSON.
10. Tatters.....*Lane*
LINNIE RAIFORD.
11. Sweet Antoinette.....*Anonymous*
BOY'S GLEE CLUB.

Personals.

- ✓ S. C. Wilkinson is not in school this term.
- ✓ Flora K. Harding is teaching at Cana, N. C.
- ✓ Muriel Lowe is teaching at White Plains, N. C.
- ✓ Minnie Williams is visiting relatives in Virginia.
- ✓ Annie Tomlinson is at her home in High Point.
- ✓ Florence Roberson is spending this year at home.
- ✓ Beatrice Wilson is at her home in Woodville, N. C.
- ✓ Anna B. Hare is at her home near Box Elder, Va.
- ✓ Maie Sampson is at her home at East Bend, N. C.
- ✓ Ed. Taylor is studying medicine in Richmond, Va.
- ✓ John Jordan is clerking in a store in Bennettsville, S. C.
- ✓ Ludolph Fox is at the University of North Carolina this term.
- ✓ Thomas Coble has charge of a school a few miles east of Guilford.
- ✓ John T. Benbow has law offices in Winston and East Bend, N. C.
- ✓ Paris and Armita Barker are at their home at Level Plains, N. C.
- ✓ Mr. O. L. Hall and wife, *nee* Holmes, are living in Collinsville, Ala.
- ✓ David Foster is at Walter Malone's Bible Training School in Cleveland, Ohio.
- ✓ Mr. William Parker, is secretary for the Carolina Furniture Company, in Durham.
- ✓ Nellie L. Jones, '00, is private secretary for Dr. Rhoads in Germantown, Pennsylvania.
- ✓ Herbert C. Reynolds, in school here last year, is an engineer on the Southern Railway.
- ✓ Eugene Woodward, '94, is employed by the Armour Packing Company, at Wilmington, N. C.
- ✓ John Low, an old student at this place, is now in the mercantile business in Thomasville, N. C.
- ✓ Lacy L. Barbee, '00, is in the employ of the Southern Loan and Trust Company, Greensboro, N. C.

✓ Joseph Blair, '97, has recently accepted a position in a cotton mill located at Birmingham, Ala.

✓ J. Emmet Shepard is employed by J. E. Cox in one of his factories located at Chattanooga, Tenn.

✓ Helen Smith, who has been visiting in Caswell county, has returned home, accompanied by her aunt.

✓ Will Johnson, who was here in '93-4, and who has been for some years in Colorado, has lately returned to his home in Bennettsville.

✓ Richard T. Cox, who was in school here for several years, is now operating a lumber factory in Knoxville, Tenn., for Mr. Elwood Cox.

✓ Sue J. Farlow, '92, was married on the 4th of May, 1900, to T. Philip Raiford, of Conley, Va., at which place they are making their home.

✓ Oliver Newlin, formerly a student here, and now a prosperous lawyer in Greensboro, brought his brother, Wilber, to the College the first of this term.

Walter M. Hobbs, now in school at Westtown, Pa., was very sick a few weeks ago, but we are glad to hear of his recovery. His mother waited on him during his illness.

✓ Joseph Dixon, of Missoula, Mont., is expected home at Snow Camp soon for a two months' vacation. His many friends at the College will be delighted to see him again.

Eula L. Dixon visited Dora Bradshaw Clark and her little daughter, Mary Mildred, during the W. C. T. U. Convention in Washington; later she spent some time with friends at Guilford.

✓ Fred. Barbee and Bertha Snow, both of High Point, were married in the Presbyterian Church in that place, Wednesday evening, February 20th. Mr. and Mrs. Barbee took an extended Southern trip, from which they have just returned. Pearl Lindley and Clara Cox attended the marriage and acted as bridesmaids.

✓ Arthur Lyon, of Durham, and Miss Berta Tomlinson, of High Point, were married at Mrs. Tomlinson's home the 30th of January; Rev. James R. Jones was the officiating minister. They live in Durham, N. C. Prof. and Mrs. White and Mrs. Albright from the College attended the wedding. Mrs. Albright played the wedding march.

✓ Word has reached the College that Frank Bennett, who was here in college for two or three years and who was a well-known football player, died the first of the month in his boarding house at Statesville. The deceased was only a little over twenty-one years of age, and was a strong, vigorous young man. He was sick only a week, pneumonia causing his death.

Book Notices.

D. Appleton & Co. Publishers, New York.

Familiar Fish, Their Habits and Capture. A Practical Book on Fresh-Water Game Fish. By Eugene McCarthy. With an introduction by Dr. David Starr Jordan, President of Leland Stanford Junior University. 12mo. Cloth \$1.50.

For the mind not scientifically trained, the ordinary "key" and descriptive catalogue of fishes is not enjoyable reading, however valuable it may be as a reference book. But in this volume by Mr. McCarthy there is presented not only an accurate description of our American game fish, but also many facts related to their habits, mode of capture, and methods of raising. The book is quite interesting even to one who knows nothing of fish or cares nothing for the sport of fishing. Something of its contents may be seen from noticing the titles of a few of the chapters selected at random: "The Bass Family." "The Hatching and Propagation of Fish." "Fishing Tackle—What to Select." "Ouananiche and Sea-Trout Fishing," and "Special Hints for Anglers."

The entire work is written simply and with a straightforwardness that carries the reader on page after page as does a novel. The work is profusely illustrated. Scientific names are avoided in the text, but are given, together with a description of the fish in a separate chapter. This book should be in the library of every sportsman and every student of natural history.

The Transit of Civilization. By Edward Eggleston, author of "The Beginnings of a Nation." Small 8vo. Cloth, uncut, with maps, \$1.50.

Here is a history of the source and rise of the earliest English settlements in America, with special reference to the life and character of the people. Not many histories can hold their own with this in point of literary attractiveness. It everywhere gives evidence that its writer had a firm grasp of the subject in hand. He understood thoroughly what he wanted to say and then went about saying it. It is a valuable book to own. The Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette* has this to say concerning it: "Mr. Eggleston's 'Beginners' is unique. No similar historical study has, to our knowledge, ever been done in the same way. Mr. Eggleston is a reliable reporter of facts; but he is also an exceedingly keen critic. He writes history without the effort to merge the critic into the historian. His sense of humor is never dormant. He renders parts of the dulllest passages in colonial annals actually amusing by his witty treatment of them. He finds a laugh for his readers where most of his predecessors have found yawns. And with all this he does not sacrifice the dignity of history for an instant."

Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

Concerning Cats, My Own and Some Others, by Helen M. Winslow, editor of the *Club Woman*. 8vo. Cloth, gilt top, decorated cover. Price \$1.50.

This is the cat book of all cat books ever published in America. There are chapters on the author's own pet cats as well as those of noted people—historic cats, high-bred cats in England and America, the cats of poetry and art, cat hospitals and refuges, kittens and their tricks, characteristics of cats, and an appendix on the diseases of cats and their treatment. The book has the warm endorsement of the Beresford Cat Club of Chicago, and its president says:

"As an ardent lover of cats, I wish to express my gratitude to Miss Helen M. Winslow for her much needed and admirable book. She gives the public a very interesting and attractive picture of most of the best cats, cat-teries and owners known to us in the United States. The illustrations are delightful and the cat in general has caught a charm, dignity and position from her honest pen which encourage the cat industry to stay in America. The book is beautifully illustrated with thirty-two full-page photographic illustrations of famous cats. Any one interested in cats should read this book, and certainly no one could read it without wanting to own one."

The Dispatch Boat of the "Whistle": A Story of Santiago. By William O. Stoddard. Illustrated by F. T. Merrill. One volume, 12mo. Cloth. Price \$1.25.

The *Whistle* is a "hustling" newspaper—very modern and very insistent; the reporter is equally so, and a capital fellow in the bargain; the hero is a Cuban patriot; the heroine is a Cuban refugee. The *Whistle* sends a despatch boat to Cuba; the hero and heroine and the reporter are put ashore near Santiago. They see all the fighting, all the suffering, all the excitement, both inside and outside the beleaguered city. Any well-regulated boy or girl who likes Mr. Stoddard's stories—and what boy or girl does not?—can see how that popular story-teller can weave all these elements into a stirring and absorbing story. The book is all this and more; it so follows history and weaves fact into fiction that every incident is one that really happened, and the book is a capital story of the war, from the destruction of the Maine to the fall of Santiago.

C. Kearton, Cressell & Co., Ltd., London and New York.

Our Bird Friends. A Book for all Boys and Girls. By R. Kearton, F. Z. S. Illustrated by photographs taken direct from nature. \$1.50.

A delightful book we have here, and one which fills the reader with an enthusiastic desire to become a photographer. Mr. Keaton treats of the British wild birds, telling of their habits and characteristics. The book is illustrated with one hundred original illustrations from photographs repro-

duced in a very artistic manner. To stalk and photograph a wild bird in the field is a feat to be proud of, but these gentlemen have done it thousands of times, securing fine results of some of the rarest and wildest of British birds. The pictures are well worth the price of the volume.

Fleming H. Revell Co., No. 158 Fifth Ave., New York.



The Sky Pilot.—A tale of the Foothills, by Ralph Connor, author of "Black Rock". Illustrated by Louis Rhead. Price \$1.25.

There are some novels which can safely be put into the hands of any reader of whatever age. *The Sky Pilot* is one of these. It is a pure and ennobling story of the upright life of a young missionary preacher among the foothills of the Northwest. The author's fresh, crisp style accords well with the Western life which he evidently thoroughly understands. One of the strongest figures in the story is "Bill," a typical western cowboy, rough and good hearted. In him the author has perhaps been the most successful in the delineation of any

of his characters. It is a good book to read and we recommend it heartily.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

The Woodpeckers. By Fannie Hardy Eckstorm, with five full page colored plates by Louis Agassiz Fuertes, and numerous text illustrations. \$1.00.

Here is a book devoted to the family of birds known as *Picidae*, or woodpeckers. It is a comprehensive account of a single family of birds distributed throughout North America; accurate and orderly, yet written so as to stimulate original observation and intelligent study among young people. The author has made an exhaustive study of the structure and habits of the woodpecker and of his tools—bill, foot, tongue and tail—concluding that he is a miner instead of a carpenter, as generally supposed. The book is informing in contents and animated in style, and certain to interest boys and girls in the study of bird life on their own account. Five woodpeckers are treated quite fully, and the other members of the family are dealt with

to some extent. The book is carefully written, attractively bound, and is withal a distinct credit to its authors and publishers. Bird lovers will read it with a keen interest and every bird student should have a copy. In reading this book one acquires a higher opinion of the good done to mankind by the Red-head family, for it has a most worthy champion in the person of Miss Eckstorm.

A Florida Sketch-Book. By Bradford Torry, author of "The Foot-Path-way," "A World of Green Hills," etc. 16mo. \$1.25.

There is one real pleasure in reading the writings of Bradford Torry which is not always experienced when following the sketches of some writers of out-of-door life, and that is a constant conviction that you are reading the exact truth. The temptation to which so many yield of elaborating and redressing their accounts to make them read smoothly and interestingly, seems never to get control of Mr. Torry. In this present volume his accounts of life in Florida are evidently told exactly as they impressed him at the time. His books are sure to long have interested and attentive readers. The author is a good observer and depicts most faithfully the scenery in the parts of Florida which are treated. Ten absorbing essays are presented, teeming with life, both human and bird, rich in coloring of field and savanna and shot through and through with a clearness of expression which shows the writer to be a master hand at narration.

R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.

With Ring of Shield. By Knox Magee. Illustrated. Price \$1.25.

This is a stirring tale of court life and adventure, told in the first person by a knight in the time of Richard III., long after his battles and intrigues are over. The tournament and the fight of Sir Walter against his score of foes are thrilling scenes, while the love-making is of the pretty, graceful sort that wins the reader. The other scenes are very well pictured and hold the interest from beginning to end. The period of time covered by the story is a little longer than that of Shakespeare's play Richard III. The story of the play is practically all in the book, but the plot is centered else where.

Seven Smiles and a Few Fibs. By Thomas J. Vivian. Illustrated. 75 cents.

The book contains a number of humorous sketches and incidents playing upon human nature. The wit is always of a refined, delicate nature and such as the cultured reader will enjoy. It will make a pleasant companion in the lawn or parlor, with many an interested reader.

Pocket Island. A Story of Country Life in New England, by Charles Clark Munn. Third edition, with frontispiece and fourteen full-page illustrations.

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about a story, the scenes of which are laid in the country and whose characters are country people. Mr. Munn, who is a commercial traveler by the way, has here given us a fresh, stirring and charming love tale of country life. Some of the chapters in this book contain beautiful descriptions of New England scenery. Withal, it is a good clear account of life as it existed in the rural districts of that section fifty years ago.

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VOL. XIII. COMMENCEMENT, 1901.

No. 5.

It was the custom for the doctors at the large hospital, in which I was employed, each in his turn to spend six weeks studying abroad.

It was in August when my first time came to go. I took passage for Antwerp on the German liner, Umbra, and one sultry evening we steamed down New York harbor and headed for the open sea. During the sail down the bay, I remained on deck and only went in when time came to dress for dinner. After dinner I wandered up into the saloon and was not a little grieved to find no one I knew. The passengers were entertaining themselves in many ways. Some were gathered about one of the pianos; others were playing games. Of course the ever-present courting couples were also in evidence. I had been here but a few minutes when a handsome young man walked up to me and said:

"Pardon me, but is this not Dr. Brown of Johns-Hopkins hospital?"

"No," I replied, "my name is Dr. Shelby, but I am very intimately acquainted with the gentleman to whom you refer, for I am associated with him in the hospital."

"Eric Duffy is my name," he said. "I am not personally acquainted with Dr. Brown, but he is a very intimate friend of Miss Craigen, who took you to be him. If you would like, I would be pleased to make you acquainted with her. Perhaps she would like to hear something of Dr. Brown."

I accepted the offer with thanks and went with him over to where two ladies were seated.

"Miss Craigen," he said, "Allow me to introduce to you

Dr. Shelby, who it appears is not Dr. Brown, but an associate and intimate friend of his."

"I am very much pleased to meet you," she said in a very sweet voice.

The other young lady had been called away, so Mr. Duffy and I took seats by Miss Craigen. We sat a few minutes talking of Dr. Brown. Mr. Duffy did not join much in the conversation, but seemed to be expecting the other young lady to return. Soon he excused himself, leaving us alone.

I found during our conversation something that led me to believe that she and Mr. Duffy were engaged to be married. After spending a very pleasant hour with this highly entertaining lady and making an engagement for the evening I left her.

When I entered the long dining hall the next morning I was much surprised when the waiter apparently by chance gave me a seat by the side of Miss Craigen. Heretofore Mr. Duffy had been very lively at mealtime, but on the contrary that evening he seemed very reserved and seldom spoke only when he was addressed. I seemed to be winning Miss Craigen's esteem very rapidly; in fact, after a few evenings spent together when I told her the place she was occupying in my heart, she said: "I have only known you for about a week, but you are to me as no other man has ever been since ——." Judging from our first conversation she could have filled the blank with "Dr. Brown," as he had married two summers before this. Upon her left hand I saw amid half a dozen other rings, the golden band of matrimony. Then I let her hand drop without a word.

"Ah no!" she cried quickly, "Do not think ill of me." "Let me tell you," she continued in a trembling voice, "that ring was accepted on condition that I should consider the matter awhile before giving him an answer."

"Have you not answered him yet?" I hastily asked.

"No," she said. "How could I answer him favorably when I love one better."

I thought now was my chance, so I proposed to her and instead of asking for time to "study over the matter," as I ex-

pected, she immediately said "yes". We agreed upon meeting in Leipsig in October, at which time I expected to be in America to meet my engagements.

I did not see Mr. Duffy again until we had landed in Germany. Evidently he had suspected the relations which existed between Miss Craigen and myself.

We arrived at Antwerp late one afternoon. I found that the train for Leipsig was about three hours late, so I decided to spend the time viewing some of the buildings in that antique German city. As I stepped out of the restaurant, who should I see but Mr. Duffy coming across the street. Upon telling him where I intended going he said: "Allow me to walk with you. Perhaps my knowledge may help you to appreciate more your visit to our noble city." I thanked him and walked off down one of the principle streets.

During our long walk he never once mentioned Miss Craigen's name. It had at first flashed over me that he intended leading me to some back alley and there punish me for interfering with his plans. But he was friendly to the last and walked with me back to the depot. Here he said: "As you are a physician I should like to ask a favor of you. If it would not be too much trouble I should like for you to look after a sick friend, who is to go to the Weinberg Hospital in Leipsig to-night on the same train with you. She will need no care unless she should awake, and there will be some one at the station to meet her, so only see that she rests easily. I shall have her put on the train, and if I don't get to see you any more until your return, 'til then adieu!" We shook hands and parted.

Promptly at the minute indicated on the bulletin for the arrival of the train, it came rolling in. When I climbed into my department I found the sick girl already aboard, she having entered from the other side of the car. Her hat had been pulled over her face so I could not get a good view of her countenance. She seemed to be sleeping and I turned to my newspaper for company. Perhaps an hour afterwards I noticed that her head had fallen forward.

At Leipsig I alighted expecting to find a doctor to take care of the sick girl. Not seeing one around the car I entered a waiting room, I still saw nothing of him. Thinking perhaps I had entered the wrong room, I started to the adjoining one only to be stopped by two policemen at the door, one of whom said: "Consider yourself under arrest." Wholly unaware of any crime committed I said: "You must be mistaken in your man. I am looking for a physician." The elder of the two then said: "You are arrested for the murder of the young lady just found dead on the train from Antwerp." As I had no way of proving my innocence I was taken at once to the station house.

In the morning I was allowed to see the murdered girl, and who should it be but the fair Miss Craigen. Chills ran over me as I cried out: "My! I thought something strange of Mr. Duffy's acting so friendly towards me yesterday." I related the story to the jailer and two German physicians, who after a careful examination, found that the poor girl had been given morphine. I was again locked up to await my trial.

While in prison I wrote to my mother, who immediately came to Leipsig. She visited me every day and when my trial came off she employed two of the best lawyers in the city to defend me but to no purpose. If any two lawyers ever made a plea for anyone's life those did for mine, but the circumstantial evidence was too great against me. When the Judge read from his paper "guilty", my mother dropped dead at my side, and I, an innocent man, was sentenced by the Judge to be hanged.

When the time came for my execution I was taken from my cell, placed upon the gallows, a rope was drawn around my neck. After offering a prayer, the sheriff placed the long black cap over my head and was about to send me to join my mother when a voice in the crowd shouted: "Wait a moment, Sheriff, a telegram." The man rushed through the crowd and handed the sheriff a telegram which read: "Dr. Shelby is innocent. Place him in prison until further orders."

The next morning I was released and told that one Eric

Duffy, of Antwerp, on his death-bed had acknowledged that he was the murderer of Miss Craigen.

C. ELMER LEAK, '02.

GOODNESS, INTELLIGENCE, POWER.*

Let me answer at the very opening of my remarks to-day the question which, formed or unformed, you are all asking and wishing to have answered: What is the supreme thing in this world to be set before one as the aim of life, to be striven for with the highest ambition and the full and constant exercise of all the faculties of the soul? I answer, goodness,—just simple, unadulterated goodness. Not wealth, not position, not the honor of men, not strength, not clothes, not beauty, not learning, not pleasure. Plain unsophisticated goodness, of the heart and of the life, is the greatest thing that men can strive after, the greatest thing they can possess, the greatest thing God can bestow upon them. Perhaps I ought to say good men and good women are the greatest things in the world, for apart from human personalities, no such thing as goodness exists in this sphere of ours.

Henry Drummond, in his famous booklet, has declared love to be the greatest thing in the world. But goodness is love and something more. It is truthfulness, honesty, patience, mercifulness, liberality, justice, self-control, resistance of the seductions of evil, courageous devotion to duty. Love may be the root, the central germ, from which all this springs; but goodness is the whole tree turning its leafy, fruitful branches in every direction. Goodness is the crowning expression of man's true nature. It finds its law in the conscience, its motive force in the choice of the will and the love of the heart, its expression in character and beneficent impress on the life of the world.

When we talk of goodness we touch the sore spot of humanity. It is not the slogan of the world to-day. It is not the

* Extract from the address given in Memorial Hall Commencement Day by Dr. Benjamin F. Trueblood, of Boston.

fashionable thing to prate about; not the fad after which the people run. Perhaps it never was. But its absence from the seat of authority at the opening of the twentieth century is the more to be deplored, because the general advancement in all human things demands that it should have had its coronation long ago. Men talk of power, of intellectual superiority, of wealth, of prosperity, of material progress, of stocks and bonds and syndicates, of expansion, of great armies and navies. These things whir and buzz in their mouths continually. They are their dreams by night. But how few speak eloquently or dream vividly of goodness! How few would give their all rather than miss it! What single individual could be found in all the world who would give sixty thousand dollars, as was recently done for a seat on the New York stock market, for a place where, if such a thing were possible, he could in an hour make his fortune in this supreme and most durable of possessions! If the choice were given to men, in a clear and unmistakable way, between goodness in fulness and some form of complete earthly satisfaction, it is not probable that the gateway through which all those might pass who would prefer the former would need to be very wide. I have heard of no rich man except Mr. Carnegie (of course there are others) who have declared the doctrine that to die rich is to die disgraced, and it will be still easier to believe him to be sincere (as I believe him to be) when the last of his millions are given away. How many men are there in any one of our States who, if they could not be both, would rather be good than be President and make speeches from one side of the nation to the other from the rear platform of a flower-stuffed palace car?

It is a phenomenon which admits of no rational explanation that that which is highest and best both for the individual and for society is that which for the most part is least desired and least sought after. One would naturally suppose that a perpetual crusade of goodness would be preached everywhere, and that men, women and children *en masse* would join the crusaders going in search of a truly good life; that not one human being could be found who would refuse to join the com-

pany. But, alas! no Peter the Hermit has been found who has been able to arouse the world to any great movement in this direction.

Even in religion men devote themselves to forms, conventionalities, sentimental attractions, the maintenance of customs and theories imposed by men, rather than to the only real aim of the Christian life, goodness. They forget that the whole aim for which Jesus Christ came into the world was, not to create creeds, to set up forms and to put his followers into ceremonial straight-jackets, but to make men good. We state the fact more often in other terms, but put into simple everyday English that is the real significance of his mission, to get men out of every form of wickedness and to bring them into the living likeness of the Good God.

Years of experience in college and out of college, and a pretty wide acquaintance with people in many parts of the world have convinced me that the thing of all others needed at the present time is to bring the truth home to men, to induce them to accept it and live by it. The need is relatively greater than ever before in the history of the world. The mastery of the physical world, the conquest of the forces of nature with their stupendous fascination and enormous temptation to selfish grasping and power, is going on with such amazing speed, that we are in real danger of being overwhelmed with the flood materialism. In addition to this, the doctrine of evolution, now accepted in some sense by all scholarly men, has been carried to so irrational an extreme that many are sorely tempted to believe that there is nothing ethical about man, that he is simply a part of the great grinding, crushing, thundering machinery of the material universe, responsible in no way for what he does, but driven by the fatal impulses of his nature to seek his own gain, to trample down others, or to help them, just as the big complex machine drives him on. Materialism is a very old philosophy, but the modern rapid and wide-reaching conquest of nature has given it new and vastly increased power for breaking down all moral ideals.

There is but one way to meet the danger, which has more or less invaded all circles of thought, our seats of learning in particular having suffered. It can be done only by a great revival of righteousness; by the declaration of the supremacy of goodness over all things in nature; that man is not matter, but made to be the slave of matter, not merely a collection of highly organized dirt, but a moral being made for the spiritual eternities, who misses everything and sinks to the deepest possible hell if he misses the image of the Divine Goodness. We need a prophet of this truth so full of the light and fire of heaven that his message would set on fire the consciences of men.

If goodness is the greatest thing in the world, the supreme object of human effort, why, you are enquiring, do we talk so much of schools and colleges, of education, of the necessity of knowledge and mental training? What have colleges to do with goodness? May not the ignorant man be just as good as the best? Instead of giving yearly fifty millions of dollars in gifts to our institutions of learning, why not send out each year 2,500 crusaders at \$2,000. Each to proclaim in all high places of the nation goodness as the imperious law of life? These are fair questions, and they deserve a fair answer.

There are two aspects of goodness, both of which must be taken into account before we can determine its relation to education and intelligence. These are goodness as intention or purpose of soul, and goodness as conduct of life in harmony with all the law's of man's being, or in other words, right relations with God, and with fellowmen in the church, in society and in the State. Goodness in the latter sense can never exist without goodness in the former. But goodness in the former may exist, in fact does exist in most upright persons, with a considerable measure, often a large measure, of bad and wrong in the life. Goodness as intention or purpose is a fairly easy thing to attain; goodness as conduct which satisfies God and the conscience, and promotes always the real present and everlasting interests of all with whom one has to do, is a very difficult attainment, the reaching of which re-

quires the fullest, most constant and most strenuous exercise of all the powers of the soul. None but a wide-awake, intelligent, highly trained spirit can ever reach it in any high degree. An intellectual pauper or sluggard or fossil can never be a good man in any large and positive sense.

Paradoxical as it may seem, ignorant good men (and we are all ignoramuses from some, most of us from many, points of view)—men of the purest heart and the cleanest intention, often follow lines of conduct in church, state, home, business, social and philanthropic methods, which not only keep up existing error, wrong and injustice, but frequently create them outright. A good father who loves his sons and purposes to train them to uprightness and usefulness, from ignorance of himself and of the nature and characteristics of his boys, and of the methods by which growing young life should be guided and moulded, does the very things which thwart the purpose of his heart and work the partial or complete ruin of his children. It is often the same with the best and most self-sacrificing of mothers. Such fathers and mothers are in intention good and noble, but in the conduct of home and the training of boys and girls they are very bad, just as Socrates always insisted that a pilot who did not know his business and ran his ship to destruction was a bad pilot. It would be easy to find many illustrations of the same truth in the school room, where pupils are repelled and often rendered disorderly and dishonorable by a teacher of thoroughly good character, not by the goodness but by the unnatural and unattractive ways in which he tries to instill it into the pupils.

In philanthropy a vast amount of mischief is done by the best intentioned people. Beggars are given money on the streets and tramps are fed at the backdoor, in a way to promote indolence, shiftlessness, and weakness and meanness of character among the recipients. It would hardly be fair to say that these good backdoor benefactors do almost as much harm in society in the long run as the tramps and beggars themselves, but the statement could be argued with great force.

In the life and work of the church, where of all places good-

ness ought to be not only genuine in spirit, but, wise, clear-sighted and apt in all the best methods of making good works fruitful in winning and holding, Christian men and women in whom there is no evil, live and work and worship in such a way as to defeat the very end for which the church exists, the making of good, living, efficient men and women. These good saints fall into forms, mannerisms, cut-and-dried phraseologies, traditional methods of preaching, praying, singing and worshiping, which become almost a part of them, of the essence of their profession; and thus all unconsciously and unintentionally, while trying to promote the kingdom of God, they help to keep up systems of service and methods of work and imperfect and worn out interpretations of truth, which gradually sap the churches of the life-blood and leave them withered, impotent and dying.

In matters of health and physical well-being multitudes of good men and women follow habits of dress, of eating and sleeping, of keeping their houses, of doing their work, which lead straight to disease, to early loss of physical strength, to misery, and to premature death, for all which their piety—genuine piety in spirit—can find no explanation except that of a mysterious providence, whose chief delight seems to be in upsetting human expectations.

It is hardly necessary for me to finish my address. You will already have drawn the conclusion of my reasoning, and fixed for yourselves the place of intelligence, of schools and colleges and universities, of the widest, deepest and most thorough mental training in the life of a good man, in whatever direction his activity may be turned. Intellect is the instrument with which his goodness finds its path in all the practical affairs of life. If the intellect be well developed, fine and clear-sighted he finds his way well, and brings his life into larger and larger conformity with the principles and ways of righteousness which God has laid in the nature of things. If it be undeveloped and dull, he finds his way badly, and often blunders into courses of action entirely out of harmony with the goodness of his heart.

Again, the natural tendency of ignorance is to blindness, wrong conduct, and hence to evil influence in certain directions. The natural tendency of education is to clear views of life, to self-control, and to right conduct. Every one of these young people graduating here to-day is surer to choose the way of right and to follow it successfully than if he had not taken a college course, or something equivalent to it.

Ignorance likewise has more tendency to pride, self-conceit, self-assertion, than has culture. The most opinionative, conceited, self-assertive, intolerant men whom one ever meets are men of little knowledge. The most humble-minded and distrustful of their own opinions are found among the most scholarly.

HEATHEN NAMES.*

The children of Israel were commanded to abstain from the idolatrous practices of the nations among whom they dwelt, and the Society of Friends believed themselves called upon to adhere to the simplicity of truth in calling the months and days of the week by Scriptural names, and not by those of the heathen.

Other Christian professors besides Friends have felt similarly on this subject. Richard Baxter says: "It were to be wished that the custom were changed of using the names of week-days which idolators honored their idols with—as Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and the rest. And so of the months."

Were it proposed in this enlightened day again to change the names of the months, in order that some Asiatic idols or supposed deities should be honored thereby, because many thousands or millions of deluded devotees assigned the respective months to their adoration; and if for similar reasons, the days of the week were to be called by the names of the objects of the adjurations of the African fetich worshippers, the

* Like the article, "Objections to the Cultivation of Music," published in the March issue, this one is also printed by the request of an honored Friend, many of whose views we highly esteem.—Eds.

Christian world would no doubt turn with abhorrence from the proposal.

The principle which would discard this honoring any alleged deity at this time, is a sufficient reason for avoiding the recognition of a similar honor that originated in idolatry of more ancient times.

Friends discontinued the use of the terms, September, October, November, and December, not from any objection to the terms themselves, but because their respective meanings—Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, and Tenth months—are no longer available for truthfully indicating the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth months of the year.

The origin of the names of the months and days may be briefly stated as follows:

January was called from Janus, an imaginary diety of the ancient Romans, to whom they erected a temple and dedicated this month to his worship.

February was so called from Februalis, an epithet of Juno, an ancient Italian divinity, to whom this month was sacred. Or from certain sacrifices, called Februa, performed during the month in worship of her, that were supposed to conduce to the cleansing of the people.

March derived its name from Mars, feigned to be the god of war, whom Romulus, founder of the Roman empire, pretended to be his father.

May is said to have been so called from Maia, a goddess of the Romans, who named this month in her honor.

June, believed to have originally been called Junonis, takes its name from Juno, one of the supposed goddesses of the heathen Romans.

July, so called from Julius Cæsar, who gave his own name to the month, which was before called Quintilis, or the Fifth.

August, so named in honor of Augustus Cæsar, another of the Roman emperors. This month had been previously known by the name of Sextilis, or the Sixth.

The four months called September, October, November, and December still retain their numerical Latin names, which,

since the change of the calendar in the year 1752, are incorrect designations. From the practice of the Jews before the Babylonian captivity, it seems highly probable that the method of distinguishing the months by their numerical order only was used, which is plain, simple, and rational, and is always found in use in the early Scriptures.

This latter consideration also applies to calling the fourth month April, a name derived from *Aperio*, signifying "to open" referring to the opening of the buds in that season.

As the idolatrous Romans thus gave names to several of the months in honor of their pretended deities and deified emperors, so the like idolatry prevailing among our Saxon ancestors induced them to call the days of the week by the name of the idol which on that day they particularly worshipped. Hence

The First day of the week was by them called Sunday, from their accustomed adoration of the Sun on that day.

The Second day of the week they called Monday, from their usual custom of worshipping the Moon on that day.

The Third day of the week they called Tuesday, in honor of one of their idols called *Tuisco*.

The Fourth day of the week they called Wednesday, from the appellation of *Woden*, another of their idols.

The Fifth day of the week was called Thursday, from the name of their fabulous god of thunder, *Thor*, to whom they paid their devotions upon that day.

The Sixth day of the week was termed Friday, from the name of *Freyia*, an imaginary goddess. The change from *Freyia's-day* to Friday would easily occur.

The Seventh day they styled Saturday, as is supposed from *Saturn*, or *Seater*, by them then worshipped.

Nevertheless it may be observed that in astronomical treatises, names of the same and other heathen gods are used, as applied to the planets, to wit: *Mars*, *Mercury*, *Venus*, *Jupiter*, *Saturn*, *Neptune*; and that generally among Friends such names and their derivatives are employed without scruple, as, *saturnine*, *jovial*, *mercurial*, *martial*, *cereal*, etc. There is a

difference, in point of Christian principle, between the use of these terms as mere names, and the verbal acknowledgement of a time or season as consecrated to the worship of a heathen deity, or to the adoration of a moral.

No doubt the larger part of professing Christians adopt the use of these names without knowing of their standing as relics and nominal recognitions of heathen worship; and others, though using them, claim that they are not responsible for the origin of terms which they may adopt from common usage, inasmuch as present "usage is the law of language". Usage, in a general way, is a law for the received meaning of language, but can never be a law for its morality. No amount of usage can make that which is wrong in principle, right. The daily and monthly naming, as it were, of a time of worship of even an obsolete idol, is a form which doubtless many a Christian feels somehow to be inconsistent with a Christian profession, and would feel easier to be relieved of.

ANCIENT LANDMARKS.

America is not America as founded by our ancestors. She, like all nations, has not followed the channel intended by her founders, but has erred from the lines mapped out by the Constitution. In doing this she has drifted away from the principles of our fore-fathers and thwarted their ideals. She has drifted farther from a Republic than ever Jefferson saw in his dreams of the strong "Federal power;" farther even than Calhoun's vision of States Rights revealed.

This American commonwealth founded by honest men, for honest people has not a precedent in the history of the world. A little band of heroes working under the cruel task-masters of King George bore patiently his tyrannical measures until they became unbearable. Then suddenly that spark of liberty which had been smothered through all the colonial days burst into flames on the plains of Alamance. These flames were fanned by the breeze from Mecklenburg's heights until

from the intense heat the Thirteen Colonies were welded together as one—never again to be separated. Side by side on the battle-field lay Carolinian and Yankee, Puritan and Cavalier, all united for one cause under one banner, and their dust now lies intermingled from Bunker Hill to Eutaw Springs.

When the war had been completed they formulated for their government a constitution in which was incorporated the grandest embodiment of law the world has ever seen. Said Mr. Gladstone, "The American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." Taking as their premise, "That all men are created equal and endowed with certain inalienable rights," they gave a new impetus to liberty. But this was not enough; so they wrote, "All just powers of government are derived from the consent of the governed" and had it placed in the Constitution as a part of the fundamental law.

If they were careful in writing out the source of power they were not less careful in providing for the distribution of this power. They gave to the Legislative its part, to the Judicial things that were Judicial, and to the Executive things that were executive. With the power thus divided the equilibrium was stable, the three serving as a check on each other yet neither dared encroach on the other. To this division we owe our strength and preservation for without it this would not be a Republic.

Then the distinction made between the State and Nation bearing with it the idea of local self-government is one of our brightest beacons. The right of a state or locality to govern its local affairs is an indispensable element to a free government. On this fact rests the solution of many of our vital questions. For one locality to try to solve for another local questions is as impracticable as unjust.

The framers of our constitution who gave to us our iron-clad laws of liberty saw that as new conditions arose changes would naturally come therewith. So they provided for such, but expected every alteration to be governed by the will of the people. Knowing that so long as power was with the people

there would be no danger of the Constitutional principles being violated. After much hesitancy they, therefore, adopted this Constitution though they feared that too much power had been vested in the national government.

After a century has passed with its many changes of conditions, with its experiences, and with the political principles in care of a new people, we turn to our Constitution for the alterations to see if they are in accord with our Ancient Landmarks. We see the power of the Executive enormously increased. The Legislative and Judicial departments growing more and more executive in nature; the National power encroaching on the State and destroying local self-government. We see fixed principles and customs one by one fading away until at last we stand on the verge of an Empire. Civil power laid aside and militarism substituted, justice given for policy and liberty for fame.

Concurrent with this political drift is another danger less formal but no less vital: the consolidation of capital. Trusts, Syndicates and Corporations have been formed that are making the rich richer, the poor poorer. Through their influence the people are being huddled into classes. The liberties of the people lost to gold and their freedom sold for a mess of pottage. We see the laboring man no longer the back-bone of the country but rather a slave paying homage to master and money-king. The Trusts, unsatisfied with their grip on trade, have sought to coil themselves around the ballot-box, and take from the poor man his last hope of freedom. They have writhed their unhallowed forms around our Legislatures and Congress in such a manner that though the members should try to extricate themselves defeat would be almost certain.

In abandoning the principles of our fore-fathers these evils have come upon us. Had we followed closely the ideals of Jefferson and Madison we would not have met so many perplexing problems. Had we adhered closely to the silent teachings of Washington and Monroe we would not have been involved in a foreign policy which has connected with it problems that threaten the vitality of this American Republic.

But are there no ways of remedying these evils? Is there no one to lead us back to the established ways? Let every home seek to rid itself of prejudice; let every section lay aside sectionalism; let every individual feel that he has a sacred duty to perform; let the father teach his son to love home, and by so doing instill within him a love for native land; let the colleges and universities teach the student to despise selfishness and cherish brotherly love; and, above all, let every mother teach her child the meaning of fairness and truth.

Who then will lead her back to the right paths? Who will go with her through the trying times and solve for her the besetting problems of the future?—the true citizen. As the State is the unit of the Union so the citizen is the unit of the State. Save the citizen and you have saved the State. Save the State and you have saved the Republic. In the citizen then is the hope of the nation; the citizen who has learned to deal fairly with his neighbor; justly with the powers entrusted to him; to scorn bartering of ballots; to be self-reliant and independent; to recognize no masters or lords; but ever to listen with the sincerest regard to the will of the people. Teach the citizen that to purify his own life will influence his fellow-man. Teach him that loyalty to the State means loyalty to the nation. Let him exalt principle above power and honor above fame. Let him ever be guarded by a conscience void of offense toward God and man, and when and wherever his State may demand let him do his whole duty fearlessly as a freeman born of freemen. When these things shall have been done matters will be re-adjusted, vice will have been destroyed, freedom will have received a new meaning and patriotism a new name. Then can we truly say America is America, and so long as she is governed by a conscientious and a God-fearing people, a true Republic.

ERNEST P. DIXON, '04.

A ROMANCE OF SANTIAGO.

The evening sun shone brightly on Fort Missoula. On all sides the mountains lifted their snow-crowned heights, and over the valley in which the fort was situated roamed herds of cattle. The fort was the headquarters of a regiment which was hourly expecting orders to move. The officers gave commands to those under them, and though everywhere was seen the preparation for an early departure, all things were done with the precision which characterizes military discipline. The soldiers were gathered in groups discussing the war. Two men might have been seen walking to and fro together, a short distance from the others.

They were an interesting couple. Physically they were opposites. The larger of the two, whose name was Mark Freeman, was the senior of Henry Johnson by ten years. When they left their home Henry's mother placed him in Mark's care, and in their devotion to each other they were like boyish chums.

This evening as they walked arm in arm they were talking of their homes and friends and often the name of Ruth Howard fell from Henry's lips. While he was talking of his little black-eyed, rosy-checked sweetheart, Mark was silent and there came to his memory the face of an elder sister of Henry's whom he had loved with all the devotion a deep nature like his can know. But she had died some years before, and he had never found another to take her place. While his comrade spoke of his bright plans for the future, and of the time when he would go home and proudly claim Ruth as his wife, Mark was thinking of the plans he had once made but which had been so sadly changed.

The sun disappeared, the evening shadows deepened into night, and soon all the camp was wrapped in silence. Early the next morning came the expected orders to move and the garrisons of two hundred and fifty men left for Chicamauga,

After a short stay here they went on to Tampa. The experiences of the journey were many and varied, but we have no time to record them here.

Henry was eager to be in a battle, but when the corps was drawn up in skirmish line he began to realize the seriousness of the coming duties.

They were engaged in one or two brief engagements and then came the storming of Santiago. For hours the battle raged. Men and horses fell on every side. The groans of the wounded and dying were drowned by the roar of guns. The American line pressed steadily on until it swept over the trenches, driving the enemy into the city—and the victory was gained.

Henry Johnson advanced to the front rank and disappeared. With a sorrowful heart his friends searched for him, but he was never seen alive after the battle. When the hospital corps came to carry off the dead and wounded they found a tall, dark man standing beside the body of the one who had been his dearest friend. He looked up as they came to take this body and said: "Why was he called to give up his life when the future held such bright promises for him, while I, who have no one to live for, am left?"

And in a little Eastern village another heart was wrung with sorrow when the names of the fallen heroes of Santiago were known.

'02.

THE WINSTON EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE.

The Educational Conference held in Winston-Salem from the 18th to the 20th of April, was unlike any other Conference ever held in the State, there being present men from the North and from the South, in earnest consultation as to the best way to meet our educational needs in the South. It must be a good omen when men of means and active lives as Mr. Ogden, Dr. Lyman Abbott, George F. Peabody and Dr. Parkhurst of New York, and men like Dr. Brooks of Boston, and Dr. Peabody of Cambridge, charter a train and make a

tour through our country and in conjunction with men of the South, hold Conferences on Education.

These conferences originated with a few men four years ago who desired to investigate the educational conditions of the South, and established a conference for this purpose at Capon Spring in West Virginia.

The late Capt. Sale, of Capon Spring, and Mr. Abbott, of Cambridge, Mass., were the first to propose such a conference, and invitations were sent to a number of people North and South, to participate in the proceedings, Capt. Sale entertaining free of charge all who attended.

Dr. J. L. M. Curry, of the Peabody and Slater fund, well known as a zealous friend of public education, has been a leading spirit in all the Conferences.

This year owing to the death of Capt. Sale, it seemed best to the leaders in this movement to find another place at which to hold the Conference; and largely through the untiring efforts of Mr. W. A. Blair, of Winston, it was decided to hold the Conference this year in the Moravian Girls' School in old Salem. The people of the Twin-City did all that could be done to make the Conference a success, opening their elegant homes to visitors, and showing the utmost interest in the meetings, and making all visitors comfortable and happy by their generosity and courtesy.

Such an earnest body of men for both sections of our country in friendly and sincere discussion of the topics assigned, never before met in our State, and the outcome will be far-reaching. The company of visitors from the north upon leaving Winston started for a tour in the remoter South.

Much interest was shown throughout the Conference in the education of the negro, although no negro was present at any session.

It was noticeable how little reference was made to the moral or religious elevation of either race. The subjects all seemed to be discussed from their relation to the State, the influence of the Church on education not being so much as mentioned or alluded to.

* It is to be hoped the Conference next year will be held in North Carolina. The awakening will do much for the education of our people.

L. L. HOBBS.

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COMMENCEMENT—1901.

Farewell It is with much feeling of genuine regret that the editors of the COLLEGIAN lay aside their editorial pens. It is always a great pleasure to be engaged in a work where one feels that one is able to do some good. The editors of a college magazine are peculiarly well situated for being of service to their college, their fellow students and for self-improvement, and we deem it a great privilege that we have thus had the past year. With all our hearts we wish to commend the work to the editorial staff who are to follow us another year. We wish for them all the pleasure which has been ours and a great deal more. Hard, earnest, constant effort in the editorial line will accomplish a great deal of good, and we would have the editors bear constantly in mind the responsibilities which rest upon them in their offices of trust.

Keep And now that the summer is upon us and we have departed from the college where our days have
Busy. known so much of pleasure and also possibly some share of anxiety, the responsibility of labor is not to be entirely shifted. From the time when the student first begins to think, and act, and work, the burden of labor, which all men must carry, is never lifted from his shoulders. It is not meet for the college man to fold his hands and spend a whole summer vacation in sheer idleness. Weary and worn though he be by a year of study there is no need for the brain and body to be turned over to the king of indolence. Change of work is what the system needs. If your father labors in a shop or factory or the field, it would be nothing but a manly thing for you to do to roll up your sleeves and assist him. Because you have spent a year or two in college you have not become too intellectual to toil with your hands. I know a highly esteemed and capable professor in one of the largest colleges in this country, who, when his summer vacation comes, goes to the home of his father and there works in the fields of wheat and corn, and no duty about the farm is too common for his scholarly hand to perform.

So we would not have you lose sight of the fact that a great deal of work yet remains for you to do, although the college doors are closed for a time. If there is no labor in which it may seem wisest to engage there is still no excuse for loafing. The summer vacation is a good time to read books, especially many of those standard works of fiction and history which were prescribed as supplementary reading during the last school year. There is never any excuse for idleness, and a college man, of all others, has no excuse for being so.

To The following remarks were made by President Hobbs at chapel services one morning a short time
Students. before the close of school:

"At this last morning exercise of the year it may be good for us to call to mind how much we have learned

during the year or two or three years we have spent together, lest we become discouraged on account of how little we know.

If we feel keenly the meagerness of our attainments, we may accept this consciousness as a good indication of progress; for it is a work of development and growth to have this feeling of our imperfection as compared with what we hope to do and be in the future.

I hope the year's effort has shown many how large is the field of scholarship and how little we all know.

As students, you cannot afford to stop a work which you have well begun.

One year more, or two or three, at this end of life, if well spent in study, will do much, very much, in enriching the fruits of your industry later in life, no matter what your business may be. Education alters immensely the general outlook of life, and puts a man in an attitude towards nature and men and the divine life, that fits him to see the true relations of things, to draw correct conclusions from facts when known, and to guard against sophistry in its multitudinous forms.

Therefore we wish you might all determine to continue your education as far as possible, that you may not be overcome by difficulties, but overcome them; and take a long view of life, and learn early to defer what may seem to be a present enjoyment for the sake of a greater future good.

Take no mercenary view of life. Do not stop your education to go into business. Business can wait, education not. What we all need is power—power to see the truth, and to *submit ourselves* to the guidance of truth; power to do things in the *right way* and at the *right time*; power to help other people who need our help; power to resist temptation and to say no to the wrong always. Such power does not come by chance nor suddenly.

It is the result of much labor and training and endurance. I never heard of a football player who was good all at once. The thing is unreasonable, is preposterous. It is so, even more so, with mental and spiritual power.

We need to learn to labor and to wait. "Let patience have her perfect work that ye may be perfect and entire wanting nothing."

A Florida A profitable and well known industry of South Africa is the farming of ostriches for their feathers.

Ostrich For some time ostrich farms have also been operated with much satisfaction in California.

Farm. A few years ago an experiment of this kind was made at Jacksonville, Florida. The venture has proven a pronounced success. On a recent visit to this farm while being shown over it something like the following information was given us by the guide in a smooth and even voice:

At the Florida Ostrich Farm the best feathered birds are paired off for breeding purposes in separate corrals, with a passage way of six feet in width between each corral to prevent the males fighting. During the laying season the males become very fierce, and can dangerously wound a man with one blow of the foot. They kick forward, with a downward scratching movement, and their one sharp claw is sometimes fatal. Should anyone be so unfortunate as to find himself near a savage bird a certain amount of safety can be secured by lying flat on the ground, as the ostrich can kick dangerously only at height of about three feet. This is probably the reason that these birds are so frightened by a dog. Although they will charge a man on horseback, yet a little fox terrier will send them running to the farthest corner of the field. Each pair of breeding birds are kept in a small corral, 50x150 feet, so small that a South African ostrich farmer would assert that they could not thrive in such a small space—and are fed clover-hay, corn, oats, barley, etc. Experience, however, has shown that they thrive famously in their corrals; that they grow as large, and that their feathers are as good in quality and as large in size as those of the Cape.

The younger birds—those not kept in corrals for breeding purposes—roam in troops in larger enclosures, and a group of birds running with their wings outspread, alarmed at some unusual sight, is a most beautiful spectacle.

Each and every bird is named. Following are the names of some of the pairs of breeding birds: President McKinley and Queen Victoria, Mark Hanna and wife, Joe Wheeler and

Alabama, Beau Brummel and Violet Cameron, Admiral Schley and Little Cuba, Bob Fitzsimmons and wife, Bendigo and Little Egypt (African birds 30 years old), Prince of Wales and Lillian Langtry, Teddy Roosevelt and wife, General Fitzhugh Lee and Virginia, Grover Cleveland and Frances, Sagasta and the Queen Regent, Napoleon and Josephine, Admiral Dewey and wife.

An average bird weighs from 250 to 400 pounds, and stands 7 to 10 feet high; it is omniverous, carnivorous to some extent, and voracious; it will eat stones, leather, oranges, and has been known to swallow gimlets, lighted pipes, and even a newspaper properly rolled for consumption. The hard substances are used to grind the food in its stomach; gravel has to be supplied freely for this purpose, just as fishbones to canaries.

Shortly after pairing off, a pair will begin to build a nest, or rather, to dig one out of the ground. The male bird rests his breastbone on the ground and kicks the sand behind; when one side is sufficiently deep, he turns around and operates in a like manner, until a round hole about four feet in diameter and one foot deep is the result of his exertions; occasionally he indicates to the female that help is required, and they take turns. The hen forthwith begins to lay an egg every other day, until twelve or fifteen are located side by side in this hole in the ground; they scatter a little sand over the tops of the eggs to protect them from the fierce rays of the sun; this habit has doubtless led to the supposition, printed in many ancient natural histories, that the eggs of the ostrich are hatched by the sun, unaided by the bird. As soon as the full number of eggs are laid, the couple share the labor of hatching; the male bird sitting on the eggs from about 4 o'clock in the afternoon until 9 o'clock the following morning; and it may be understood with what skill this is performed when it is remembered that 250 to 400 pounds of ostrich is bearing down upon fourteen eggs. At 9 o'clock the hen takes his place, sitting the day. The male, with remarkable intelligence, relieves the female for an hour in the middle of the day while

she goes in search of necessary nourishment. A pair will follow this regime with the greatest regularity for forty-two days, when the chicks can be heard telephoning, as it were, in the shells. Frequently the chicks break the shells themselves, but often the hen can be seen pressing on the shell with her breastbone to assist the youngster in making his debut into the glorious climate of Florida; sometimes she can be seen taking it by its little head and shaking the shell from its body.

The great pacing ostrich, "Oliver W," hitched up to a road wagon, can be seen at the Florida Ostrich Farm at Jacksonville, Florida, any afternoon during the winter tourist season. This bird will pace a mile in two minutes and two seconds and is often raced on the track with horses.

Commencement Notes.

COMMENCEMENT.

PRESIDENT HOBBS' ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATING CLASS.

It is with pleasure that I welcome you, the class of 1901, among the graduates of Guilford, and express the satisfaction it has given us to be in some measure instrumental in bringing you thus far on the road to scholarship. What you have done here will be worth more as a means of training your powers and the formation of right character, than on account of the actual information you have received. I cannot conceive a higher and more permanent good from an educational system or from a course of training than the moulding of the mind and heart into such shape—the giving of the whole man such tone—as will respond always to the touches of truth and of love. It will be good for you, and it will be good for all those whom you touch in life, to hold yourselves in an attitude of humility, which is the true basis of discipleship, whether in things spiritual or in things pertaining to science and philosophy. These words will be a good motto for you,

as indeed for all of us, "I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

There is no more unscholarly or harmful state to be in than the state of those whose claim to knowledge takes in the whole universe, and whose minds for this very reason are closed against all further light. For such the splendor and genial warmth of the sun are in vain; and the whole domain of new truth, new life and new aspirations makes its appeal unheard and unnoticed.

You have, in some degree been fortified against the spirit of presumption in scholarship not only by the modesty and simplicity of the old masters in philosophy and literature and art, but also by the simple rules for the discovery of the truth laid down by such profound thinkers in modern times as Pascal, Leibnitz and Descartes; and the tendency of the Baconian or induction method of scientific discovery, you have seen, is to discredit mere authority and bring us round to moderation and to a degree of gentleness and high regard for independence of judgment which are marks of wisdom and culture.

• As a college, we are to-day standing with great hopes of the future; and it is our duty to labor as if the entire future of our own lives, and of the institution's, depended upon our efforts. In fact they do; and by unity of effort and persistency in purpose, we can bring Guilford to larger usefulness in the future than she has yet attained. All our pupils and the friends of the College can very materially help in the effort to larger endowment, better equipment and increased attendance. I should like to impress on every pupil as well as on every alumnus the clear cut purpose of our work at Guilford, viz., to train young people in all things that make for strength of body, mind and spirit, and to subordinate all intellectual learning to the formation of right character as will meet every claim of the highest and fullest and completest religious life.

All external or internal power that will contribute to this

end we welcome, and all agencies that will lower the standard set for us by the Divine Son of Man himself we reject. This purpose is so high and holy that all good and helpful people will be glad to lend a helping hand, will be ready by their sympathy and prayers, and by their good words and their money, to help forward such a purpose, that the cause which this branch of the Church and others have on their hearts may prosper and become such a power in our great country as to preserve the institutions that are dear to the American people.

We should all have the power and the courage to see that all permanency in education as well as in government must rest on a religious basis; and therefore the State itself and all its institutions—educational as well as the rest—without the aid of Christian scholarship and character, fostered by the Church and the Church only, will crumble into dust.

In this age of scientific and religious commotion, when all things which can be shaken are being shaken and removed, "as of things that are made, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain," at such a time as this how important and necessary it is to stand firm on the right foundation which has been laid and is the Christ of God, and thus be "pillars in the house of our God to go no more out forever."

May you be so rooted and grounded in the truth as to be thereby made free, and thus made able, in the midst of much confusion and vain following of every wind that blows, to stand, and lend the weight of your lives to the promotion of simple goodness, and thus let your light shine on the pathway of those who are in need of light.

THE ALUMNI ADDRESS.

On the night of May 20th occurred the annual address to the Alumni Association. Mr. John M. Greenfield, of the class of 1898, was the speaker of the evening and acquitted himself with great credit both to the class and to the college. Mr. Greenfield is a young attorney of Kernersville, and is a

speaker of rare and exceptional ability. "The Three Branches of Government" was the subject which he discussed, and he quoted as the basis of his remarks the 8th section of Article I. of our State Constitution, which says: "The legislative, executive and supreme judicial powers of government ought to be forever separate and distinct from each other." This provision, the speaker declared, was to be found, either expressed or implied, in the constitution of every State in the Union, and in the great Federal Constitution, the original after which nearly all State constitutions are patterned, that the separation of these three branches was the distinguishing feature of our system of government, and that upon it depended individual liberty and the safety and perpetuity of the American States.

The powers and duties of each of the three departments of government were then separately defined. All these powers, it was said, existed in every government of whatever character. Every government must have its laws; they must be construed and they must be enforced. The only difference between a despotism and the Republic in which we live is as to the source from which their powers derive their authority and as to the separation of those powers. It is just as important that the powers of government be separate as it is that they be derived from the people.

The two deadly enemies of good government, said the speaker, are anarchy and despotism. The tendency toward anarchy is in the legislative department, but is held in check by the executive and judiciary. The tendency toward despotism is in the executive and judiciary, but is held in check by the legislative department. Whenever the legislative branch overleaps its constitutional bounds we stand upon the verge of anarchy, and when either the judiciary or executive transcend their lawful powers we stand upon the threshold of despotism.

The crime of Governor Holden was referred to, illustrating the terrible effect of the executive usurping the powers of the judiciary. The recent conflict between the General Assembly

and the judiciary was also discussed from a non-partisan standpoint. Quotation was also made from the closing remarks of Hon. B. F. Long, in his speech before the court of impeachment, as to the importance of an independent judiciary.

The speaker, in closing, eulogized the leading spirits of the Constitutional Convention, and said that the result of their deliberations was a perfect plan of human government.

Mr. Greenfield speaks with much ease and grace, and his address was warmly received by the Alumni and audience. Mr. O. E. Mendenhall, '95, presided.

COMMENCEMENT.

Commencement morning dawned with the floods descending as they had done each day during the commencement week. All forenoon it rained and the rains continued through the afternoon and at night they withheld not themselves. But the people came out through it all, and ten o'clock saw a goodly company assembled in Memorial Hall. Devotional exercises were conducted by Dr. Fraser, of Durham. Then a chorus of forty student voices sang the beautiful song, "The Gypies."

The Senior orations delivered this year were particularly strong. In the following program exercises 3, 5 and 6 were not rendered:

ORATIONS:

1. "The Moral Hero." John Waldo Woody.
2. "Our Duty in the Family of Nations." J. Carson Hill.
Music—Ricordati. *Gottschalk*. Sallie Redding.
3. "Government Ownership of Railroads." William C. Hammond.
4. "The origin of the English House of Commons," Linnie Raiford.
5. "The Evolution of Individualism." Robert C. Willis.
Music—"The Swallows." *Bingham*. Linnie Raiford.
6. "Lincoln as a Writer." Thomas B. Hinton.
7. "John Marshall and our Judiciary." Emma G. King.

President Hobbs then conferred the degrees and announced

the scholarships. Among the announcements were the following:

The Bryn Mawr Scholarship of \$400.00 has been awarded to Virilinda Raiford, of Conly, Va.

The Haverford College Scholarship of \$300.00 has been awarded to Robert Chadwick Willis, of Guilford College, N. C.

The Philagorean Literary Society awarded the Orator's prize to Rosa Coffin, of Nicholson's Mills, N. C., and the improvement prize to Pearl Davis, of Aidyl, Va.

The Henry Clay Literary Society awarded the Orator's Prize to C. Elmer Leak, of Greensboro, and the improvement medal to Vivian Blackburn, of Greensboro.

The Websterian Literary Society awarded the Orator's prize to Charles M. Glenn, of Gastonia, N. C., and the improvement medal to Marvin Hardin, of Blacksburg, S. C.

The boys' glee club then sang "The Student's Farewell," after which Dr. Benjamin F. Trueblood gave the baccalaureate address, a lengthy extract of which is given on another page.

SOCIETY CONTESTS.

WEBSTERIAN CONTEST.

The Websterian contest was held on the evening of the 11th of May. The first oration was by Harry Daniels, on the subject, "The Triumphs of a Free People." In his speech he defended the Philippinos in their struggle for freedom. Mr. Daniels speaks with much ease and force. Ernest P. Dixon spoke on "Ancient Landmarks," which oration appears in full on another page. "A Glimpse of the Twentieth Century," was the subject of William Chase Idol's prophetic address regarding the future of our country. "True Patriotism of North Carolina," was the subject of Charles McCoy Short's excellent paper.

The strongest and best delivered oration was that given by Charles M. Glenn on the subject "Our Inconsistent Policy."

He took a negative view of our expansion policy with special reference to our dealings in the Philippines.

The orator's prize was delivered to Mr. Glenn by Hon. T. J. Murphy of Greensboro. Mr. A. W. Cook, also of Greensboro, presented the Society's medal for improvement to Mr. Marvin Hardin.

W. C. Hammond was president and Laurie J. Arnold secretary of the contest. Thos. B. Hinton was chief marshal.

PHILAGOREAN CONTEST.

The stage decorations on the occasions of the two contests given by the young men were very elaborate, but neither was more tasty or beautiful than those the evening the young women gave their contest. Miss Emma King was the presiding officer. The orations delivered were all of a very high order and well deserved the hearty applause they received. The speakers and their orations were as follows:

"A Twentieth Century Need,"—Ida Eleanore Millis.

"The Passion Play."—Penelope W. Cobb.

"The Ecumenical Conference of 1900."—Mamie Estelle Holt.

"Redeeming Traits of Lady Macbeth."—Mary Alice Cartland.

"Carolina's Greatest Problem."—C. Rosa Coffin.

The orator's prize was presented to Miss Rosa Coffin by Hon. A. L. Brooks of Greensboro. The improvement prize was given to Miss Pearl Davis of Aidyl, Virginia. Miss Pearl Van Lindley was chief marshal.

THE HENRY CLAY CONTEST.

The fifteenth annual oratorical contest of the Henry Clay Literary Society was held on the evening of May tenth.

The programme was begun by a song, "The Evening Bell," beautifully rendered by the girls' glee club. The first oration was a well knit one on the subject, "The Democracy of America," by Fred M. Helms. C. Elmer Leak then followed with "Technical Education." This was an oration of much power both in composition and manner of delivery. The value and importance of technical education was his theme. This oration won the prize given by the Society consisting of

a standard dictionary and holder. A song, "My Sweetheart in the Sunny South," was then rendered by Percy Gentry and chorus.

Hugh P. Leak followed this with a strong biographical sketch of Sir Walter Raleigh.

"Alexander Hamilton" was the subject of the interesting oration by Clarence H. Whitlock. Lewis Cameron and chorus then sang, "Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder."

The orator's prize was delivered to Mr. Elmer Leak by Hon. C. B. Watson, and the improvement medal was presented to Vivian Blackburn by the president of the Society, Mr. William Bridgers.

ALUMNI NOTES.

The Alumni Association met at Memorial Hall immediately after the address given by Mr. Greenfield. Fifteen members were present. At the meeting the next day the officers were elected for the ensuing year: O. E. Mendenhall, president; John W. Lewis, vice-president; Annie Petty, Secretary; Augustine W. Blair, Treasurer. Mr. F. W. Grabs was elected to give the address next year, Miss Lucile Armfield, alternate.

The annual reception was given at Founders Hall on the evening of Commencement Day. After ice-cream and other refreshments had been served, Mr. John M. Greenfield, in his own inimitable way, introduced the speakers of the evening: Mr. Mendenhall spoke on "The Business Man in Society"; Miss Darden, "The Missionary"; Mr. Taylor, "The Pedagogue"; and Mr. Allen, "The Industrial Outlook of the Southern States."

President Hobbs then in an interesting talk made a stirring appeal to the Alumni and friends for their very loyal support of the college.

Altogether the occasion was an enjoyable one, and everybody went away with a good word for everybody else. The only regret was that all of the members could not be present on these occasions of good cheer and good feeling.

HONOR FOR MISS RAGSDALE.

The Baltimore Association for the Promotion of University Education for Women announced yesterday the award of its foreign fellowship, valued at \$500, for 1901-1902, to Miss Virginia Ragsdale, a graduate of Bryn Mawr College, and for the last three years teacher of mathematics in the Bryn Mawr school of this city.

The award was made in accordance with the offer made by the association in January, and reported in the *Sun* at that time. No examination was held, but candidates for the fellowship were required to present satisfactory evidence of their ability and of their prospect of success in their chosen lines of study. In making the offer the association announced, as it has done in previous years, that preference would be given to women from Maryland or to women who have identified themselves with educational interests in Maryland.

Through her connection with the Bryn Mawr School Miss Ragsdale fulfills the latter clause of this requirement. *She is a native of North Carolina, and has the degree of Bachelor of Science from Guilford College, North Carolina.* She was the holder of the Guilford scholarship at Bryn Mawr College in '92-'93. She was graduated from Bryn Mawr College in 1896, and was awarded the Bryn Mawr European fellowship on graduation. During the winter of '96-'97 she was a graduate student, and demonstrator of physics at Bryn Mawr College, and the next year availed herself of her fellowship and continued the study of mathematics with Professors Klein and Hilbert in the University of Gottingen. She will continue her studies in mathematics, working for the degree of doctor of philosophy, next year.

There were eight other applicants for the fellowship besides Miss Ragsdale. The colleges represented by the candidates were the Woman's College, of Baltimore, Chicago University, Bryn Mawr College, Dickinson and Wooster University, Ohio. The candidates had done graduate work at the University of Chicago, at Yale, at Bryn Mawr College, at the Universities

of Gottingen, Berlin, Heidelberg and the Sorbonne. Two had specialized in mathematics and physics, five in languages, one in chemistry and one in botany and zoology.

Two of the applicants were not eligible, not being Marylanders, and being unidentified with educational interests in the State. Miss May Kellar, a third candidate, was awarded one of the foreign fellowships given by the alma mater, the Woman's College of Baltimore, and withdrew her application.

The fellowships awarded in previous years by the association were won by Miss Florence Leftwich and Miss Amy Hewes.—*Baltimore Sun*.

Locals.

✓ The family of Mr. Carl Wheeler has moved to Arcadia.

Calamus root is the watch-word now of the Y. M. C. A. men.

The Philagoreans visited the Henry Clays Friday night, April 19th.

Despite the rainy weather the attendance at all the commencement exercises was good, a large number of alumni being present.

Mrs. Hobbs, much to the joy of the Senior class, presented each of its members with a large fine photograph of President Hobbs.

The class of 1904 gave an informal reception in West Hall to the class of 1903 one evening in April. The occasion was highly enjoyable and one long to be remembered by all who were present.

A creditable minstrel was given by the boys, assisted by Professor Wilson and Professor Pearson on the night of May 3rd. Refreshments were served and a nice sum realized for the Athletic Association.

Some time ago a call social was announced and two of the Senior's were absent. A telegram from their fellows brought them "a dealing" just in the nick of time and all went merry as a marriage bell.

It has often been noticed that some rain is apt to fall Commencement times, but never has there been such a deluge as during commencement this year. The rain fell all the time, every day and every night, at and during each and every exercise.

Just before commencement an exciting game of baseball took place at the college. The teams were "Faculty" against "Footless." Presiden

Hobbs, Dr. Fox, and Professors Hodgkin, Pearson, and Wilson all played. The faculty won by a score of 12 to 11.

One Saturday recently the Juniors spent a very pleasant evening with the class of 1903. After the excellent program consisting of an address by President C. M. Short, declamations, games and music, the company participated in an old fashioned candy pull. When the bell warned them of the time the crowd reluctantly separated and pleasant memories still linger around that "evening with the Sophomores."

With the Spring comes the oratory. Its echoes resound over hill and vale. Every building is turned into an auditorium. The past is laid before us like an open book. The veil of the future is rent in twain and a new world is ours. The first act was passed when on Friday night, the 26th, the three literary societies engaged in their last regular debate prior to the awarding of the improvement medals. It is reported that one enterprising young Demosthenes was discovered rehearsing in the pasture with an audience of about twenty cows.

DECEASED.

On the morning of May 6th the highly honored and universally esteemed Hugh W. Dixon, of Snow Camp, N. C., passed away. The entire college community was shocked and saddened by the receipt of this news. His wife, Flora Adeline Dixon, preceded him on April 21, 1900. Both were members of the Society of Friends and had ever been leaders in their own meeting and prominent among the leaders of the Yearly Meeting. In their youthful days both were students of New Garden Boarding School. For many years also Hugh Dixon was a trustee of the College. He ever took a living interest in the education of the youth, and to this end sacrificed many things for the sake of his own and his neighbors' children. An account of his life and work together with his picture may be found in the COLLEGIAN for February, 1900.

Personals.

- ✓ Ida Moore is at her home in Genoa.
- ✓ Oliver Pearson is a jeweller in Goldsboro.
- ✓ Elbert White, is a dentist in Norfolk, Va.
- ✓ Miss Laura Worth, '92, is at home this year.

- ✓ Dorman Thompson will graduate at U. N. C. this year.
- ✓ Will McCulloch is principal of an academy at Alpharetta, Ga.
- ✓ Marion Lynch is in the employ of the Seaboard Air-line Railway.
- ✓ Wm. Hinton is at A. and M. College, where he graduates this year.
- ✓ L. H. Reeves is conducting a very successful school at Scottsville, N. C.
- ✓ John D. Pannill and Mary Withers were married in Reidsville, April 11th.

Rena G. Worth is now principal of the High School in Wilmington, N. C.

✓ Mrs. Annie Couch has taken the position of matron at the boys' cottages.

✓ Newton Farlow's school in Genoa, near Goldsboro, closed on the 19th of April.

✓ Ed. Taylor is on his way to the Philippines to be assistant to an army surgeon.

✓ Alvin S. Parker is employed in the office of the Snow Lumber Co., in High Point.

✓ Rush King, who was at Chapel Hill last Fall, is now at his home in Greensboro.

✓ Sallie Peele was married a short time ago to Mr. David Howell near Goldsboro.

✓ John Greenfield, '97, will deliver the Alumni Address here Monday night, May 20th.

✓ Carl Wheeler is a revenue officer in Greensboro. His family have recently moved to Arcadia.

✓ Adger Kirkman and Maude Hodgins, both of Pleasant Garden were married on the 10th of April.

✓ Leslie Cartland is a travelling salesman for J. E. Cartland's Clothing Establishment in Greensboro.

✓ Mamie Henley, who was in school here last year, was married on the 2nd of April to W. H. Connor.

✓ Mr. D. C. Henley, of Winston-Salem, was at Guilford on the 20th inst. to see his brother, Jas. T. Henley.

✓ E. E. Gillespie, now a Presbyterian minister is a representative to the Missionary Conference in Arkansas.

- ✓ Lucien Smith is a very successful base-ball coach, and is well-known as one of the best umpires in the State.
 - ✓ Nathan Deans, who was in school here in the early days of the College is now married, and lives in Oklahoma.
 - ✓ James P. Parker, '93, has recently been appointed Superintendent of the cotton mill at Mountain Island, N. C.
 - ✓ Hon. B. F. Simpson, who was once a student of New Garden Boarding School, is now a prominent lawyer in Alpharetta, Ga.
 - ✓ Professor Jim Fox reports that his college will do away with the oratorical contests this year, and will close with a spelling-match.
 - ✓ Julia S. White, who until recently has had a position with Strawbridge & Clothier, in Philadelphia, Pa., is now in Greensboro, N. C.
 - ✓ Joe Lee, one of the Charter members of the Henry Clay Society is in the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in New York City.
 - ✓ John Cook and Minnie Blackburn of Greensboro were married in the Central Hotel in Charlotte a few weeks ago. Mr. Cook was once a student here.
 - ✓ Wilson Carrel, who has been teaching in Reidsville, N. C., was here a day or two at Easter. He reports a successful school year, and an interesting Commencement.
 - ✓ Blanche Anthony, a former Guilford student was married on April 17th, at her home in Vandalia, to D. M. Smithers, Manager of the Singer Sewing Machine Co., in Greensboro.
- Mrs. Annie Armitage Mendenhall and daughter, of Greensboro, have been spending a week at Albert Peele's. Mrs. Mendenhall addressed the students at collection on Tuesday 23d.
- ✓ Sallie W. Stockard has just had published a new book, "Lilies of the Valley." It is a dramatization of the Song of Solomon, and in its attractive form, is a very nice little Easter book.
- President Hobbs and wife, Professors White, Wilson, Pearson, Mrs. Priscilla B. Hackney and Mrs. Mary E. M. Davis attended the Conference for Education in the South in Winston-Salem.
- ✓ Amos Cook and wife, of Indiana, who have been spending the winter in Florida and are now in North Carolina for a few weeks, have been at our Meeting a few times, and also conducted the evening prayer-meetings.
 - ✓ Professor and Mrs. Henry White who have been for some time at Oak-

wood Seminary, N. Y., are now in High Point, where they expect to make their home. Mr. White is in business with J. Elwood Cox, of that place.

✓ Frank Woody, who was here in the day of N. G. B. S., is now married, and living in Missoula, Mont. He declares his loyalty to his *Alma Mater*, by saying that he will send his five-year-old son to Guilford College as soon as he is old enough.

✓ Wilson Carroll and Newton Farlow, of the class of 1900, each spent a few days with us some time ago. They have been teaching the past winter and are now taking a vacation. Old Guilford students are ever longing for another look at the place where they fought and won so many battles, and we are always glad to welcome them among us.

✓ John Hoskins, who was in school here with the Duke brothers is at home for a short visit. He went to Kansas twenty-eight years ago, and had not seen his old home since that time. He engaged in mining there. This has been his occupation ever since, though he has not remained in one place. He has been through several of the North-western States and recently spent some time in Alaska. Fortune has always smiled on him. He is now visiting his only sister in Summerfield.

Book Notices.

JOHN VYTAL, A Tale of the Lost Colony, By William Farquhar Payson, Harper and Brothers. 12ma. \$1.20 net.

Among the recent Southern historical novels there is no one which portrays human interest and sympathy more than does this work by Mr. Payson. The scene of the story opens in London, but soon shifts to Roanoke Island, North Carolina, where the first English settlement in this whole southern region was made. The war with the Spanish is brought in and the final fate of the colony is told. It is a story of love and adventure and human activity which should interest ever lover of literature dealing with colonial days.

A CAROLINA CAVALIER, by George Cary Eggleston, Illustrated by C. D. Williams. Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston. 12mo., decorated cloth, gilt top, \$1.50.

Among the many historical novels which have of late appeared in America there are few which can be of as much interest to the Southern reader as this romance of Eggleston's. The scene of this stirring novel is laid in the Carolinas during the eventful days of the great American Revolution. The book is full of fire, and love, and rapid action. The plot is

well laid and strongly executed in every way. Its pages are crowded with scenes of such interest that the reader's attention is closely held to the end.

TEN MONTHS A CAPTIVE AMONG FILIPINOS. Being a Narrative of Adventure of during Imprisonment on the Island of Luzon. By Albert Sonnichsen. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. With portrait. 8vo. \$2.00.

The author of this fascinating book was a quartermaster in the United States army. Early in 1899 he was captured as a suspected spy and during his long captivity was moved about so frequently that he traversed nearly the whole of Northern Luzon. He had the opportunity of observing the native army and learning much of their social and religious condition. He even served for a time as school-teacher for the native children. As a result as his acquaintance and friendship with many of the insurgents he is convinced that they are able to govern themselves. This is a valuable contribution to the burning Filipino question.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

IN MEETING TIME, by Olive Thorne Miller. 16 mo. \$1.00.

There is no woman in America to-day whose writing on birds has attracted so wide-spread interest as those of Olive Thorne Miller. She is an excellent observer, and therein lies one great secret of her success. She can tell well and beautifully what she has seen, and therein lies the other great secret of her success. The present volume contains a series of excellent treatises on many of our common birds. The everyday, common-place things about the birds which must necessarily be referred to here and there are told in so original a manner that the reader regards them as entirely new facts. This book is a pronounced success.

PEPACTON, by John Burroughs, 15mo., gilt top, 241 pages, \$1.25.

No writer on Natural History subjects has been as popular during the past fifteen years as that venerable naturalist and highly esteemed gentleman of character, Mr. John Burroughs. There are but few literary magazines which have not published articles of his.

The most of his writings have been collected and published in book form. These volumes are uniform and make pretty and valuable addition to any library. *Pepacton* contains the following charming sketches: "Pepacton," "A Summer Voyage," "Springs," "An Idyl of the Honey-Bee," "Nature and the Poets," "Notes by the Way," "Foot-paths," "A Bunch of Herbs," "Winter Pictures."

SHORT STORY WRITING, By Chas. R. Barrett, Ph. B. The Baker and Taylor Company, New York City. 12mo. \$1.00.

This book is a practical treatise on the art of the short story, designed to present concretely the rules of that art. It is a working manual, not a

collection of untried theories; it is based upon deductions made by the author in the course of some years as a student, writer and critic of short stories, and it tells how to write a story that will meet the requirements of contemporary editors. Mr. Barrett traces the development of the short story idea from the moment of its conception in the author's brain, through its various stages of elaboration and growth, till it is a complete and perfect story, ready for editorial judgment. All the principles presented are illustrated by apt excerpts from actual short stories, both good and bad, and the practical nature of the work is maintained throughout. Though primarily didactic, the book is written in an entertaining style, and is proving of much interest to students of general literature.

UP FROM SLAVERY. An Autobiography by Booker T. Washington, Doubleday, Page & Co., New York City. 12mo. \$1.59 net.

No book has appeared of late which, in our opinion means so much for education in the southern states as does this one. This is not true in that the literature style, or composition, or manner of treatment, is strikingly good, but it is true because it gives here the history of a man who arose from the depths of slavery to become the most powerful influence with his race in America. It shows what we may hope for in a measure from the race.

Booker Washington is giving his life and splendid activities to the practical betterment of the colored people. His splendid work as principal of the Tuskegee Institute, in Alabama, is known and appreciated by thoughtful people everywhere. This book among other things tells the history of the work there. It is of intense human interest and deals wisely with the great subject of the "Negro Problem."

WHEN BLADES ARE OUT AND LOVE'S AFIELD, by Cyrus Townsend Brady, Lippincott & Company, New York. 12mo. \$1.50.

Here is a beautiful story of love, for the one who enjoys love stories; and who does not? Here also is an historical novel of no mean worth. *The Philadelphia Record* says of this book in part: "Mr. Brady's tale opens in the Tory-infested, soldier-overrun Carolinas just when the over-confident Tarleton had received his stunning repulse by Morgan and his Maryland men at Cowpens, and events pass quickly to the exciting events which followed that peculiar contest. But the tale itself, while full of military movement the clashing of sabres and the clattering of hoofs of the troopers in chase of each other, is, above all else, a curious romance of two intertangled courtships. A British lord, of Cornwallis' staff, is engaged to the daughter of a Tory Justice of South Carolina, whom he is to wed because of an old family alliance. That she is an heiress to broad acres also sways Sir Francis somewhat. But Isabel loves a young American patriot,

and finally wins him after some thrilling and bloody episodes. Sir Francis finds, too, that his happiness lies in the love of Isabel's foster-sister, Sarah, who is worth more to him than all the broad acres." The book is beautifully bound. Its local setting should make it of interest to every reader in the Carolinas.

G. P. Putnam Sons, New York.

Among Southern writers of poetry no one writes with a truer or a sweeter note than does Madison Cawlin, of Kentucky. His popularity as a poet is attested by the extensive sale which his books have, for let it be said however strongly and often that southern writers are discredited at the North where is located the great market, the fact pure and simple remains that true worth and genius will be appreciated if once known, whether its possessor lives on Fifth Avenue or on a Georgia plantation.

Five volumes of poems penned by Mr. Cawlin have been given to the public and of all the hundreds of poems these five books contain there is no one but what has a beautiful sentiment and an exquisite expression. Three of his volumes are before us. *Red Leaves and Roses*, is a handy sized 16vo. book containing forty-four selections. The cover is maroon with gold letters. *Days and Dreams* is a somewhat larger volume. It is a 12mo. in size and is bound in white and gold producing a beautiful effect. It contains twenty-six of his choicest poems. Mr. Cawlin is a lover of nature as all true poets are. He sees nature usually through glasses of quite a roseate hue, and at times his verses suggest that he has been borne almost away by his poets' love for the aesthetic. *Myth and Romance* is an attractive little book bound in blue-green and gold. This book should be in the library of every person of culture. We are proud of this author in the South and would gladly extend a word of encouragement to him if he needed it or cared for it. From the last volume named we give the

POEM.

There is no rhyme that is half so sweet
As the song wind in the rippling wheat;
There is no metre that's half so fine
As the lilt of the brook under rock and vine;
And the loveliest lyric I ever heard
Was the wildwood strain of a forest bird.—
If the wind and the brook and the bird would teach
My heart their beautiful parts of speech,
And the natural art that they say there with,
My soul would sing of beauty and myth
In a rhyme and a metre that none before
Have sung in their love, or dreamed in their lore,
And the world would be richer one poet the more.

MEMORIES.

Sitting in the dusk alone,
Thinking of the friends who come
Into my life for the little while,
Into my life and then are gone,
Leaving only their impress there—
An impress of lasting truth, and good—
As they touch my heart with a gentle hand,
And breathe on my life a glad, sweet song.

There is ever beside me
A sweet, gentle face,
A face which spoke patience,
A face which spoke love.
The beloved of the household,
With smiles for our pleasures,
For our sorrows, in tears,
The face of our mother, who dwelleth above.

Childhood days gather 'round me,
With mother's dear face,
Those glad, sunny days,
Without touch of real care,
Wounds soon were forgotten
In mother's soft kiss,
And slumber stole sweetly
When we'd whispered our prayer.

Days lengthened to years
As the hour-sands run on,
Then my play-hours were lessened
By school, the first place
In which one learns self,
Of her ways tried command,
Oft prone to control them
By the school-master's face.

Short dresses are lengthened,
Loose curls done in braids,
The child o'er the threshold
Of girlhood, has come.
My school days are reckoned,
Their testings are made.
Right gladly I changed them
For mother and home.

Not one of my teachers
 Will be mine to forget,
 Would the lessons they gave
 Stay with me as well!
 The friends whom I claimed
 In those halcyon days
 Lend charms to life's memories
 And its sadness dispel.

Glad faces of children
 Have a place in my dreams,
 Though their names be forgotten
 Their love lingers still,
 As a precious remembrance
 Of days spent with them
 When I strove, with choice lessons
 Their young lives to fill.

But twilight has left me,
 The darkness fast falls!
 Made glad by these memories
 I must now cease to dream,
 Must arouse to the present
 In her life bear my part,
 And to be of true worth
 I must be what I seem.

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